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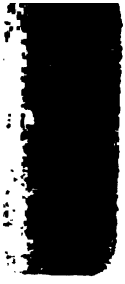

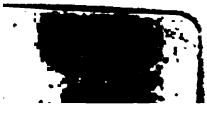

Peacock
NCG

THE WORKS OF

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

THE WORKS OF THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, INCLUDING HIS NOVELS, POEMS, FUGITIVE PIECES, CRITICISMS, ETC., WITH A PREFACE BY THE RIGHT HON. LORD HOUGHTON, A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE BY HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER, EDITH NICOLLS, AND PORTRAIT. EDITED BY HENRY COLE, C.B. IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

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[All the Articles from "Fraser's Magazine," have been reprinted with the kind permission of Messrs. Longmans.]

POEMS.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

PARAPHRASED.

A. Æ. 16.

[Written in 1801, and published in 1806.]

FATHER of all! Who dwell'st above!
Thy mercies we proclaim:
To Thee be endless fear and love;
All-hallow'd be Thy name.

Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done
On earth, as 'tis in HEAV'N:
In ev'ry realm beneath the sun,
To Thee be glory giv'n.

Grant us, oh Thou Who cloth'st the field!
This day our daily bread:
As we to others mercy yield,
On us Thy mercy shed.

Permit not in temptation's road
Our heedless steps to stray;
Free us from evil's dire abode,
And guide us on our way.

For ever above all to tow'r,
For ever bright to shine,
Thine is the kingdom, Thine the pow'r,
And endless glory Thine.

TRANSLATION

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GUACINI.

"O Primavera, gioventu del anno," &c.

YOUTH of the year! celestial spring!
Again descend thy silent showers;
New loves, new pleasures dost thou bring,
And earth again looks gay with flowers.

Dark winter's chilling storms are flown,
All nature hails thy reign with gladness,
All nature smiles, save I alone,
The victim of eternal sadness.

Thy rosy smiles, all-cheering spring,
In vain to welcome I endeavour:
They but the sad remembrance bring
Of joys which I have lost for ever!

February 1, 1803.

THE MONKS OF ST. MARK.

[Written in 1804.]

'TIS midnight: the sky is with clouds overcast;
The forest-trees bend in the loud-rushing blast;
The rain strongly beats on these time-hallowed spires;
The lightning pours swiftly it's blue-pointed fires;
Triumphant the *tempest-fiend* rides in the dark,
And howls round the old abbey-walls of ST. MARK!

The thunder, whose roaring the trav'ller appals,
Seems as if with the ground it would level the walls:
But in vain pours the *storm-king* this horrible rout;
The uproar within drowns the uproar without;
For the friars, with BACCHUS, not SATAN, to grapple,
The refect'ry have met in, instead of the chapel.

'Stead of singing TE DEUMS, on ground-pressing knees,
They were piously bawling songs, catches, and glees:

Or, all speakers, no hearers, unceasing, untir'd,
Each stoutly held forth, by the *spirit* inspir'd,
Till the ABBOT, who only the flock could controul,
Exclaim'd: "AUGUSTINE! pr'ythee push round the bowl!"

The good brother obey'd; but, oh direful mishap!
Threw its scalding contents in JERONIMO's lap!
And o'er his bare feet as the boiling tide stream'd,
Poor AUGUSTINE fretted, JERONIMO scream'd,
While PEDRO protested, it vexed him infernally,
To see such good beverage taken *externally!*

The ABBOT, FRANCISCO, then feelingly said:
"Let that poor wounded devil be carried to bed:
And let AUGUSTINE, who, I boldly advance,
Is the whole and sole cause of this fatal mischance,
If e'er to forgiveness he dare to aspire,
Now bear to his cell the unfortunate friar."

He rose to obey, than a snail rather quicker,
But, finding his strength much diminish'd by liquor,
Declar'd, with a hiccup, he scarcely could stand,
And begg'd Brother PEDRO to *lend him a hand.*
Brother PEDRO consented, but all was not right,
Till NICHOLAS offer'd to carry a light.

By the head and the feet then their victim they held,
Who with pain and with fear most tremendously yell'd;
And with one little lamp that scarce shone through the gloom,
In path curvilinear march'd out of the room,
And, unheeding the sound of the rain and the blast,
Through the long dismal corridor fearlessly pass'd.

From the right to the left, from the left to the right,
Brother NICHOLAS reel'd, inconsiderate wight!
For not seeing the stairs to the hall-floor that led,
Instead of his heels he soon stood on his head:
He rolls to the bottom, the lamp-flame expires,
And darkness envelopes the wondering friars!

He squall'd, for the burning oil pour'd on his hand:
Bewilder'd did PEDRO and AUGUSTINE stand:

Then loud roar'd the thunder, and PEDRO, in dread,
Abandon'd his hold of JERONIMO'S head;
And prone on the floor fell this son of the cowl,
And howl'd, deeply-smarting, a terrible howl!

Poor AUGUSTINE'S bosom with terror was cold,
On finding his burthen thus slide from his hold:
Then, cautiously stealing, and groping around,
He felt himself suddenly struck to the ground;
Yells, groans, and strange noises, were heard in the dark,
And, trembling and sweating, he pray'd to ST. MARK!

Meanwhile, the good ABBOT was *boosing about;*
When, a little alarm'd by the tumult without,
Occasion'd by poor Brother NICH'LAS'S fall
From the corridor-stairs to the floor of the hall,
Like a true jolly friend of good orderly laws,
He serpentin'd out to discover the cause.

Bewilder'd by liquor, by haste, and by fright,
He forgot that he stood in great need of a light;
When, hiccuping, reeling, and curving along,
And humming a stave of a jolly old song,
He receiv'd a rude shock from an object unseen,
For he came in full contact with *Saint* AUGUSTINE!

By JERONIMO'S carcass tripp'd up unawares,
He was instantly hurl'd down the corridor-stairs;
Brother NICHOLAS there, from the floor cold and damp,
Was rising with what yet remain'd of his lamp;
And, the worthy superior's good supper to spoil,
Regal'd his strange guest with a mouthful of oil!

Thence sprung the dire tumult, which, rising so near,
Had fill'd AUGUSTINE with confusion and fear:
But the sons of ST. MARK, now appearing with tapers,
At once put an end to his pray'rs and his vapours;
They reel'd back to their bowls, laughed at care and foul weather,
And were shortly all under the table together.

September, 1804.

STANZAS.

[Written about 1805.]

WHEN hope her warm tints on the future shall cast,
And memory illumine the days that are past,
May their mystical colours, by fancy combined,
Be as bright as thy thoughts, and as pure as thy mind.
May hope's fairy radiance in clouds never set,
Nor memory look dark with the mists of regret;
For thee may their visions unchangeable shine,
And prove a more brilliant reality thine.

Many are the forms of fate,
Much scarcely hoped in life betides,
Much strongly promised baffles hope,
Much unexpected by the gods is given,
Much strongly promised from our hope is riven;
Through paths of fate that most impervious seem,
The darkest paths of life's prospective way,
Propitious Gods make pervious to the day.

Now, should some god approach me, saying, "Crato,
When you are dead, you shall be born anew,
And be whate'er you will, dog, sheep, or goat,
Or man, or horse, for you must have two lives;
So have the Fates decreed: choose which you will;"
I should at once give answer: "Make me anything
Rather than man, the only animal
That good and ill betide alike unjustly."

TO MRS. DE ST. CROIX,

ON HER RECOVERY.

[Written in 1805.]

WHEN wintry storms, with envious pow'r,
The glorious orb of day o'ercast;
When black and deep the snow-clouds low'r;
And coldly blows th' ungenial blast;

The feather'd race, no longer gay,
Who joy'd in summer's glowing reign,
Sit drooping on the leafless spray,
And mourn the desolated plain.

But when, at spring's celestial call,
Subsides the elemental strife,
When drifting snows no longer fall,
And nature kindles into life,

Each little tenant of the grove,
Makes hill and dale with song resound,
And pleasure, gratitude, and love,
From thousand echoes ring around.

And thus, when thou wast doom'd to pain,
On sickness' cheerless couch reclin'd,
Love, duty, friendship, sigh'd in vain,
And at thy transient loss repin'd.

But grief and pain no more assail,
And all with smiles thy steps attend;
With renovated bliss they hail
Their guide, their parent, and their friend.

PALMYRA.*

[Published in 1806.]

—— *ανακτα των παντων υπερβαλλοντα χρονον μακαρων.*—PIND.

I.

AS the mountain-torrent rages,
Loud, impetuous, swift, and strong,
So the rapid stream of ages
Rolls with ceaseless tide along.

* Palmyra is situated under a barren ridge of hills to the west, and open on its other sides to the desert. It is about six days' journey from Aleppo, and as many from Damascus, and about twenty leagues west of the Euphrates, in the latitude of thirty-four degrees, according to Ptolemy. Some geographers have placed it in Syria, others in Phœnicia, and some in Arabia.—WOOD'S *Ruins of Palmyra.*

That Solomon built Tadmor in the wilderness, we are told in the

Man's little day what clouds o'ercast!
How soon his longest date is past!
All-conqu'ring DEATH, in solemn state unfurl'd,
Comes, like the burning desert-blast,
And sweeps him from the world.

Old Testament; and that this was the same city which the Greeks and Romans called afterwards Palmyra, though the Syrians retained the first name, we learn from Josephus.—Ibid.

We departed from Aleppo on Michaelmas day, 1691, and in six easy days' travel over a desert country, came to Tadmor. . . . Having passed by the ruins of a handsome mosque, we had the prospect of such magnificent ruins, that if it be lawful to frame a conjecture of the original beauty of that place by what is still remaining, I question whether any city in the world could have challenged precedence of this in its glory.—*Philosophical Transactions*, LOWTHROP'S *Abridgement*, Vol. III.

On the fourteenth of March, 1751, we arrived at the end of the plain, where the hills to our right and left seemed to meet. We found between those hills a vale, through which an aqueduct, now ruined, formerly conveyed water to Palmyra. In this vale, to our right and left, were several square towers of a considerable height, which, upon a nearer approach, we found were the sepulchres of the ancient Palmyrenes. We had scarcely passed these venerable monuments, when the hills opening discovered to us, all at once, the greatest quantity of ruins we had ever seen, all of white marble, and beyond them, towards the Euphrates, a flat waste, as far as the eye could reach, without any object which showed either life or motion. It is scarcely possible to imagine anything more striking than this view: so great a number of Corinthian pillars, mixed with so little wall or solid building, afforded a most romantic variety of prospect. —WOOD.

Undoubtedly the effect of such a sight is not to be communicated. The reader must represent to himself a range of erect columns, occupying an extent of more than twenty-six hundred yards, and concealing a multitude of other edifices behind them. In this space we sometimes find a palace of which nothing remains but the courts and walls; sometimes a temple whose peristyle is half thrown down; and now a portico, a gallery, or triumphal arch. Here stand groups of columns, whose symmetry is destroyed by the fall of many of them; there we see them ranged in rows of such length, that similar to rows of trees, they deceive the sight, and assume the appearance of continued walls. If from this striking scene we cast our eyes upon the ground, another, almost as varied, presents itself; on all sides we behold nothing but subverted shafts, some entire, others shattered to pieces, or dislocated in their joints; and on which side soever we look, the earth is strewed with vast stones half buried, with broken entablatures, damaged capitals, mutilated friezes, disfigured reliefs, effaced sculptures, violated tombs, and altars defiled by dust. —VOLNEY'S *Travels in Syria*.

The noblest works of human pow'r
In vain resist the fate-fraught hour;
The marble hall, the rock-built tow'r,
Alike submit to destiny:
OBLIVION'S awful storms resound;
The massy columns fall around;
The fabric totters to the ground,
And darkness veils its memory!

II.

'Mid SYRIA'S barren world of sand,
Where THEDMOR'S marble wastes expand,*
Where DESOLATION, on the blasted plain,
Has fix'd his adamantine throne,
I mark, in silence and alone,
His melancholy reign.
These silent wrecks, more eloquent than speech,
Full many a tale of awful note impart;
Truths more sublime than bard or sage can teach
This pomp of ruin presses on the heart.
Whence rose that dim, mysterious sound,
That breath'd in hollow murmurs round?
As sweeps the gale
Along the vale,
Where many a mould'ring tomb is spread,
Awe-struck, I hear,
In fancy's ear,
The voices of th' illustrious dead:
As slow they pass along, they seem to sigh,
"Man, and the works of man, are only born to die!"

III.

As scatter'd round, a dreary space,
Ye spirits of the wise and just!
In reverential thought I trace
The mansions of your sacred dust,

* Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble wastes survey.—GRAINGER.

Of several ancient ways of writing this name, the Θεδμορ of the Alexandrian copy comes nearest to the pronunciation of the present Arabs.—WOOD.

I have adopted this pronunciation as a more poetical one than 'Tedmor or Tadmor.

Enthusiast FANCY, rob'd in light,
Pours on the air her many-sparkling rays,
Redeeming from OBLIVION'S deep'ning night
The deeds of ancient days.
The mighty forms of chiefs of old,
To VIRTUE dear, and PATRIOT TRUTH sublime,
In feeble splendour I behold,
Discover'd dimly through the mists of TIME,
As through the vapours of the mountain-stream
With pale reflection glows the sun's declining beam.

IV.

Still as twilight's mantle hoary
Spreads progressive on the sky,
See, in visionary glory,
Darkly-thron'd, they sit on high.
But whose the forms, oh FAME, declare,
That crowd majestic on the air?
Bright Goddess! come, on rapid wings,
To tell the mighty deeds of kings.
Where art thou, FAME?
Each honour'd name
From thy eternal roll unfold:
Awake the lyre,
In songs of fire,
To chiefs renowned in days of old.
I call in vain!
The welcome strain
Of praise to them no more shall sound:
Their actions bright
Must sleep in night,
Till TIME shall cease his mystic round.
The dazzling glories of their day
The stream of years has swept away;
Their names that struck the foe with fear,
Shall ring no more on mortal ear!

V.

Yet faithful MEMORY'S raptur'd eye
Can still the godlike form descry,*

* At the time when the East trembled at the name of Sapor, he received a present not unworthy of the greatest kings; a long train

Of him, who, on EUPHRATES' shore,
From SAPOR'S brow his blood-stain'd laurels tore,
And bade the ROMAN banner stream unfurl'd;
When the stern GENIUS of the startling waves
Beheld on PERSIA'S host of slaves
Tumultuous ruin hurl'd!
Meek SCIENCE too, and TASTE refin'd,
The grave with deathless flow'rs have dress'd,
Of him whose virtue-kindling mind*
Their ev'ry charm supremely bless'd;
Who trac'd the mazy warblings of the lyre
With all a critic's art, and all a poet's fire.

VI.

Where is the bard, in these degen'rate days,
To whom the muse the blissful meed awards,
Again the dithyrambic song to raise,
And strike the golden harp's responsive chords?
Be his alone the song to swell,
The all-transcendant praise to tell
Of yon immortal form,
That bursting through the veil of years,
In changeless majesty appears,
Bright as the sunbeams thro' the scatt'ring storm!

of camels, laden with the most rare and valuable merchandises. The rich offering was accompanied by an epistle, respectful, but not servile, from Odenathus, one of the noblest and most opulent senators of Palmyra. "Who is this Odenathus" (said the haughty victor, and he commanded that the presents should be cast into the Euphrates), "that he thus insolently presumes to write to his lord? If he entertain a hope of mitigating his punishment, let him fall prostrate before the foot of our throne, with his hands bound behind his back. Should he hesitate, swift destruction shall be poured on his head, on his whole race, and on his country." The desperate extremity to which the Palmyrenian was now reduced, called into action all the latent powers of his soul. He met Sapor; but he met him in arms. Infusing his own spirit into a little army, collected from the villages of Syria, and the tents of the desert, he hovered round the Persian host, harassed their retreat, carried off part of the treasure, and, what was dearer than any treasure, several of the women of the Great King, who was at last obliged to repass the Euphrates, with some marks of haste and confusion. By this exploit, Odenathus laid the foundation of his future fame and fortunes. The majesty of Rome, oppressed by a Persian, was protected by a Syrian or Arab of Palmyra.—GIBBON.

* Longinus.

What countless charms around her rise!*
What dazzling splendour sparkles in her eyes!
On her radiant brow enshrin'd,
MINERVA'S beauty blends with JUNO'S grace;
The matchless virtues of her godlike mind
Are stamp'd conspicuous on her angel-face.

VII.

Hail, sacred shade, to NATURE dear!
Though sorrow clos'd thy bright career,
Though clouds obscur'd thy setting day,
Thy fame shall never pass away!
Long shall the mind's unfading gaze
Retrace thy pow'r's meridian blaze,
When o'er ARABIAN deserts, vast and wild,
And EGYPT'S land (where REASON'S wakeful eye
First on the birth of ART and SCIENCE smil'd,
And bade the shades of mental darkness fly),

* Aurelian had no sooner secured the person and provinces of Tetricus, than he turned his arms against Zenobia, the celebrated Queen of Palmyra and the East. Modern Europe has produced several illustrious women who have sustained with glory the weight of empire, nor is our own age destitute of such distinguished characters. But Zenobia is perhaps the only female whose superior genius broke through the servile indolence imposed on her sex by the climate and manners of Asia. She claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, equalled in beauty her ancestor Cleopatra, and far surpassed that princess in chastity and valour. Zenobia was esteemed the most lovely, as well as the most heroic of her sex. She was of a dark complexion (for in speaking of a lady these trifles become important). Her teeth were of a pearly whiteness, and her large black eyes sparkled with uncommon fire, tempered by the most attractive sweetness. Her voice was strong and harmonious. Her manly understanding was strengthened and adorned by study. She was not ignorant of the Latin tongue, but possessed in equal perfection the Greek, the Syriac, and the Egyptian languages. She had drawn up for her own use an epitome of oriental history, and familiarly compared the beauties of Homer and Plato, under the tuition of the sublime Longinus.—GIBBON.

If we add to this her uncommon strength, and consider her excessive military fatigues, for she used no carriage, generally rode, and often marched on foot three or four miles with her army; and if we at the same time suppose her haranguing her soldiers, which she used to do in a helmet, and often with her arms bare, it will give us an idea of that severe character of masculine beauty, which puts one more in mind of Minerva than Venus.—WOOD.

And o'er ASSYRIA's many-peopled plains,
By Justice led, thy conqu'ring armies pour'd,
When humbled nations kiss'd thy silken chains,
Or fled dismay'd from ZABDAS'* victor-sword:
Yet vain the hope to share the purple robe,†
Or snatch from ROMAN arms the empire of the globe.

* Zenobia's general.

† From the time of Adrian to that of Aurelian, for about 140 years, this city continued to flourish, and increase in wealth and power, to that degree, that when the Emperor Valerian was taken prisoner by Sapor, King of Persia, Odenathus, one of the lords of this town, was able, whilst Gallienus neglected his duty both to his father and his country, to bring a powerful army into the field, and to recover Mesopotamia from the Persians, and to penetrate as far as their capital city Ctesiphon. Thereby rendering so considerable a service to the Roman state, that Gallienus thought himself obliged to give him a share in the empire: of which action Trebellius Pollio, in the Life of Gallienus, has these words: *Laudatur ejus* (Gallieni) *optimum factum, qui Odenatum participato imperio Augustum vocavit, ejusque monetam, quæ Persas captos traheret, cudi jussit; quod et Senatus et Urbs et omnis ætas gratanter accepit.* The same, in many places, speaks of this Odenathus with great respect; and mentioning his death, he says: *Iratum fuisse Deum Republicæ credo, qui interfecto Valeriano noluit Odenatum reservare.* But by a strange reverse of fortune, this honour and respect to Odenathus occasioned the sudden ruin and subverison of the city. For he and his son Herodes being murdered by Mæonius, their kinsman, and dying with the title of Augustus, his wife Zenobia, in right of her son Vaballathus, then a minor, pretended to take upon her the government of the East, and did administer it to admiration: and when, soon after, Gallienus was murdered by his soldiers, she grasped the government of Egypt, and held it during the short reign of the Emperor Claudius Gothicus. But Aurelian coming to the imperial dignity, would not suffer the title of Augustus in this family, though he was contented that they should hold under him as *vice Cæsaris*, as plainly appears by the Latin coins, of Aurelian on the one side, and Vaballathus on the other, with these letters, V. C. R. IM. OR; which P. Harduin has most judiciously interpreted, VICE CÆSARIS RECTOR IMPERII ORIENTIS, without the title of Cæsar or Augustus, and with a laurel instead of a diadem. But both Vaballathus and Zenobia are styled ΣΕΒΑΣΤΟΙ in the Greek coins, made, it is probable within their own jurisdiction.

But nothing less than a participation of the empire contenting Zenobia, and Aurelian persisting not to have it dismembered, he marched against her; and having in two battles routed her forces, he shut her up and besieged her in Palmyra, and the beseiged finding that the great resistance they made availed not against that resolute emperor, they yielded the town; and Zenobia flying with her son was pursued and taken; with which Aurelian being contented spared the city, and marched for Rome with his captive lady; but the inhabitants, believing he would not return, set up again for

VIII.

Along the wild and wasted plain
His vet'ran bands the ROMAN monarch led,
And roll'd his burning wheels o'er heaps of slain:
The prowling chacal heard afar
The devastating yell of war,
And rush'd, with gloomy howl, to banquet on the dead!

IX.

For succour to PALMYRA'S walls
Her trembling subjects fled, confounded,
But wide amid her regal halls
The whirling fires resounded.
Onward the hostile legions pour'd:
Nor beauteous youth, nor helpless age,*
Nor female charms, by savage breasts ador'd,
Could check the ROMAN'S barb'rous rage,
Or blunt the murd'rous sword.
Loud, long, and fierce, the voice of slaughter roar'd
The night-shades fell, the work of death was o'er,
PALMYRA'S sun had set, to rise no more!

---

themselves, and, as Vopiscus has it, slew the garrison he had left in the place. Which Aurelian understanding, though by this time he was gotten into Europe, with his usual fierceness, speedily returned, and collecting a sufficient army by the way, he again took the city, without any great opposition, and put it to the sword with uncommon cruelty (as he himself confesses in a letter extant in Vopiscus), and delivered it to the pillage of his soldiers.—*Philosophical Transactions.*

* The following is the letter of Aurelian above alluded to . . . Aurelianus Augustus Ceionio Basso: Non oportet ulterius progredi militum gladios, jam satis Palmyrenorum cæsum atque occisum est. *Mulieribus non pepercimus, infantes occidimus, senes jugulavimus,* rusticos interemimus, cui terras, cui urbem, deinceps relinquemus? Parcendum est iis qui remanserunt. Credimus enim paucos tam multorum suppliciis esse correctos. Templum sanè solis, quod apud Palmyram aquilifer legionis tertiæ cum vexilliferis et draconario cornicinibus atque liticinibus diripuerunt, ad eam formam volo, quæ fuit, reddi. Habes trecentas auri libras Zenobiæ capsulis: habes argenti mille octingenta pondo e Palmyrenorum bonis: habes gemmas regias. Ex his omnibus fac cohonestari templum: mihi et diis immortalibus gratissimum feceris. Ego ad Senatum scribam, petens ut mittet pontificem, qui dedicet templum.

X.

What mystic form, uncouth and dread,
With wither'd cheek, and hoary head,
Swift as the death-fire cleaves the sky,
Swept on sounding pinions by?
'Twas TIME: I know the FOE OF KINGS,
His scythe, and sand, and eagle wings:
He cast a burning look around,
And wav'd his bony hand, and frown'd.
Far from the spectre's scowl of fire
FANCY'S feeble forms retire,
Her air-born phantoms melt away,
Like stars before the rising day.

XI.

Yes, all are flown!
I stand alone,
At ev'ning's calm and pensive hour,
'Mid wasting domes,
And mould'ring tombs,
The wrecks of vanity and pow'r.
One shadowy tint enwraps the plain;
No form is near, no sounds intrude,
To break the melancholy reign
Of silence and of solitude.
How oft, in scenes like these, since TIME began,
With downcast eye has CONTEMPLATION trod,
Far from the haunts of FOLLY, VICE, and MAN,
To hold sublime communion with her GOD!
How oft, in scenes like these, the pensive sage
Has mourn'd the hand of FATE, severely just,
WAR'S wasteful course, and DEATH'S unsparing rage,
And dark OBLIVION, frowning in the dust!
Has mark'd the tombs, that kings o'erthrown declare,
Just wept their fall, and sunk to join them there!

XII.

In yon proud fane, majestic in decay,*
How oft of old the swelling hymn arose,
In loud thanksgiving to the LORD OF DAY,
Or pray'r for vengeance on triumphant foes!

* Architecture more especially lavished her ornaments, and dis-

'Twas there, ere yet AURELIAN'S hand
Had kindled Ruin's smould'ring brand,
As slowly mov'd the sacred choir
Around the altar's rising fire,
The priest, with wild and glowing eye,
Bade the flower-bound victim die;
And while he fed the incense-flame,
With many a holy mystery,
Prophetic inspiration came
To teach th' impending destiny,
And shook his venerable frame
With most portentous augury!
In notes of anguish, deep and slow,
He told the coming hour of woe;
The youths and maids, with terror pale,
In breathless torture heard the tale,
And silence hung
On ev'ry tongue,
While thus the voice prophetic rung:

XIII.

"Whence was the hollow scream of fear,
Whose tones appall'd my shrinking ear?
Whence was the modulated cry,
That seem'd to swell, and hasten by?
What sudden blaze illum'd the night?
Ha! 'twas DESTRUCTION'S meteor-light!
Whence was the whirlwind's eddying breath?
Ha! 'twas the fiery blast of DEATH!

XIV.

"See! the mighty GOD OF BATTLE
Spreads abroad his crimson train!
Discord's myriad voices rattle
O'er the terror-shaken plain.

---

played her magnificence, in the temple of the sun, the tutelar deity of Palmyra. The square court which enclosed it was six hundred and seventy-nine feet each way, and a double range of columns extended all round the inside. In the middle of the vacant space, the temple presents another front of forty-seven feet by one hundred and twenty-four in depth, and around it runs a peristyle of one hundred and forty columns.—VOLNEY.

Banners stream, and helmets glare,
Show'ring arrows hiss in air;
Echoing through the darken'd skies,
Wildly-mingling murmurs rise,
The clash of splendour-beaming steel,
The buckler ringing hollowly,
The cymbal's silver-sounding peal,
The last deep groan of agony,
The hurrying feet
Of wild retreat,
The length'ning shout of victory!

XV.

"O'er our plains the vengeful stranger
Pours, with hostile hopes elate:
Who shall check the threat'ning danger?
Who escape the coming fate?
Thou! that through the heav'ns afar,
When the shades of night retire,
Proudly roll'st thy shining car,
Clad in sempiternal fire!
Thou! from whose benignant light
Fiends of darkness, strange and fell,
Urge their ebon-pinion'd flight
To the central caves of hell!
SUN ador'd! attend our call!
Must thy favour'd people fall?
Must we leave our smiling plains,
To groan beneath the stranger's chains?
Rise, supreme in heav'nly pow'r,
On our foes destruction show'r;
Bid thy fatal arrows fly,
Till their armies sink and die;
Through their adverse legions spread
Pale DISEASE, and with'ring DREAD,
Wild CONFUSION'S fev'rish glare,
HORROR, MADNESS, and DESPAIR!

XVI.

"Woe to thy numbers fierce and rude,*
Thou madly-rushing multitude,

* Woe to the multitude of many people, that make a noise like

Loud as the tempest that o'er ocean raves!
Woe to the nations proud and strong,
That rush tumultuously along,
As rolls the foaming stream its long-resounding waves!
As the noise of mighty seas,
As the loudly-murmuring breeze,
Shall gath'ring nations rush, a pow'rful band:
Rise, GOD OF LIGHT, in burning wrath severe,
And stretch, to blast their proud career,
Thy arrow-darting hand!
Then shall their ranks to certain fate be giv'n,
Then on their course DESPAIR her fires shall cast,
Then shall they fly, to endless ruin driv'n,
As flies the thistle-down before the mountain-blast!

XVII.

"Alas! in vain, in vain we call!
The stranger triumphs in our fall!
And FATE comes on, with ruthless frown,
To strike PALMYRA'S splendour down.
Urg'd by the steady breath of TIME,
The desert-whirlwind sweeps sublime,
The eddying sands in mountain-columns rise:
Borne on the pinions of the gale,
In one concentred cloud they sail,
Along the darken'd skies.
It falls! it falls! on THEDMOR'S walls
The whelming weight of ruin falls!
Th' avenging thunder-bolt is hurl'd,
Her pride is blotted from the world,
Her name unknown in story:
The trav'ller on her scite shall stand,
And seek, amid the desert-sand,
The records of her glory!

---

the noise of the seas, and to the rushing of nations, that make a rushing like the rushing of mighty waters! The nations shall rush like the rushing of many waters; but GOD shall rebuke them, and they shall flee far off, and shall be chased as the chaff of the mountains before the wind, and like a rolling thing before the whirlwind. —ISAIAH, c. xvii., v. 12.

Her palaces are crush'd, her tow'rs o'erthrown,
OBLIVION follows stern, and marks her for his own !"

XVIII.

How oft, the festal board around,
These time-worn walls among,
Has rung the full symphonious sound
Of rapture-breathing song !
Ah ! little thought the wealthy proud,
When rosy pleasure laugh'd aloud,
That here, amid their ancient land,
The wand'rer of the distant days
Should mark, with sorrow-clouded gaze,
The mighty wilderness of sand ;
While not a sound should meet his ear,
Save of the desert-gales that sweep,
In modulated murmurs deep,
The wasted graves above,
Of those who once had revell'd here,
In happiness and love !

XIX.

Short is the space to man assign'd
This earthly vale to tread ;
He wanders, erring, weak, and blind,
By adverse passions led.
LOVE, the balm of ev'ry woe,
The dearest blessing man can know ;
JEALOUSY, whose pois'nous breath
Blasts affection's op'ning bud ;
Stern DESPAIR, that laughs in death ;
Black REVENGE, that bathes in blood ;
FEAR, that his form in darkness shrouds,
And trembles at the whisp'ring air ;
And HOPE, that pictures on the clouds
Celestial visions, false, but fair ;
All rule by turns :
To-day he burns
With ev'ry pang of keen distress ;
To-morrow's sky
Bids sorrow fly
With dreams of promis'd happiness.

XX.

From the earliest twilight-ray,
That mark'd CREATION'S natal day,
Till yesterday's declining fire,
Thus still have roll'd, perplex'd by strife,
The many-clashing wheels of life,
And still shall roll, till TIME'S last beams expire.
And thus, in ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime,
While circling years shall fly,
The varying deeds that mark the present time
Will be but shadows of the days gone by.

XXI.

Along the desolated shore,
Where, broad and swift, EUPHRATES flows,
The trav'ller's anxious eye can trace no more
The spot where once the QUEEN OF CITIES* rose.
Where old PERSEPOLIS sublimely tow'r'd,
In cedar-groves embow'r'd,
A rudely-splendid wreck alone remains.
The course of FATE no pomp or pow'r can shun.
Pollution tramples on thy giant-fanes,
Oh CITY OF THE SUN!†
Fall'n are the TYRIAN domes of wealth and joy,
The hundred gates of THEBES, the tow'rs of TROY;
In shame and sorrow pre-ordain'd to cease,
Proud SALEM met th' irrevocable doom;
In darkness sunk the arts and arms of GREECE,
And the long glories of imperial ROME.

XXII.

When the tyrant's iron hand
The mountain-piles of MEMPHIS rais'd,
That still the storms of angry TIME defy,
In self-adoring thought he gaz'd,
And bade the massive labours stand,
Till NATURE'S self should die!
Presumptuous fool! the death-wind came,
And swept away thy worthless name;

* Babylon.
† Balbec, the HELIOPOLIS of the Greeks and Romans.

And ages, with insidious flow,
Shall lay those blood-bought fabrics low.
Then shall the stranger pause, and oft be told,
"Here stood the mighty PYRAMIDS of old!"
And smile, half-doubtful, when the tale he hears,
That speaks the wonders of the distant years.

XXIII.

Though NIGHT awhile usurp the skies,
Yet soon the smiling MORN shall rise,
And light and life restore;
Again the sunbeams gild the plain;*
The youthful day returns again,
But man returns no more.

* Let clouds rest on the hills, spirits fly, and travellers fear. Let the winds of the woods arise, the sounding storms descend. Roar streams, and windows flap, and green-winged meteors fly; rise the pale moon from behind her hills, or enclose her head in clouds; night is alike to me, blue, stormy, or gloomy the sky. *Night flies before the beam, when it is poured on the hill. The young day returns from his clouds, but we return no more.*

Where are our chiefs of old? Where our kings of mighty name? The fields of their battles are silent; scarce their mossy tombs remain. We shall also be forgotten. This lofty house shall fall. Our sons shall not behold the ruins in grass. They shall ask of the aged, "Where stood the walls of our fathers?"—See the beautiful little poem of THE BARDS in the notes on OSSIAN'S CROMA.

Raise, ye bards, said the mighty FINGAL, the praise of unhappy MOINA. Call her ghost, with your songs, to our hills; that she may rest with the fair of MORVEN, the sunbeams of other days, and the delight of heroes of old. I have seen the walls of BALCLUTHA, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls: the voice of the people was heard no more. The stream of CLUTHA was removed from its place, by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook, there, its lonely head: the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round his head. Desolate is the dwelling of MOINA, silence is in the house of her fathers. Raise the song of mourning, oh bards, over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us: for, one day, we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield.—OSSIAN.

Though WINTER'S frown severe
Deform the wasted year,
SPRING smiles again, with renovated bloom;
But what sweet SPRING, with genial breath,
Shall chase the icy sleep of death,
The dark and cheerless winter of the tomb?
Hark! from the mansions of the dead,
What thrilling sounds of deepest import spread!
Sublimely mingled with the eddying gale,
Full on the desert-air these solemn accents sail:

XXIV.

"Unthinking man! and dost thou weep,
That clouds o'ercast thy little day?
That DEATH'S stern hands so quickly sweep
Thy ev'ry earthly hope away?
Thy rapid hours in darkness flow,
But well those rapid hours employ,
And they shall lead from realms of woe
To realms of everlasting joy.
For though thy FATHER and thy GOD
Wave o'er thy head His chast'ning rod,
Benignantly severe,
Yet future blessings shall repair,
In tenfold measure, ev'ry care,
That marks thy progress here.

XXV.

"BOW THEN TO HIM, for HE is GOOD,
And loves the works His hands have made;
In earth, in air, in fire, in flood,
His parent-bounty shines display'd.
BOW THEN TO HIM, for HE is JUST,
Though mortals scan His ways in vain;
Repine not, children of the dust!
For HE in mercy sends ye pain.
BOW THEN TO HIM, for HE is GREAT,
And was, ere NATURE, TIME, and FATE,
Began their mystic flight;
And still shall be, when consummating flame
Shall plunge this universal frame
In everlasting night.

Bow then to Him, the Lord of all,
Whose nod bids empires rise and fall,
Earth, Heav'n, and Nature's Sire;
To Him, Who, matchless and alone,
Has fix'd in boundless space His throne,
Unchang'd, unchanging still, while worlds and suns expire!

THE VISIONS OF LOVE.

[Published in 1806.]

Senza l'amabile
Dio di Citera,
I di non torano
Di primavera;
Non spira un zeffiro,
Non spunta un fior.—Metastasio.

TO chase the clouds of life's tempestuous hours,
To strew its short but weary way with flow'rs,
New hopes to raise, new feelings to impart,
And pour celestial balsam on the heart;
For this to man was lovely woman giv'n,
The last, best work, the noblest gift of Heav'n.

At Eden's gate, as ancient legends say,
The flaming sword for ever bars the way;
Not ours to taste the joys our parents shar'd,
But pitying Nature half our loss repair'd,
Our wounds to heal, our murmurs to remove,
She left mankind the paradise of Love.

All-conqu'ring Love! thy pow'rful reign surrounds
Man's wildest haunts, and earth's remotest bounds:
Alike for thee th' untainted bosom glows
'Mid eastern sands and hyperborean snows:
Thy darts unerring fly with strong control,
Tame the most stern, and nerve the softest soul,
Check the swift savage of the sultry zone,
And bend the monarch on his glitt'ring throne.

When wakeful MEMORY bids the mind explore
The half-hid deeds of years that are no more,
How few the scenes her hand can picture there
Of heart-felt bliss untroubled by a care!
Yet many a charm can pow'rful FANCY raise,
To point the smiling path of future days;
There too will HOPE her genial influence blend,
Faithless, but kind; a flatt'rer, but a friend.

But most to cheer the lover's lonely hours,
Creative FANCY wakes her magic pow'rs;
Most strongly pours, by ardent love refin'd,
Her brightest visions on the youthful mind.
Hence, when at eve with lonely steps I rove
The flow'r-enamell'd plain or dusky grove,
Or press the bank with grassy tufts o'erspread,
Where the brook murmurs o'er its pebbly bed;
Then steals thy form, ROSALIA, on my sight,
In artless charms pre-eminently bright:
By HOPE inspir'd, my raptur'd thoughts engage
To trace the lines of FATE'S mysterious page
At once in air, the past, the present, fade;
In fairy-tints the future stands display'd;
No clouds arise, no shadows intervene,
To veil or dim the visionary scene.

Within the sacred altar's mystic shade,
I see thee stand, in spotless white array'd;
I hear thee there thy home, thy name resign,
I hear the awful vow that seals thee mine.
Not on my birth propitious FORTUNE smil'd,
Nor proud AMBITION mark'd me for her child;
For me no dome with festal splendour shines;
No pamper'd lacquies spread their length'ning lines
No venal crowds my nod obsequious wait;
No summer-friends besiege my narrow gate;
Joys such as these, if joys indeed they be,
Indulgent NATURE ne'er design'd for me:
I ask them not: she play'd a kinder part:
She gave a nobler gift, ROSALIA'S heart.
The simple dwelling by affection rear'd;
The smiling plains, by calm content endear'd;

The classic book-case, deck'd with learning's store,
Rich in historic truth, and bardic lore;
The garden-walks, in NATURE'S liv'ry dress'd;
Will these suffice to make ROSALIA bless'd?
And will she never feel a wish to roam
Beyond the limits of our rural home?

How sweet, when SPRING has crown'd, by genial show'rs,
The woods with verdure, and the fields with flow'rs,
When fleeting SUMMER holds his burning reign,
Or fruitful AUTUMN nods with golden grain,
With thee, dear girl, each well-known path to tread,
Where blooming shrubs their richest odours shed,
With thee to mark the seasons' bright career,
The varied blessings of the rip'ning year.

When frost-crown'd WINTER binds the earth in chains,
And pours his snow-storms on the whit'ning plains,
Then shall the pow'r of constant LOVE be found,
To chase the deep'ning gloom that low'rs around.
Beside the cheerful fire's familiar blaze,
Shall MEMORY trace the deeds of long-past days;
Of those propitious hours when first I strove
To win thy gentle ear with tales of love,
When, while thy angel-blushes half-conceal'd
The kind consent thy bashful smiles reveal'd,
From those bright eyes a soft expression stole,
That spoke the silent language of the soul.

Or haply then the poet's song may cheer
The dark death-season of th' accomplish'd year:
Together then we'll roam the sacred plain,
Where the bright NINE in ceaseless glory reign;
By HOMER led, through TROJAN battles sweep;
With VIRGIL cleave the tempest-beaten deep;
Trace the bold flights of SHAKESPEARE'S muse of fire;
Strike the wild chords of GRAY'S enraptur'd lyre;
From MILTON learn with holy zeal to glow;
Or weep with OSSIAN o'er a tale of woe.
Nor less shall MUSIC charm: her pow'r sublime
Shall oft beguile the ling'ring steps of TIME:

Then, as I watch, while my ROSALIA sings,
Her seraph fingers sweep the sounding strings,
In soft response to sorrow's melting lay,
Or joy's loud swell, that steals our cares away,
My heart shall vibrate to the heav'nly sound,
And bless the stars our mutual fates that bound.

And oft, when darkness veils the stormy skies,
Beneath our roof shall FRIENDSHIP'S voice arise;
On ev'ry breast her sacred influence pour'd,
Shall crown with gen'rous mirth our social board;
The chosen few, to TASTE and VIRTUE dear,
Shall meet a welcome, simple, but sincere.

Not from our door, his humble pray'r denied,
The friendless man shall wander unsupplied;
Ne'er shall the wretch, whom fortune's ills assail,
Tell there in vain his melancholy tale:
Thy heart, where NATURE'S noblest feelings glow,
Will throb to heal the bending stranger's woe;
On mercy's errand wilt thou oft explore
The crazy dwellings of the neighb'ring poor,
To blunt the stings of want's unsparing rage,
To smooth the short and painful path of age,
The childless widow's drooping head to raise,
And cheer her soul with hopes of better days:
For thee the pray'r affliction's child shall frame,
And lisping orphans bless ROSALIA'S name.

Soon shall new objects thy affection share,
New hopes, new duties claim ROSALIA'S care.
How will thy anxious eye exulting trace
The charms and virtues of thy infant-race!
Thy tender hand with sense and taste refin'd
Shall stamp each impulse of the rip'ning mind,
And early teach their little steps to stray
Through VIRTUE'S paths, and WISDOM'S flow'ry way.

Thus may our lives in one smooth tenor flow;
Possess'd of thee, I ask no more below.
That constant love, which bless'd with genial rays
The bright and happy spring-time of our days,
Shall still dispel the clouds of woe and strife

From the full summer of progressive life.
The hand of TIME may quench the ardent fire
Of rising passion, and of young desire;
But that pure flame esteem first taught to burn
Can only perish in the silent urn.
And when the last, the solemn hour draws near,
That bids us part from all that charm'd us here,
Then on our thoughts the heav'nly hope shall rise,
To meet in higher bliss, in better skies,
In those bright mansions of the just above,
Where all is RAPTURE, INNOCENCE, and LOVE.

MARIA'S RETURN TO HER NATIVE COTTAGE.

[First published in 1806.]

Si perda la vita,
Finisca il martire;
E meglio morire,
Che viver cosi.—METASTASIO.

THE whit'ning ground
In frost is bound;
The snow is swiftly falling;
While coldly blows the northern breeze,
And whistles through the leafless trees,
In hollow sounds appalling.

On this cold plain,
Now reach'd with pain,
Once stood my father's dwelling:
Where smiling pleasure once was found,
Now desolation frowns around,
And wintry blasts are yelling.

Hope's visions wild
My thoughts beguil'd,
My earliest days delighting,
Till unsuspected treach'ry came,
Beneath affection's specious name,
The lovely prospect blighting.

With many a wile
Of blackest guile

Did HENRY first deceive me:
What winning words to him were giv'n!
He swore, by all the pow'rs of HEAV'N,
That he would never leave me.

With fondest truth
I lov'd the youth:
My soul to guilt a stranger,
Knew not, in those too simple hours,
That oft beneath the sweetest flow'rs
Is couch'd the deadliest danger.

With him to roam
I fled my home;
I burst the bonds of duty;
I thought my days in joy would roll;
But HENRY hid a demon's soul
Beneath an angel's beauty!

Shall this poor heart
E'er cease to smart?
Oh never! never! never!
Did av'rice whisper thee, or pride,
False HENRY! for a wealthier bride
To cast me off for ever?

My sire was poor:
No golden store
Had he, no earthly treasure:
I only could his griefs assuage,
The only pillar of his age,
His only source of pleasure.

With anguish wild,
He miss'd his child,
And long in vain he sought her:
The fiercest thunderbolts of heav'n
Shall on thy guilty head be driv'n,
Thou DISOBEDIENT DAUGHTER!

I feel his fears,
I see his tears,

I hear his groans of sadness:
My cruel falsehood seal'd his doom:
He seems to curse me from the tomb,
And fire my brain to madness!

Oh! keenly blow,
While drifts the snow,
The cold nocturnal breezes;
On me the gath'ring snow-flakes rest,
And colder grows my friendless breast;
My very heart-blood freezes!

'Tis midnight deep,
And thousands sleep,
Unknown to guilt and sorrow;
They think not of a wretch like me,
Who cannot, dare not, hope to see
The rising light to-morrow!

An outcast hurl'd
From all the world,
Whom none would love or cherish,
What now remains to end my woes,
But here, amid the deep'ning snows,
To lay me down and perish?

Death's icy dart
Invades my heart:
Just HEAV'N! all-good! all-seeing!
Thy matchless mercy I implore,
When I must wake, to sleep no more,
In realms of endless being!

FIOLFAR, KING OF NORWAY.*

[First published in 1806.]

.....agmina
Ferrata vasto diruit impetu.—HOR.

I.

IN the dark-rolling waves at the verge of the west
The steeds of DELLINGER† had hasten'd to rest,
While HRIMFAX‡ advanc'd through the star-spangled plain,
And shook the thick dews from his grey-flowing mane;
The moon with pale lustre was shining on high,
And meteors shot red down the paths of the sky.
By the shore of the ocean FIOLFAR reclin'd,
Where through the rock-fissures loud-murmur'd the wind,
For sweet to his ear was the deep-dashing flow
Of the foam-cover'd billows that thunder'd below.
—"Alas!" he exclaim'd, "were the hopes of my youth,
Though rais'd by affection, unfounded on truth?
Ye are flown, ye sweet prospects, deceitfully fair,
As the light-rolling gossamer melts into air;
As the wild-beating ocean, with turbulent roar,
Effaces my steps on the sands of the shore!
Thy waters, oh NIORD!§ tumultuously roll,
And such are the passions that war in my soul:
Thy meteors, oh NORVER!‖ malignantly dart,
And such are the death-flames that burn in my heart.
NITALPHA! my love! on the hill and the plain,
In the vale and the wood, have I sought thee in vain;
Through the nations for thee have I carried afar
The sunshine of peace and the tempests of war;

* Though the names of Odin and Thor, the Fatal Sisters, and the Hall of Valhalla, be familiar to the readers of English poetry, yet, as the minutiæ of the Gothic Mythology are not very generally known, I have subjoined a few short explanatory notes, which, though they cannot be expected to afford much insight into the general system, will, I trust, be sufficient to enable my readers to comprehend such parts of it as are alluded to in this poem.

† Day.

‡ The steed of the evening twilight.

§ The god of the sea and wind.

‖ Night.

Through danger and toil I my heroes have led,
Till hope's latest spark in my bosom was dead!
Cold, silent, and dark are the halls of thy sires,
And hush'd are the harps, and extinguish'd the fires;
The wild autumn-blast in the lofty hall roars,
And the yellow leaves roll through the half-open doors.
NITALPHA! when rapture invited thy stay,
Did force or inconstancy bear thee away?
Ah, no! though in vain I thy footsteps pursue,
I will not, I cannot, believe thee untrue:
Perchance thou art doom'd in confinement to moan,
To dwell in the rock's dreary caverns alone,
And LOK'S* cruel mandates, while fast thy tears flow,
Forbid thy FIOLFAR to solace thy woe,
Condemn thee unvarying anguish to bear,
And leave me a prey to the pangs of despair."—
Ha! whence were those accents portentous and dread,
Like the mystical tones of the ghosts of the dead,
In echoes redoubling that rung through the gloom,
As the thunder resounds in the vaults of the tomb?
—"FIOLFAR!"—He started, and wond'ring descried
A sable-clad form standing tall by his side:
His soul-piercing eyes as the eagle's were bright,
And his raven-hair flow'd on the breezes of night.
—"FIOLFAR!" he cried, "thy affliction forsake:
To hope and revenge let thy bosom awake;
For he, that NITALPHA from liberty tore,
Is LOCHLIN'S proud monarch, the bold YRRODORE.
Still constant to thee, she the traitor abhorr'd;
Haste! haste! let thy valour her virtue reward:
For her let the battle empurple the plain:
In the moment of conquest I meet thee again."—
He ceas'd, and FIOLFAR beheld him no more;
Nor long paus'd the youth on the dark-frowning shore:
—"Whate'er be thy nature, oh stranger!" he said,
Thou hast call'd down the tempest on YRRODORE'S head:
The broad-beaming buckler and keen-biting glaive
Shall ring and resound on the fields of the brave,

* Lok, though he ranked amongst the Scandinavian Deities, had all the attributes of a demon. He was the enemy of Gods and Men, and the author of crimes and calamities.

And vengeance shall burst, in a death-rolling flood,
And deluge thy altars, VALFANDER,* with blood!"

II.

To LODA'S dark CIRCLE and mystical STONE,†
With the grey-gather'd moss of long ages o'ergrown,
While the black car of NORVER was central in air,
Did the harp-bearing bards of FIOLFAR repair;
The wild-breathing chords, as they solemnly sung,
In deep modulations responsively rung;
To the hall of VALHALLA,‡ where monarchs repose,
The full-swelling war-song symphoniously rose:
—"The mountains of LOCHLIN shall ring with alarms,
For the heroes of NORWAY are rising in arms;
The heroes of NORWAY destruction shall pour
On the wide-spreading plains of the bold YRRODORE.
VALFANDER! look down from thy throne in the skies!
Our suppliant songs from thy altar arise:
Be thou too propitious, invincible THOR!§
And lend thy strong aid to our banners of war.
As the white-beating stream from the rock rushes down,
FIOLFAR'S young warriors will speed to renown.
Ye spirits of chieftains, tremendous in fight!
That dwell with VALFANDER in halls of delight;
Awhile from your cloud-circled mansions descend;
On the steps of your sons through the battle attend,
When the raven shall hover on dark-flapping wing,
And the eagle shall feed on the foes of our king!"—
As full to the wind rose the soul-thrilling tones,
Strange murmurs rung wild from the moss-cover'd stones;
The ghosts of the mighty, rejoicing, came forth,
And roll'd their thin forms on the blasts of the north;
On light-flying meteors triumphantly driv'n,
They scatter'd their signs from the centre of heav'n

* A name of Odin, the chief of the gods.
† The circle of Loda, or Loden, was a rude circle of stones, used as a place of worship amongst the Scandinavians.
‡ The hall of Odin, where the spirits of heroes who died in battle drank mead and beer from the skulls of their enemies.
§ The Gothic Mars.

The skies were all glowing, portentously bright,
With strong coruscations of vibrating light:*
In shadowy forms, on the long-streaming glare,
The insignia of battle shot swift through the air;
In lines and in circles successively whirl'd,
Fantastical arrows and jav'lins were hurl'd,†
That, flashing and falling in mimic affray,
In the distant horizon died darkly away,
Where a blood-dropping banner seem'd slowly to sail,
And expand its red folds to the death-breathing gale.
FIOLFAR look'd forth from his time-honour'd halls,
Where the trophies of battle emblazon'd the walls:
He heard the faint song as at distance it swell'd,
And the blazing of ether with triumph beheld;
He saw the white flames inexhaustibly stream,
And he knew that his fathers rode bright on the beam,
That the spirits of warriors of ages long past
Were flying sublime on the wings of the blast.
—"Ye heroes!" he cried, "that in danger arose,
The bulwark of friends and the terror of foes;
By ODIN with glory eternally crown'd;
By valour and virtue for ever renown'd;

* It is well known with what superstitious anxiety the *Aurora Borealis* was formerly regarded. Ignorance and credulity readily discerned in its brilliant phenomena the semblance of aërial battles: and it is not surprising, that from such a source the valiant should draw prognostics of victory, and the timid of defeat and destruction. Thus Lucan, in describing the prodigies which preceded the civil war:

Tum ne qua futuri
Spes saltem trepidas mentes levet, addita fati
Pejoris manifesta fides, superique minaces
Prodigiis terras implerunt, æthera, pontum.
Ignota obscuræ viderunt sidera noctes,
Ardentemque polum flammis, cœloque volantes
Obliquas per inane faces, crinemque timendi
Sideris, et terris mutantem regna cometen.
Fulgura fallaci micuerunt crebra sereno,
Et varias ignis tenso dedit aere formas;
Nunc jaculum longo, nunc sparso lumine lampas
Emicuit cœlo.

† The northern lights which appeared in London in 1560 were denominated *burning spears*.

Like yours may my arm in the conflict be strong,
Like yours may my name be recorded in song,
And when HILDA and MISTA* my spirit shall bear
The joys of VALHALLA and ODIN to share,
Oh then may you smile on the deeds I have done,
And bend forward with joy to acknowledge your son!"

III.

The sword clatter'd fiercely on helm and on shield,
For NORWAY and LOCHLIN had met in the field;
The long lances shiver'd, the swift arrows flew,
The string shrilly twang'd on the flexible yew;
Rejoicing, the VALKYRÆ strode through the plain,
And guided the death-blow, and singled the slain.
Long, long did the virgins of LOCHLIN deplore
The youths whom their arms should encircle no more,
For, strong as the whirlwinds the forest that tear,
And strew with its boughs the vast bosom of air,
The NORWEYANS bore down with all-conquering force,
And havoc and slaughter attended their course.
FIOLFAR through danger triumphantly trod,
And scatter'd confusion and terror abroad;
Majestic as BALDER,† tremendous as THOR,
He plung'd in the red-foaming torrent of war:
Through the thickest of battle he hasten'd at length
Where YRRODORE stood in the pride of his strength:
—"Turn, traitor!" he cried, "thy destruction is nigh!
Thy soul to the regions of HELA‡ shall fly,
Where the base and the guilty for ever are toss'd
Through NILFHIL'S nine worlds of unchangeable frost!"
—"Vain boaster! no! never shall YRRODORE yield!"—
But the sword of FIOLFAR had shatter'd his shield:

* Two of the Valkyræ, or fatal sisters.

† The Scandinavian Apollo, the son of Odin. He was the most amiable and beautiful of all the Deities; and drove the chariot of the sun, till, being killed by Hoder through the machinations of Lok, he was compell'd to fix his residence in the palace of Hela, when his office was transferred to Dellinger.

‡ The Goddess of Death. She presided over Nilfhil, or Nistheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, which was situated in the frozen regions at the north pole. At the south pole was the region of fire, inhabited by Surtur, the enemy of Odin, and his attendant genii and giants, by whom, in the twilight of the Gods, the world is to be consumed.

Indignantly YRRODORE sprung on the foe,
And rear'd his strong arm for a death-dealing blow,
But the monarch of NORWAY impatiently press'd,
And sheath'd the bright steel in his enemy's breast.
Swift flow'd the black blood, and in anguish he breath'd,
Yet he mutter'd these words as expiring he writh'd:
—"And deem'st thou, FIOLFAR, the conquest is thine?
No! victory, glory, and vengeance, are mine!
In triumph I die; thou shalt languish in pain:
For ne'er shall NITALPHA delight thee again!
The wakeful DUERGI* the caverns surround,
Where in magical slumbers the maiden is bound;
Those magical slumbers shall last till the day,
When ODIN shall summon thy spirit away:
Then, then shall she wake to remembrance and pain,
To seek her FIOLFAR, and seek him in vain,
Long years of unvarying sorrow to prove,
And weep and lament on the grave of her love!"—
He said, and his guilt-blacken'd spirit went forth,
And rush'd to the caves of the uttermost north;
Still destin'd to roam through the frost-cover'd plain,
Where HELA has fix'd her inflexible reign,
Till the day when existence and nature shall end,
When the last fatal TWILIGHT on earth shall descend,
When FENRIS and LOK, by all beings accurst,
Their long-galling chains shall indignantly burst,
When the trump of HEIMDALLER the signal shall peal
Of the evils CREATION is destin'd to feel,
And SURTUR shall scatter his ruin-fraught fire,
And earth, air, and ocean, burn, sink, and expire!

IV.

Now dreary and dark was the field of the dead,
For NORWAY had conquer'd, and LOCHLIN had fled:
The hoarse raven croak'd from the blood-streaming ground,
Where the dead and the dying lay mingled around:
The warriors of NORWAY were sunk in repose,
And rush'd, in idea, again on their foes;
Yet lonely and sad did FIOLFAR remain
Where the monarch of LOCHLIN had fall'n on the plain;

* Dwarfs.

In the silence of sorrow he lean'd on his spear,
For YRRODORE's words echoed still in his ear:
When sudden, through twilight, again he descried
The sable-clad form standing tall by his side:
—"Behold me, Fiolfar: my promise I keep:
NITALPHA is fetter'd in magical sleep:
Yet I to thy arms can the maiden restore,
And passion and vengeance shall harm her no more.
The monarch of LOCHLIN, enrag'd at her scorn,
Confin'd her in DEURANIL's caverns forlorn,
Nor dar'd he endeavour, though deeply he sigh'd,
By force to obtain what affection denied."—
"Strange being! what art thou? thy nature declare."—
—"The name of NERIMNHER from mortals I bear:
'Mid desolate rocks, in a time-hollow'd cell,
At distance from man and his vices I dwell;
But, obedient to ODIN, I haste from the shade,
When virtue afflicted solicits my aid;
For the mystical art to my knowledge is giv'n,
That can check the pale moon as she rolls through the heav'n,
Can strike the dark dwellers of NILFHIL with dread,
And breathe the wild verse that awakens the dead.
My voice can the spells of thy rival destroy:
Then follow, FIOLFAR, I lead thee to joy!"——
As flow'd the deep accents mysterious and stern,
FIOLFAR felt hope to his bosom return;
He follow'd the stranger by vale and by flood,
Till they pierc'd the recesses of DEURANIL's wood:
Through untrodden thickets of ash and of yew,
Whose close-twining boughs shut the sky from their view,
Slow-toiling they wound, till before them arose
The black-yawning caves of NITALPHA's repose.
A blue-burning vapour shone dim through the gloom,
And roll'd its thin curls round a rude-fashion'd tomb,
Where the weary DUERGI, by magic constrain'd,
With eyes never closing, their station maintain'd.
Loud shouting they rose when the strangers advanc'd,
But fear glaz'd their eyes, and they paus'd as entranc'd,
While the mighty NERIMNHER, in fate-favour'd hour,
Thus breath'd the strong spell that extinguish'd their pow'r:
—"By the hall of VALHALLA, where heroes repose,
And drink beer and mead from the skulls of their foes;

By the virtues of FREYER,* and valour of THOR;
By the twelve giant-sisters, the rulers of war;
By the unreveal'd accents, in secret express'd,
Of old by VALFANDER to BALDER address'd;
By the ills which the guilty and dastardly share;
By HELA's dominions of pain and despair;
By SURTU's wide regions of death-spreading fire;
Hence, children of evil! DUERGI, retire!"—
The DUERGI with yells made the cavern resound,
As, reluctantly yielding, they sunk through the ground;
And the youth felt his breast with anxiety swell,
While thus the magician concluded the spell:
—"Fair maid, whom the tomb's dreary confines surround,
Whom the dark, iron slumber of magic has bound,
Let life and delight re-illumine thine eyes,
Arise, star of beauty! NITALPHA, arise!"—
The vapour-flame died in a bright-beaming flash;
The tomb burst in twain with an earth-shaking crash;
All wonder, NITALPHA arose in her charms,
She knew her FIOLFAR, she flew to his arms,
And he found ev'ry shadow of sorrow depart,
As he clasp'd the dear maiden again to his heart.

HENRIETTE.

[Published in 1806.]

LOUD and long the church-bells ringing
Spread their signals on the air;
Tow'rds his ELLEN lightly springing,
Faithless EDWARD hastens there.
Can he dare to wed another?
Can he all his vows forget?
Can he truth and conscience smother,
And desert his HENRIETTE?

Pale remorse my steps attending,
Whither can I hope to fly?
When shall all my woes have ending?
Never, never, till I die!

* The son of Niord.

Can the youth who once ador'd me,
Can he hear without regret,
Death has that repose restor'd me,
He has stol'n from HENRIETTE?

Brightly smiles the summer morning
On my EDWARD'S nuptial day;
While the bells, with joyous warning,
Call to love and mirth away.
How this wretched heart is throbbing!
Ere the ev'ning sun shall set,
Death shall ease my bosom's sobbing,
Death shall comfort HENRIETTE.

Cruel youth, farewell for ever!
False as thou hast been to me,
Ne'er till FATE my thread shall sever,
Can I turn my thoughts from thee.
Guilt and shame thy soul enslaving,
Thou may'st weep and tremble yet,
When thou seest the willow waving
O'er the grave of HENRIETTE!

THE OLD MAN'S COMPLAINT.

[Published in 1806.]

ON ETERNITY'S confines I stand,
And look back on the paths I have trod:
I pant for the summoning hand,
That shall call me away to my GOD!

My temples are sprinkled with snow;
The sands of existence decline;
The dwelling is cheerless and low,
The dwelling that soon must be mine.

No longer beside me are found
The forms that of old were so dear;
No longer the voices resound,
That once were so sweet to mine ear.

The wife of my bosom is lost;
Long, long, has she sunk into sleep:
My boy on the ocean was toss'd,
He rests in the caves of the deep.

A villain my daughter betray'd;
Her home and her father she fled:
But HEAV'N has in justice repaid
The tears he has caus'd me to shed:

Her peace and her honour he stole;
Abandon'd, despairing, she died:
Remorse quickly seiz'd on his soul,
And he rests in the grave by her side.

Oh! where are the friends of my youth,
The lovely, the good, and the brave?
All flown to the mansions of TRUTH!
All pass'd through the gates of the grave!

On parents, and children, and friends,
Have mortality's arrows been driv'n;
But swiftly the darkness descends,
And my spirit shall join them in HEAV'N!

ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES PEMBROKE, Esq.

[Published in 1806.]

WHERE yon green tombs their heads promiscuous raise,
With tearful eyes let FRIENDSHIP mark the spot
Where PEMBROKE slumbers. Upright and sincere,
For public worth esteem'd, for private lov'd,
Approving VIRTUE smil'd upon his life,
And soft-eyed sorrow consecrates his urn.
Above that spot where rests his honour'd dust,
The sportive child may spend his idle hours,
Unthinking that the silent form below
Was once like him, like him was wont to play,

Unknown to care. Thrice happy innocent!
Thou too shalt fall, and on thy humble grave
Another child, unthinking as thyself,
Light as the lark, and rosy as the morn,
Shall frolic in his turn. Thus 'tis with man:
Like Autumn's leaves the present race decays,
Another race succeeds. But after death
Shall VIRTUE live, and live to die no more,
In better climes, from mortal eyes retir'd.
There, PEMBROKE, there thy sainted spirit dwells,
In everlasting rest; there, far remov'd
From all the troubles of the world, enjoys
The sure reward of goodness here below,
Eternal, boundless happiness above.

THE RAINBOW.

[Published in 1806.]

THE day has pass'd in storms, though not unmix'd
With transitory calm. The western clouds,
Dissolving slow, unveil the glorious sun,
Majestic in decline. The wat'ry east
Glows with the many-tinted arch of HEAV'N.
We hail it as a pledge that brighter skies
Shall bless the coming morn. Thus rolls the day,
The short dark day of life; with tempests thus,
And fleeting sunshine chequer'd. At its close,
When the dread hour draws near, that bursts all ties,
All commerce with the world, RELIGION pours
HOPE'S fairy-colours on the virtuous mind,
And, like the rainbow on the ev'ning clouds,
Gives the bright promise that a happier dawn
Shall chase the night and silence of the grave.

ELLEN.

[Published in 1806.]

THE marble tomb, in sculptur'd state display'd,
Decks the vile earth where wealthy vice is laid;
But no vain pomp its hollow splendour throws,
Where Beauty, Virtue, Innocence, repose.
The cypress tow'rs, the waving willows weep,
Where ELLEN sleeps the everlasting sleep,
Where with a sigh the passing stranger sees
The long rank grave-grass bending in the breeze.

FAREWELL TO MATILDA.

[Published in 1806.]

Oui, pour jamais
Chassons l'image
De la volage
Que j'adorais.—PARNY.

MATILDA, farewell! FATE has doom'd us to part,
But the prospect occasions no pang to my heart;
No longer is love with my reason at strife,
Though once thou wert dearer, far dearer than life.

As together we roam'd, I the passion confess'd,
Which thy beauty and virtue had rais'd in my breast;
That the passion was mutual thou mad'st me believe,
And I thought *my* MATILDA could never deceive.

My MATILDA! no, false one! my claims I resign:
Thou canst not, thou must not, thou shalt not be mine:
I now scorn thee as much as I lov'd thee before,
Nor sigh when I think I shall meet thee no more.

Though fair be thy form, thou no lovers wilt find,
While folly and falsehood inhabit thy mind,
Though coxcombs may flatter, though idiots may prize,
Thou art shunn'd by the good, and contemn'd by the wise.

Than mine what affection more fervent could be,
When I thought ev'ry virtue was centred in thee?
Of the vows thou hast broken I will not complain,
For I mourn not the loss of a heart I disdain.

Oh! hadst thou but constant and amiable prov'd
As that *fancied perfection* I formerly lov'd,
Nor absence, nor time, though supreme their control,
Could have dimm'd the dear image then stamp'd on my soul.

How bright were the pictures, untinted with shade,
By HOPE'S glowing pencil on FANCY pourtray'd!
Sweet visions of bliss! which I could not retain;
For they like thyself, were deceitful and vain.

Some other, perhaps, to MATILDA is dear,
Some other, more pleasing, though not more sincere;
May he fix thy light passions, now wav'ring as air,
Then leave thee, inconstant, to shame and despair!

Repent not, MATILDA, return not to me:
Unavailing thy grief, thy repentance will be:
In vain will thy vows or thy smiles be resum'd,
For LOVE, once extinguish'd, is never relum'd.

MIRA.

[Published in 1806.]

BENEATH yon yew-tree's silent shade,
Long, tufted grass the spot discloses
Where, low in death untimely laid,
Pale MIRA'S silent form reposes.

The plaintive bird, at ev'ning-close,
Pours there her softly-mournful numbers;
The earth its earliest sweets bestows,
To deck the grave where MIRA slumbers.

There SUMMER'S brightest flow'rs appear;
There oft the hollow breeze is swelling;
The passing stranger drops a tear
On MIRA'S dark and narrow dwelling.

The moralist, with musing eyes,
Loves there his pensive steps to measure:
"How vain is human pride!" he cries;
"How soon is lost each earthly treasure!

"To snatch the fleeting bubble, joy,
How weak is ev'ry fond endeavour!
We rush to seize the glitt'ring toy;
It bursts, it vanishes for ever!

"How soon our pleasures pass away!
How soon our bliss must yield to sorrow!
The friend, with whom we smile to-day,
May wither in his shroud to-morrow!"

AMARILLIS;

FROM THE PASTOR FIDO.

[Published in 1806.]

(DUNQUE addio, care selve,
Care mie selve, addio.
Ricevete questi ultimi sospiri,
Fin che sciolta da ferro ingiusto, e crudo,
Torni la mia fredd' ombra
A le vostr' ombre amate.
Che nel penoso inferno
Non può gir innocente,
Nè può star tra beati
Disperata e dolente.
. . . . . .
. . . . . i' moro, e senza colpa,
E senza frutto; e senza te, cor mio:
Mi moro, oime, MIRTILLO.)

Dear woods, your sacred haunts I leave:
Adieu! my parting sighs receive!
Adieu! dear native woods, adieu!
Which I no more am doom'd to view,

From ev'ry joy remov'd;
Till from the cold and cruel urn
My melancholy shade shall turn
To seek your shades belov'd.
For, free from guilt I cannot go
To join the wailing ghosts below,
Nor can despair and bleeding love
Find refuge with the blest above.
. . . . . .
In youth and innocence I die;
The cold grave-stone must be my pillow;
From life, from love, from hope I fly;
Adieu! a long adieu! MIRTILLO!

CLONAR AND TLAMIN.

IMITATED FROM A LITTLE POEM IN MACPHERSON'S NOTES ON OSSIAN.

[Published in 1806.]

"The loves of Clonar and Tlamin were rendered famous in the north by a fragment of a lyric poem, still preserved, which is ascribed to Ossian. It is a dialogue between Clonar and Tlamin. She begins with a soliloquy, which he overhears."

TLAMIN.

SON of CONGLAS of IMOR! thou first in the battle!
Oh CLONAR, young hunter of dun-sided roes!
Where the wings of the wind through the tall branches rattle,
Oh, where does my hero on rushes repose?

By the oak of the valley, my love, have I found thee,
Where swift from the hill pour thy loud-rolling streams;
The beard of the thistle flies sportively round thee,
And dark o'er thy face pass the thoughts of thy dreams.

Thy dreams are of scenes where the war-tempest rages:
TLAMIN'S youthful warrior no dangers appal:
Even now, in idea, my hero engages,
On Erin's green plains, in the wars of Fingal.

Half hid, by the grove of the hill, I retire:
Ye blue mists of Lutha! why rise ye between?
Why hide the young warrior whose soul is all fire,
Oh why hide her love from the eyes of TLAMIN?

CLONAR.

As the vision that flies with the beams of the morning,
While fix'd on the mind its bright images prove,
So fled the young sunbeam these valleys adorning;
Why flies my TLAMIN from the sight of her love?

TLAMIN.

Oh CLONAR! my heart will to joy be a stranger,
Till thou on our mountains again shalt be seen;
Then why wilt thou rush to the regions of danger,
Far, far from the love of the mournful TLAMIN?

CLONAR.

The signals of war are from Selma resounding!
With morning we rise on the dark-rolling wave:
Towards green-valleyed Erin our vessels are bounding;
I rush to renown, to the fields of the brave!

Yet around me when war's hottest thunders shall rattle,
Thy form to my soul ever present shall be;
And should death's icy hand check my progress in battle,
The last sigh of CLONAR shall rise but for thee.

FOLDATH IN THE CAVERN OF MOMA.

FROM THE SAME.

[Published in 1806.]

FOLDATH (*addressing the spirits of his fathers*).

IN your presence dark I stand:
Spirits of my sires! disclose,
Shall my steps o'er Atha's land,
Pass to Ullin of the roes?

ANSWER.

Thou to Ullin's plains shalt go:
  There shall rage the battle loud:
O'er the fall'n thy fame shall grow,
  Like the gath'ring thunder-cloud.

There thy blood-stain'd sword shall gleam,
  Till, around while danger roars,
Cloncath, the reflected beam,
  Come from Moruth's sounding shores.

DREAMS.

FROM PETRONIUS ARBITER.

[Published in 1806.]

Somnia, quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, &c.

DREAMS, which, beneath the hov'ring shades of night,
Sport with the ever-restless minds of men,
Descend not from the gods. Each busy brain
Creates its own. For when the chains of sleep
Have bound the weary, and the lighten'd mind
Unshackled plays, the actions of the light
Become renew'd in darkness. Then the chief,
Who shakes the world with war, who joys alone
In blazing cities, and in wasted plains,
O'erthrown battalions sees, and dying kings,
And fields o'erflow'd with blood. The lawyer dreams
Of causes, of tribunals, judges, fees.
The trembling miser hides his ill-gain'd gold,
And oft with joy a buried treasure finds.
The eager hunter with his clam'rous dogs
Makes rocks and woods resound. The sailor brings
His vessel safe to port, or sees it whelm'd
Beneath the foaming waves. The anxious maid
Writes to her lover, or beholds him near.
The dog in dreams pursues the tim'rous hare.
The wretch, whom Fortune's iron hand has scourg'd,
Finds in his slumbers all his woes reviv'd.

PINDAR ON THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

[Published in 1806.]

Ακτις αελιου πολυσκοπε, κτλ.

ALL-ENLIGHT'NING, all-beholding,
All-transcending star of day!
Why, thy sacred orb enfolding,
Why does darkness veil thy ray?

On thy life-diffusing splendour
These portentous shades that rise,
Vain the strength of mortals render,
Vain the labours of the wise.

Late thy wheels, through ether burning,
Roll'd in unexampled light:
Mortals mourn thy change, returning
In the sable garb of night.

Hear, oh Phœbus! we implore thee,
By Olympian Jove divine;
Phœbus! Thebans kneel before thee,
Still on Thebes propitious shine.

On thy darken'd course attending,
Dost thou signs of sorrow bring?
Shall the summer rains descending,
Blast the promise of the spring?

Or shall War, in evil season,
Spread unbounded ruin round?
Or the baleful hand of Treason
Our domestic joys confound?

By the bursting torrent's power,
Shall our rip'ning fields be lost?
Shall the air with snow-storms lower,
Or the soil be bound in frost?

Or shall ocean's waves stupendous,
Unresisted, unconfin'd,
Once again, with roar tremendous,
Hurl destruction on mankind?

TO A YOUNG LADY, NETTING.

[Published in 1806.]

WHILE those bewitching hands combine,
With matchless grace, the silken line,
They also weave, with gentle art,
Those stronger nets that bind the heart.

But soon all earthly things decay:
That net in time must wear away:
E'en Beauty's silken meshes gay
No lasting hold can take:

But Beauty, Virtue, Sense, combin'd,
(And all these charms in thee are join'd)
Can throw that net upon the mind,
No human heart can e'er unbind,
No human pow'r can break.

LEVI MOSES.

[Published in 1806.]

Sed quò divitias hæc per tormenta coactas?
Cum furor haud dubius, cum sit manifesta phrenesis,
Ut locuples moriaris egenti vivere fato?—Juv.

MA name'sh Levi Moshesh: I tink I vash born,
Dough I cannot exactly remember,
In Roshemary Lane, about tree in de morn,
Shome time in de mont of November.
Ma fader cried "*clothesh*," trough de shtreetsh ash he vent,
Dough he now shleeping under de shtone ish,
He made by hish bargains two hundred per shent,
And dat vay he finger'd de monish.

Ma fader vash vise: very great vash hish shenshe:
De monish he alvaysh vash turning:
And early he taught me poundsh, shillingsh, and penshe;
"For," shaysh he, "dat ish all dat'sh vorth learning.

Ash to Latin and Greek, 'tish all nonshenshe, I shay,
Vhich occasion to shtudy dere none ish;
But shtick closhe to Cocker, for dat ish de vay,
To teach you to finger de monish."

To a shtock-broker den I apprentishe vash bound,
Who hish monish lov'd very shinsherely;
And, trough hish inshtructions, I very shoon found,
I ma bushinesh knew pretty clearly.
Shaysh he: "cheat a little: 'tish no shuch great crime,
Provided it cleverly done ish:"
Sho I cleverly cheated him every time
I could manage to finger hish monish.

And den I shet up for a broker mashelf,
And Fortune hash shmil'd on ma laborsh;
I've minded de main-chanshe, and shcrap'd up de pelf,
And ruin'd von half of ma neighboursh.
If any von cash on goot bondsh vould obtain,
Very shoon ready for him de loan ish;
And about *shent per shent* ish de int'resht I gain,
And dat vay I finger de monish.

To part vit ma monish I alvaysh vash loth;
For ma table no daintiesh I dish up:
I dine on two eggsh, and I shup on de broth,
But I feasht vonsh a veek like a bishop!
Ev'ry Shaturday night, on a *grishkin of pork*
I regale bote mashelf and ma croneish;
And I play on de grishkin a goot knife and fork,
Dough dat runsh avay vit de monish!

To de presheptsh ma fader inshtill'd in ma mind
I have ever been conshtant and shteady:
To learning or pleasure I ne'er vash inclin'd,
For neider vould bring in de ready.
And into ma pocketsh de monish to bring,
Ma perpetual shtudy alone ish,
For de monish indeed ish a very goot ting,
Oh, a very goot ting ish de monish!

SLENDER'S LOVE-ELEGY.

[Published in 1806.]

COME, Polyhymnia, heav'nly maid!
Oh deign an humble bard to aid,
Whose heart in tenfold chains is laid,
In Cupid's cage:
To Anna's name I strike the string;
Thence all my pains and pleasures spring:
Yes, I aspire thy praise to sing,
Oh sweet Anne Page!

The lustre of thy soft blue eyes,
Thy lip that with the coral vies,
Might bid love's flames the breast surprise
Of stoic sage:
And cold indeed his heart must be,
Who could thy matchless features see,
And not at once exclaim with me,
Oh sweet Anne Page!

Wealth, pow'r, and splendour, I disown:
To them no real joys are known:
Thy unaffected charms alone
My heart engage:
Thou canst alone my bosom fire,
Thou canst alone my muse inspire,
To thee alone I tune the lyre,
Oh sweet Anne Page!

Against my passion's fond appeal
Should'st thou thy gentle bosom steel,
What pow'r the pangs I then should feel
Could e'er assuage?
To woods, to mountains would I fly;
Thy dear lov'd name unceasing sigh,
Till thousand echoes should reply:
Oh sweet Anne Page!

I cannot boast the art sublime,
Like some great poets of the time,

To sing, in lofty-sounding rhyme,
Of amorous rage:
But love has taught me to complain;
Love has inspir'd this humble strain;
Then let me not still sigh in vain,
Oh sweet Anne Page!

A FRAGMENT.

[Published in 1806.]

NAY, deem me not insensible, Cesario,
To female charms; nor think this heart of mine
Is cas'd in adamant; because, forsooth,
I cannot ogle, and hyperbolise,
And whisper tender nothings in the ear
Of ev'ry would-be beauty, holding out
The bright but treach'rous flame of flattery,
To watch the she-moths of a drawing-room
Sport round the beam, and burn their pretty wings,
Ere conscious of their danger: yet, believe me,
I love a maid whose untranscended form
Is yet less lovely than her spotless mind.
With modest frankness, unaffected genius,
Unchang'd good-humour, beauty void of art,
And polish'd wit that seeks not to offend,
And winning smiles that seek not to betray,
She charms the sight, and fascinates the soul.
Where dwells this matchless nymph? alas, Cesario!
Tis but a sickly creature of my fancy,
Unparallel'd in nature.

[Written after 1806.]

I DUG, beneath the cypress shade,
What well might seem an elfin's grave;
And every pledge in earth I laid,
That erst thy false affection gave.

I pressed them down the sod beneath;
I placed one mossy stone above;
And twined the rose's fading wreath
Around the sepulchre of love.

Frail as thy love, the flowers were dead,
Ere yet the evening sun was set:
But years shall see the cypress spread,
Immutable as my regret.

THE VIGILS OF FANCY.

[Written 1806.]

NO. I.

THE wind is high, and mortals sleep,
And through the woods resounding deep,
The wasting winds of Autumn sweep,
While waves remurmur hollowly.

Beside this lake's sequester'd shore,
Where foam-crowned billows heave and roar,
And pines, that sheltered bards of yore,
Wave their primeval canopy.

At midnight hour I rove alone,
And think on days for ever flown,
When not a trace of care was known,
To break my soul's serenity.

To me, when day's loud cares are past,
And coldly blows th' autumnal blast,
And yellow leaves around are cast
In melancholy revelry.

While Cynthia rolls through fields of blue,
'Tis sweet these fading groves to view,
With ev'ry rich and varied hue
Of foliage smiling solemnly.

Matur'd by Time's revolving wing,
These fading groves more beauties bring
Than all the budding flow'rs of Spring,
Or Summer's glowing pageantry.

All hail! ye breezes wild and drear,
That peal the death-song of the year,
And with the waters thund'ring near
Combine in awful harmony!

Methinks, as round your murmurs sail,
I hear a spirit in the gale,
That seems to whisper many a tale
Of dark and ancient mystery.

Ye bards, that in these sacred shades,
These tufted woods and sloping glades,
Awoke, to charm the sylvan maids,
Your soul-entrancing minstrelsy!

Say, do your spirits yet delight
To rove, beneath the starry night,
Along this water's margin bright,
Or mid the woodland scenery.

And strike, to notes of tender fire,
With viewless hands the shadowy lyre,
Till all the wandering winds respire
A more than mortal symphony?

Come, Fancy, come, romantic maid!
No more in rainbow vest array'd
But robed to suit the sacred shade
Of midnight's deep sublimity.

By thee inspir'd I seem to hold
High converse with the good and bold,
Who fought and fell, in days of old,
To guard their country's liberty.

Roused from oblivion's mouldering urn,
The chiefs of ancient times return;
Again the battle seems to burn,
And rings the sounding panoply!

And while the war-storm rages loud,
In yonder darkly rolling cloud,
Their forms departed minstrels shroud,
And wake the hymns of victory.

Far hence all earthly thoughts be hurl'd!
Thy regions, Fancy, shine unfurl'd,
Amid the visionary world
I lose the sad reality.

Led by thy magic pow'r sublime,
From shore to shore, from clime to clime,
Uncheck'd by distance or by time,
My steps shall wander rapidly.

Thy pow'r can all the past restore,
Bid present ills afflict no more,
And teach the spirit to explore
The volume of futurity.

REMEMBER ME.

[Written after 1808.]

E tu, chi sa se mai
Te sovverrai di me?—METASTASIO.

AND what are life's enchanting dreams,
That melt, like morning mists, away?
And what are Fancy's golden beams,
That glow with transitory day?
While adverse stars my steps impel,
To climes remote, my love, from thee,
Will that dear breast with pity swell,
And wilt thou still remember me?

Alas! I hoped from Britain's shore
My wayward feet would never rove:
I hoped to share my little store,
With thee, my first, my only love!
No more those hopes my breast elate:
No more thy lovely form I see:
But thou wilt mourn thy wanderer's fate,
And thou wilt still remember me.

When twilight shades the world o'erhung,
Oft has thou loved with me to stray,
While Philomela sweetly sung
The dirge of the departing day.

But when our cherished meads and bowers
Thy solitary haunts shall be,
Oh! then recall those blissful hours;
Oh! then, my love, remember me.

When Spring shall bid the forest live,
And clothe the hills and vales with green;
Or summer's ripening hand shall give
New beauties to the sylvan scene;
Reflect that thus my prospects smiled
Till changed by Fortune's stern decree:
And wintry storms severe and wild,
Shall bid thee still remember me.

For wintry storms have overcast
And blighted all my hopes of joy:
Vain joys of life, so quickly past!
Vain hope that clouds so soon destroy!
Around us cares and dangers grow:
Between us rolls the restless sea:
Yet this one thought shall soothe my woe,
That thou wilt still remember me.

And when, thy natal shades among,
While noontide rays their fervours shower,
The poet's sadly-pleasing song
Shall charm thy melancholy hour;
When Zephyr, rustling in the grove,
Sighs feebly through the spreading tree,
Think 'tis the whispering voice of love,
And pity, and remember me!

Remember me, when morning's call
Shall bid thee leave thy lonely bed:
Remember me, when evening fall
Shall tinge the skies with blushing red:
Remember me, when midnight sleep
Shall set excursive fancy free;
And should'st thou wake, and wake to weep,
Still, in thy tears, remember me.

Farewell, my love! the paths of truth,
The paths of happiness pursue:
But ever mindful of the youth,
Who loved thee with a flame so true.

And though to thy transcendent form
Admiring courts should bow the knee,
Still be thy breast with pity warm,
Still, still, my love, remember me.

ROMANCE.

[Published in 1806.]

DEATH! the mourner's surest aid!
Mark my sad devotion:
Hear a lost, forsaken maid,
Mourn with wild emotion.
I my griefs unpitied pour
To the winds that round me roar,
On the billow-beaten shore
Of the lonely ocean.

Where the sea's extremest line
Seems with ether blended,
Still I see the white sails shine
To the breeze extended.
False one! still I mark thy sail
Spread to catch the favouring gale.
Soon shall storms thy bark assail,
And thy crimes be ended!

By the mighty tempests tost,
Death-flames round thee burning,
On a bleak and desert coast,
Whence is no returning;—
Thou o'er all thy friends shall weep,
Buried in th' unpitying deep;
Thou thy watch of woe shalt keep,
Vainly, deeply, mourning.

Unattended shalt thou rove,
O'er the mountain dreary,
Through the haunted, pathless grove,
Through the desert eerie:
Unassuaged thy tears shall flow;
None shall sooth or share thy woe,
When thy blood runs cold and slow,
And thy limbs are weary!

Far from haunts of human kind,
Vengeful heaven impelling,
Thou thy dying bed shall find,
Where cold blasts are yelling.
None shall hear thee, none shall save,
In thy monumental cave,
None shall weep, where tempests rave
Round thy narrow dwelling!

THE GENIUS OF THE THAMES.

[Second edition, published in 1812.]

PART I.

[The variations between this, the second edition, and the first edition, published in 1810, are recorded in foot-notes.]

ΚΑΛΛΙΣΤΟΣ ΠΟΤΑΜΩΝ ΕΠΙ ΓΑΙΑΝ 'ΙΠΣΙ.—'ΟΜ.

Non è questo 'l terren, ch' i' toccai pria?
Non è questo 'l mio nido,
Ove nudrito fui sì dolcemente?
Non è questa la patria in ch' io mi fido
Madre benigna e pia,
Che copre l'uno e l'altro mio parente?—PETRARCA.*

* PRŒMIUM.

Sweet was the choral song,
When in Arcadian vales,
Primeval shepherds twined the Aonian wreath.
While in the dying gales,
That sighed the shades among,
Rapt fancy heard responsive spirits breathe.
Dryads and Genii wandered then
Amid the haunts of guileless men,
As yet unknown to strife:
Ethereal beings poured the floods,
Dwelt in the ever waving woods,
And filled the varied world with intellectual life.

Ah! whither are they flown,
Those days of peace and love
So sweetly sung by bards of elder time?
When in the startling grove
The battle-blast was blown,
And misery came, and cruelty and crime,
Far from the desolated hills,
Polluted meads, and blood-stained rills,

ANALYSIS OF THE FIRST PART.

An Autumnal night on the banks of the Thames. Eulogium of the Thames.* Characters of several rivers of Great Britain. Acknowledged superiority of the Thames. Address to the Genius of the Thames. View of some of the principal rivers of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Pre-eminence of the Thames. General character of the river. The port of London. The naval dominion of Britain and extent of her commerce and navigation. Tradition that an immense forest occupied the site of the metropolis. Episode of a Druid, supposed to have taken refuge in that forest, after the expulsion of Mona.

I.

THE moonlight rests, with solemn smile,†
On sylvan shore and willowy isle:
While Thames beneath the imaged beam,
Rolls on his deep and silent stream.

Their guardian genii flew;
And through the woodlands, waste and wild,
Where erst perennial summer smiled,
Infuriate passions prowled, and wintry whirlwinds blew.

Yet where light breezes sail
Along the sylvan shore,
The bard still feels a sacred influence nigh:
When the far torrent's roar
Floats through the twilight vale,
And, echoing low, the forest-depths reply.
Nor let the throng his dreams despise
Who to the rural deities
From courts and crowds retires:
Since human grandeur's proudest scheme
Is but the fabric of a dream,
A meteor-kindled pile, that, while we gaze, expires.

* Retrospect of early associations. First edition.

† First edition begins thus:

I.

The woods are roaring in the gale,
That whirls their fading leaves afar;
The crescent moon is cold and pale,
And swiftly sinks the evening star.
High on this mossy bank reclined
I listen to the eddying wind,
While Thames impels with sinuous flow
His silent rolling stream below;
And darkly waves the giant oak,
That broad, above, its stature rears;
On whose young strength innocuous broke
The storms of unrecorded years.

The wasting wind of autumn sighs :
The oak's discoloured foliage flies :
The grove, in deeper shadow cast,
Waves darkly in the eddying blast.
All hail, ye breezes loud and drear,
That peal the death-song of the year !
Your rustling pinions waft around
A voice that breathes no mortal sound,
And in mysterious accents sings
The flight of time, the change of things.
The seasons pass in swift career :
Storms close, and zephyrs wake, the year :
The streams roll on, nor e'er return
To fill again their parent urn ;
But bounteous nature, kindly-wise,
Their everlasting flow supplies.
Like planets round the central sun,
The rapid wheels of being run,
By laws, from earliest time pursued,
Still changed, still wasted, still renewed.

II.

Ye phantoms of enraptured thought,
By wild-inspiring fancy taught,
That oft the careworn mind employ
In paths of visionary joy !
Oh ! bring again your genial aid,
In all your former charms arrayed,
As when you came, with life and love
The day-dreams of my youth to bless,
And led my sportive steps to rove
Through fairy worlds of happiness.

III.

Then, while the cloudless morning smiled
Along the flower-enamelled shore,
I watched the waves, that, circling wild,
Passed onward and returned no more :
And when the hollow-murmuring gale
Despoiled the treasures of the wood
I loved to see the dry leaf sail,
Light-eddying down the silver flood.
By youth, and hope, and fancy blest,
The darkening thought ne'er touched my breast,
That all my promised joys should fly,
Swift as those waves were hastening by,
And fancy's golden dreams be past,
Like leaves on the autumnal blast !

Reflected in the present scene,
Return the forms that once have been:
The present's varying tints display
The colours of the future day.

II.

Ye bards, that, in these secret shades,
These tufted woods and sloping glades,
Awoke, to charm the sylvan maids,
Your soul-entrancing minstrelsy!
Say, do your spirits yet delight
To rove, beneath the starry night,
Along this water's margin bright,
Or mid the woodland scenery;
And strike, to notes of tender fire,
With viewless hands the shadowy lyre,
Till all the wandering winds respire
A wildly-awful symphony?

III.

Hark! from beneath the aged spray,
Where hangs my humbler lyre on high,
Soft music fills the woodlands gray,
And notes aërial warble by!
What flying touch, with elfin spell,
Bids its responsive numbers swell?
Whence is the deep Æolian strain,
That on the wind its changes flings?
Returns some ancient bard again,
To wake to life the slumbering strings?
Or breathed the spirit of the scene
The lightly-trembling chords between,
Diffusing his benignant power
On twilight's consecrated hour?

IV.

Even now, methinks, in solemn guise,*
By yonder willowy islet gray,

* In the first edition:
Were mine the art, with glowing hand
The flood of deathless song to pour,
That lyre should call the fairy band,
To press, oh Thames! thy willowy shore,
And weave for thee, with spells sublime,
The magic wreath of boldest rhyme,

I see thee, sedge-crowned Genius! rise,
And point the glories of thy way.
Tall reeds around thy temples play;*
Thy hair the liquid crystal gems:
To thee I pour the votive lay,
Oh Genius of the silver Thames!

v.

The shepherd-youth, on Yarrow braes,
Of Yarrow stream has sung the praise,
To love and beauty dear:

And consecrate to latest time
The sweetly-changeful melody:
For never yet a nobler theme
Has filled the poet's midnight dream
Than thy serenely-winding stream!
The stream beloved of liberty.

* Huic deus ipse loci fluvio Tiberinus amœno
Populeas inter senior se adtollere frondis
Visus: eum tenuis glauco velabat amictu
Carbasus, et crinis umbrosa tegebat arundo.—VIRGILIUS.

The tutelary spirits, that formerly animated the scenes of nature, still continue to adorn the visions of poetry; though they are now felt only as the creatures of imagination, and no longer possess that influence of real existence, which must have imparted many enviable sensations to the mind of the ancient polytheist.

Of all these fabulous beings, the Genii and Nymphs of rivers and fountains received the largest portion of human adoration. In them an enthusiastic fancy readily discerned the agency of powerful and benevolent spirits, diffusing wealth and fertility over the countries they adorned.—"Rivers are worshipped," says Maximus Tyrius (Dissertatio VIII. Ει θεοις αγαλματα ἱδρυτεον,) "on account of their utility, as the Nile by the Egyptians; or of their beauty, as the Peneus by the Thessalians; or of their magnitude, as the Danube by the Scythians; or of mythological traditions, as the Achelous by the Ætolians; or of particular laws, as the Eurotas by the Spartans; or of religious institutions, as the Ilisus by the Athenians."

These local divinities are the soul of classical landscape; and their altars, by the side of every fountain, and in the shade of every grove, are its most interesting and characteristic feature. From innumerable passages that might be cited on this subject, it will be sufficient to call to mind that beautiful description of Homer:

Αστεος εγγυς εσαν, και επι κρηνην αφικοντο
Τυκτην, καλλιροον, ὑθεν ὑδρευοντο πολιται,
Την ποιησ' Ιθακος, και Νηριτος, ηδε Πολυκτωρ·
Αμφι δ'αρ' αιγειρων ὑδατοτρεφεων ην αλσος
Παντοσε κυκλοτερες· κατα δε ψυκρον ρεεν ὑδωρ
Ὑψοθεν εκ πετρης· βωμος δ'εφυπερθε τετυκτο
Νυμφαων, ὁθι παντες επιρεζεσκον ὁδιται.

And long shall Yarrow roll in fame,
Charm with the magic of a name,
And claim the tender tear.
Who has not wept, in pastoral lay,
To hear the maiden's song of woe,
Who mourned her lover snatched away,
And plunged the sounding surge below?
The maid who never ceased to weep,
And tell the winds her tale of sorrow,
Till on his breast she sunk to sleep,
Beneath the lonely waves of Yarrow.

VI.

The minstrel oft, at evening-fall,
Has leaned on Roxburgh's ruined wall,
Where, on the wreck of grandeur past,
The wild wood braves the sweeping blast:
And while, beneath the embowering shade,
Swelled, loud and deep, his notes of flame,
Has called the spirits of the glade,
To hear the voice of Teviot's fame.

VII.

While artless love and spotless truth,
Delight the waking dreams of youth;
While nature's beauties, softly-wild,
Are dear to nature's wandering child;
The lyre shall ring, where sparkling Tweed,
By red-stone cliff, and broom-flowered mead,
And ivied walls in fair decay,
Resounds along his rock-strown way.
There oft the bard, at midnight still,
When rove his eerie steps alone,
Shall start to hear, from haunted hill,
The bugle blast at distance blown:
And oft his raptured eye shall trace,
Amid the visionary gloom,
The foaming courser's eager pace,
The mail-clad warrior's crimson plume,
The beacons, blazing broad and far,
The lawless marchmen ranging free,
And all the pride of feudal war,
And pomp of border chivalry.

VIII.

And Avon too has claimed the lay,
Whose listening wave forgot to stray,
By Shakespear's infant reed restrained:
And Severn, whose suspended swell
Felt the dread weight of Merlin's spell,
When the lone spirits of the dell
Of Arthur's fall complained.
And sweetly winds romantic Dee,
And Wye's fair banks all lovely smile:
But all, oh Thames! submit to thee,
The monarch-stream of Albion's isle.

IX.

From some ethereal throne on high,
Where clouds in nectar-dews dissolve,
The muse shall mark, with eagle-eye,
The world's diminished orb revolve.
At once her ardent glance shall roll,
From clime to clime, from pole to pole,
O'er waters, curled by zephyr's wing,
O'er shoreless seas, by whirlwinds tost;
O'er valleys of perennial spring,
And wastes of everlasting frost;
O'er deserts where the Siroc raves,*
And heaves the sand in fiery waves;
O'er caverns of mysterious gloom;
O'er lakes, where peaceful islets bloom,
Like emerald spots, serenely-bright,
Amid a sapphire field of light;
O'er mountain-summits, thunder-riven,
That rear eternal snows to heaven;
O'er rocks, in wild confusion hurled,
And woods, coëval with the world.

X.

Her eye shall thence the course explore
Of every river wandering wide,

* In the first edition:
O'er deserts vast of trackless sand,
Where Famine leads her yelling band,
And death-blasts rush, on wings of fire,
To bid the thirst-crazed wretch expire;
O'er caverns, &c.

From tardy Lena's frozen shore
To vast La Plata's sea-like tide.
Where Oby's barrier-billows freeze,
And Dwina's waves in snow-chains rest:
Where the rough blast from Arctic seas
Congeals on Volga's ice-cold breast:*
Where Rhine impels his confluent springs
Tumultuous down the Rhætian steep:†
Where Danube's world of waters brings
Its tribute to the Euxine deep:
Where Seine, beneath Lutetian towers,
Leads humbly his polluted stream,
Recalling still the blood-red hours
Of frantic freedom's transient dream:
Where crowns sweet Loire his fertile soil:
Where Rhone's impetuous eddies boil:
Where Garonne's pastoral waves advance,
Responsive to the song and dance,
When the full vintage calls from toil
The youths and maids of southern France:
Where horned Po's once-raging flood
Now moves with slackened force along,‡
By hermit-isle and magic wood,
The theme of old chivalric song:
Where yellow Tiber's turbid tide
In mystic murmurings seems to breathe
Of ancient Rome's imperial pride,
That passed away, as blasts divide
November's vapoury wreath:
Where proud Tajo's golden river
Rolls through fruitful realms afar:
Where Romantic Guadalquiver,
Wakes the thought of Moorish war:

* "And Volga, on whose face the north wind freezes."
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

† Rhenus, Ræticarum Alpium inaccesso ac præcipiti vertice ortus.—TACITUS.

‡ Et gemina auratus taurino cornua voltu
Eridanus: quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior effluit amnis.—VIRGILIUS.

Impetuosissimum amnem olim Padum fuisse, ex aliis locis manifestum est; quamquam nunc ejus natura diversa esse narratur.—HEYNE.

Where Penëus, smoothly-flowing,*
Or Meander's winding-shore,
Charm the pensive wanderer, glowing
With the love of Grecian lore:
Where Alphëus, wildly-falling,
Dashes far the sparkling spray;
In the eternal sound recalling
Lost Arcadia's heaven-taught lay;
Following dark, in strong commotion
Through the night of central caves,
Deep beneath the unmingling ocean,†
Arethusa's flying waves:
Where Tigris runs, in rapid maze:
Where swift Euphrates brightly strays;
To whose lone wave the night-breeze sings
A song of half-forgotten days
And old Assyrian kings:

* Down whose blood empurpled water
Mightiest chiefs, in death-cold sleep,
Victims stern of mutual slaughter,
Rolled towards the Atlantic deep:
Where soft Peneus, &c.

The propriety of this epithet may be questioned. "The vale of Tempe," says Dr. Gillies, "is adorned by the hand of nature with every object that can gratify the senses or delight the fancy. The gently-flowing Peneus intersects the middle of the plain. Its waters are increased by perennial cascades from the green mountains, and thus rendered of sufficient depth for vessels of considerable burthen. The rocks are everywhere planted with vines and olives; and the banks of the river, and even the river itself, are overshaded with lofty forest-trees, which defend those who sail upon it from the sun's meridian ardour."—He adds in a note: "I know not why Ovid says, *Penëus ab imo effusus Pindo spumosis volvitur undis.* Ælian, from whom the description in the text is taken, says, that the Penëus flows Διιην ελαιον, *smooth as oil.*"

Livy's description, which seems to have escaped Dr. G., is singularly contradictory.—*Sunt enim Tempe, saltus, etiam si non bello fiat, infestus, transitu difficilis: nam præter angustias per quinque millia, qua exiguum jumento onusto iter est, rupes utrimque ita abcisæ sunt, ut despici vix sine vertigine quadam simul oculorum animique possit. Terret et* sonitus *et* altitudo *per mediam vallem fluentis Penei amnis.*

The *sonitus* coincides with the description of Ovid, the *altitudo* with that of Ælian. It is difficult to reconcile the terms with each other: since *altissima* quæque flumina *minimo sono* labuntur. We may suppose, that the Peneus is a torrent in the upper part of the vale, and gains a smoother course as it proceeds.

† ταν δε Θαλασσαν
Νερθεν ὑποτροχαει, κου μιγνυται ὐδασιν ὐδωρ.—MOSCHUS.

Where Ganga's fertile course beside,
The Hindu roves, alone to mourn,
And gaze on heaven's resplendent pride,
And watch for Veeshnu's tenth return,
When fraud shall cease, and tyrant power
Torment no more, to ruin hurled,
And peace and love their blessings shower,
O'er all the renovated world:
Where Nile's mysterious sources sleep:*
Where Niger sinks, in sands unknown:
Where Gambia hears, at midnight deep,
Afflicted ghosts for vengeance groan:‡
Where Mississippi's giant stream
Through savage realms impetuous pours:
Where proud Potomac's cataracts gleam,
Or vast Saint Lawrence darkly roars:
Where Amazon her pomp unfolds
Beneath the equinoctial ray,
And through her drear savannahs holds
Her long immeasurable way:
Where'er in youthful strength they flow,
Or seek old ocean's wide embrace,

* Bruce penetrated to the source of the eastern branch of the Nile: that of the western, which is the principal branch, has never yet been visited by any European.

† The Niger has been generally supposed to terminate in a lake in the desert, where its waters are evaporated by the heat of the sun. Mr. Jackson, in his account of the empire of Morocco, adduces authorities to show, that the Nile and the Niger are actually the same river; a supposition which Major Rennel, in his geographical illustrations of Mr. Park's Travels in Africa, had previously demonstrated to be altogether inadmissible. We may here, perhaps, apply the words of an Italian poet:

Quel Sorridano è re dell' Esperia,
Ove Balcana fiume si distende:
Il Nilo crede alcun, che questo sia,
Ma chi lo crede, poco sen intende.
BERNI: *Orlando Innamorato.*

‡ In the first edition:

When every wandering blast is breathing
A fearful tale, by woe inspired,
How, beneath the death-lash writhing
Afric's injured son's expired.
Where Mississippi's, &c.

Her eagle-glance the muse shall throw,
And all their pride and power retrace:
Yet, wheresoe'er, from copious urn,
Their bursting torrents flash and shine,
Her eye shall not a stream discern
To vie, oh sacred Thames! with thine.

XI.

Along thy course no pine-clad steep,
No alpine summits, proudly tower:
No woods, impenetrably deep,
O'er thy pure mirror darkly lower:
The orange-grove, the myrtle-bower,
The vine, in rich luxuriance spread;
The charms Italian meadows shower;
The sweets Arabian vallys shed;
The roaring cataract, wild and white;
The lotos-flower, of azure light;
The fields, where ceaseless summer smiles;
The bloom, that decks the Ægëan isles:
The hills, that touch the empyreal plain,
Olympian Jove's sublime domain;
To other streams all these resign:
Still none, oh Thames! shall vie with thine.

XII.

For what avails the myrtle-bower,
Where beauty rests at noon-tide hour;
The orange grove, whose blooms exhale
Rich perfume on the ambient gale;
And all the charms in bright array,
Which happier climes than thine display?
Ah! what avails, that heaven has rolled
A silver stream o'er sands of gold,
And decked the plain, and reared the grove,
Fit dwelling for primeval love;
If man defile the beauteous scene,
And stain with blood the smiling green;
If man's worst passions there arise,
To counteract the favoring skies;
If rapine there, and murder reign,
And human tigers prowl for gain,

And tyrants foul, and trembling slaves,
Pollute their shores, and curse their waves?

XIII.

Far other charms than these possess,
Oh Thames! thy verdant margin bless:
Where peace, with freedom hand-in-hand,
Walks forth along the sparkling strand,
And cheerful toil, and glowing health,
Proclaim a patriot nation's wealth.
The blood-stained scourge no tyrants wield:
No groaning slaves invert the field:
But willing labor's careful train
Crowns all thy banks with waving grain,
With beauty decks thy sylvan shades,
With livelier green invests thy glades,
And grace, and bloom, and plenty, pours
On thy sweet meads and willowy shores.

XIV.

The plain, where herds unnumbered rove,
The laurelled path, the beechen grove,
The lonely oak's expansive pride,*
The spire, through distant trees descried,
The cot, with woodbine wreathed around,
The field, with waving corn embrowned,
The fall, that turns the frequent mill,
The seat, that crowns the woodland hill,
The sculptured arch, the regal dome,
The fisher's willow-mantled home,
The classic temple, flower-entwined,
In quick succession charm the mind,

* In the first edition:

The oak, in lonely grandeur free,
Lord of the forest and the sea;
The spreading plain, the cultured hill,
The tranquil cot, the restless mill,
The lonely hamlet, calm and still:
The village-spire, the busy town,
The shelving bank, the rising down,
The fisher's boat, the peasant's home,
The woodland seat, the regal dome,
In quick succession rise, to charm
The mind with virtuous feelings warm
Till, where thy widening, &c.

Till, where thy widening current glides
To mingle with the turbid tides,
Thy spacious breast displays unfurled
The ensigns of the assembled world.

XV.

Throned in Augusta's ample port,
Imperial commerce holds her court,
And Britain's power sublimes:
To her the breath of every breeze
Conveys the wealth of subject seas,
And tributary climes.
Adventurous courage guides the helm
From every port of every realm:
Through gales that rage, and waves that whelm,
Unnumbered vessels ride:
Till all their various ensigns fly,
Beneath Britannia's milder sky,
Where roves, oh Thames! the patriot's eye
O'er thy refulgent tide.
The treasures of the earth are thine:
For thee Golcondian diamonds shine:
For thee, amid the dreary mine,
The patient sufferers toil:
Thy sailors roam, a dauntless host,
From northern seas to India's coast,
And bear the richest stores they boast
To bless their native soil.

XVI.

O'er states and empires, near and far,
While rolls the fiery surge of war,
Thy country's wealth and power increase,
Thy vales and cities smile in peace:
And still, before thy gentle gales,
The laden bark of commerce sails;
And down thy flood, in youthful pride,
Those mighty vessels sternly glide,
Destined, amid the tempest's rattle,
To hurl the thunder-bolt of battle,
To guard, in danger's hottest hour,
Britannia's old prescriptive power,

And through winds, floods, and fire, maintain
Her native empire of the main.

XVII.

The mystic nymph, whose ken sublime
Reads the dark tales of eldest time,
Scarce, through the mist of years, descries
Augusta's infant glory rise.
A race, from all the world estranged,
Wild as the uncultured plains they ranged,
Here raised of yore their dwellings rude,
Beside the forest-solitude.
For then, as old traditions tell,
Where science now and splendor dwell,
Along the stream's wild margin spread
A lofty forest's mazes dread.*
None dared, with step profane, impress
Those labyrinths of loneliness,
Where dismal trees, of giant-size,†
Entwined their tortuous boughs on high,
Nor hailed the cheerful morn's uprise,
Nor glowed beneath the evening sky.
The dire religion of the scene
The rustic's trembling mind alarmed:
For oft, the parting boughs between,
'Twas said, a dreadful form was seen,
Of horrid eye, and threatening mien,
With lightning-brand and thunder armed.
Not there, in sunshine-chequered shade,
The sylvan nymphs and genii strayed;
But horror reigned, and darkness drear,
And silence, and mysterious fear:
And superstitious rites were done,
Those haunted glens and dells among,
That never felt the genial sun,
Nor heard the wild bird's vernal song:
To gods malign the incense-pyre
Was kindled with unearthly fire,

* The existence of this forest is attested by Fitzstephen. Some vestiges of it remained in the reign of Henry the Second.

† Several lines in this description are imitated from Virgil, Lucan, and Tasso.—*Æn.* viii. 349. *Pharr.* iii. 399. *Ger.* lib. xiii. pr.

And human blood had oft bedewed
Their ghastly altars, dark and rude.
There feebly fell, at noon-tide bright,
A dim, discolored, dismal light,
Such as a lamp's pale glimmerings shed
Amid the mansions of the dead.
The Druid's self, who dared to lead
The rites barbaric gods decreed,
  Beneath the gloom half-trembling stood
As if he almost feared to mark,
In all his awful terrors dark,
  The mighty monarch of the wood.

XVIII.

The Roman came: the blast of war
  Re-echoed wide o'er hill and dell:
Beneath the storm, that blazed afar,
  The noblest chiefs of Albion fell.
The Druids shunned its rage awhile *
In sylvan Mona's haunted isle,
Till on their groves of ancient oak
The hostile fires of ruin broke,

* In the first edition:

Gaunt superstition howling fled,
With all her train of monsters dread:
The gods of terror, death and gloom,
Cowered to the mightier gods of Rome.
The Druids looked, with eyes of fear,
From Mona's woods of gloom severe:
They saw the foe advancing near,
The death-fires blazing high:
Till on their groves of ancient oak
The smouldering flames of ruin broke,
And rolled abroad the volumed smoke
Like storm-clouds on the sky.
When desolation's fiery blast
O'er Mona's sacred groves had past;
When circles rude of shapeless stone,
With lichens grey and moss o'ergrown
And ashes black, remained alone,
To point the mystic scene,
Where once the Druids poured the hymn
In sacrificial vestments grim,
What time the morning-radiance dim
Shot through the branches green.
When to the dust, &c.

And circles rude of shapeless stone,
With lichens grey and moss o'ergrown,
Alone remained to point the scene,
Where erst Andraste's rites had been.
When to the dust their pride was driven;
  When waste and bare their haunts appeared;
No more the oracles of heaven,
  By gods beloved, by men revered,
No refuge left but death or flight,
  They rushed, unbidden, to the tomb,
Or veiled their heads in caves of night,
  And forests of congenial gloom.

XIX.

There stalked, in murky darkness wide,
Revenge, despair, and outraged pride:
Funereal songs, and ghastly cries,
Rose to their dire divinities.
Oft, in their feverish dreams, again
Their groves and temples graced the plain;
And stern Andraste's fiery form *
Called from its caves the slumbering storm,
And whelmed, with thunder-rolling hand,
The flying Roman's impious band.

XX.

It chanced, amid that forest's shade,
  That frowned where now Augusta towers,

* "Amongst our Britons," says Mr. Baxter, as quoted by Mr. Davies, *Mythology and Rites of the British Druids*, p. 617, "even of the present day, *Andras* is a popular name of the goddess *Malen*, or *lady*, whom the vulgar call *Y Vall*, that is, *Fauna Fatua*, and *Llan y Drwy*, the *Devil's dam*, or *Y Wrach*, the *old hag*. . . . Some regarded her as a flying spectre. . . . That name corresponded not only with *Hecate*, *Bellona*, and *Enyo*, but also with *Bona Dea*, the *great mother of the gods*, and the *terrestrial Venus*. . . . In the fables of the populace, she is styled *Y Vad Ddu Hyll*, that is *Bona Furva Infera*, and on the other hand, *Y Vad Velen*, that is, *Helena*, or *Bona Fulva*. . . . Agreeably to an ancient rite, the old Britons cruelly offered human sacrifices to this *Andrasta*: whence, as Dion relates, their amazon, Vondicca (Boadicea), invoked her with imprecations, previous to her engagement with the Romans. The memory of this goddess, or fury, remains to the present day; for men in a passion scowl at each other, *Mae rhyw Andras arnochwi: Some Andrasta possesses you.*"

A Roman youth bewildered strayed,
While swiftly fell the evening hours.
Around his glance inquiring ran :
No trace was there of living man ;*
Forms indistinct before him flew :
The darkening horror darker grew :†
Till night, in death-like stillness felt,
Around those dreary mazes dwelt.
Sudden, a blaze of lurid blue,‡
That flashed the matted foliage through,
Illumed, as with Tartarean day,
The knotted trunks and branches grey.
Sensations, wild and undefined,
Rushed on the Roman warrior's mind :
But deeper wonder filled his soul,
When on the dead still air around,
Like symphony from magic ground,
Mysterious music stole :
Such strains as flow, when spirits keep,
Around the tombs where wizards sleep,
Beneath the cypress foliage deep,
The rites of dark solemnity ;
And hands unearthly wildly sweep
The chords of elfin melody.

* In the first edition :
And tangling boughs and briars impede
The progress of his toiling steed.
The sun had sought the western deep :
No wind was heard the leaves to sweep :
Forms indistinct, &c.

† Till primal night, and central shades,
O'erhung those melancholy glades.

‡ Sudden a blaze of lurid flame
With awful lustre flashing came
The matted foliage through :
Well could the astonished youth survey
The knotted trunks and branches grey,
That gleamed as in Tartarean days,
With mystic radiance blue.
Startled the steed, with mane outspread,
Ears couched, and eye-balls straining red :
And feelings wild and undefined,
Rushed on the Roman warrior's mind.
But deeper wonder, &c.

XXI.

The strains were sad : their changeful swell,
And plaintive cadence, seemed to tell
Of blighted joys, of hopes o'erthrown,
Of mental peace for ever flown,
Of dearest friends, by death laid low,
And tears, and unavailing woe.
Yet something of a sterner thrill
With those sad strains consorted ill,
As if revenge had dared intrude
On hopeless sorrow's darkest mood.

XXII.

Guided by those sulphureous rays,*
The Roman pierced the forest maze ;
Till, through the opening woodland reign,
Appeared an oak-encircled plain,
Where giant boughs expanded high
Their storm-repelling canopy,
And, central in the sacred round,
Andraste's moss-grown altar frowned.

XXIII.

The mystic flame of lurid blue
There shed a dubious, mournful light,
And half-revealed to human view
The secret majesty of night.
An ancient man, in dark attire,
Stood by the solitary fire :

* In the first edition :
The Roman urged his steed in vain,
Whose course the matted briars restrain :
The rider sprang to ground ;
And strove to pierce the forest maze,
Guided by those sulphureous rays,
And that harmonious sound.
He forced his way with toil and pain ;
At length his efforts passage gain ;
And opened then a narrow plain,
Which lowering oaks confine ;
Oaks, that their infant buds unfurled,
To greet the birth-day of the world,
When night's long reign to ruin hurled,
Saw the first morning shine.
Embosomed in that lonely wood,
Of massy stones a circle stood;
And, central in the sacred round, &c.

The varying flame his form displayed,
Half-tinged with light, half-veiled in shade.
His grey hair, gemmed with midnight dew,
Streamed down his robes of sable hue:
His cheeks were sunk: his beard was white:
But his large eyes were fiery-bright,
And seemed through flitting shades to range,
With wild expression, stern and strange.
There, where no wind was heard to sigh,
Nor wandering streamlet murmured by,
While every voice of nature slept,
The harp's symphonious strings he swept:
Such thrilling tones might scarcely be
The touch of mortal minstrelsy;
Now rolling loud, and deep, and dread,
As if the sound would wake the dead,
Now soft, as if, with tender close,
To bid the parted soul repose.

XXIV.

The Roman youth with wonder gazed
On those dark eyes to heaven upraised,
Where struggling passions wildly shone,
With fearful lustre, not their own.
Awhile irresolute he stood:*
At length he left the sheltering wood,
And moved towards the central flame:
But, ere his lips the speech could frame,
—"And who art thou?" the Druid cried,
While flashed his burning eye-balls wide,—
"Whose steps unhallowed boldly press
This sacred grove's profound recess?
Ha! by my injured country's doom!
I know the hated arms of Rome.
Through this dark forest's pathless way
Andraste's self thy steps has led,
To perish on her altars grey,
A grateful offering to the dead.
Oh goddess stern! one victim more

* In the first edition:
Half-doubtful, he the scene surveyed:
At length he left the friendly shade,
And moved, &c.

To thee his vital blood shall pour,
And shades of heroes, hovering nigh,
Shall joy to see a Roman die!
With that dread plant, that none may name,
I feed the insatiate fire of fate:
Roman! with this tremendous flame
Thy head to hell I consecrate!"*
And, snatching swift a blazing brand,
He dashed it in the Roman's face,
And seized him with a giant's hand,
And dragged him to the altar's base.
Though worn by time and adverse fate,
Yet strength unnaturally great
He gathered then from deadly hate
And superstitious zeal:
A dire religion's stern behest
Alone his frenzied soul possessed;
Already o'er his victim's breast
Hung the descending steel.

XXV.

The scene, the form, the act, combined,
A moment on the Roman's mind
An enervating influence poured:
But to himself again restored,
Upspringing light, he grasped his foe,
And checked the meditated blow,
And on the Druid's breast repelled†
The steel his own wild fury held.
The vital stream flowed fast away,
And stained Andraste's altars grey.

XXVI.

More ghastly pale his features dire
Gleamed in that blue funereal fire:

* Te, Appi, numque caput sanguine hoc consecro.—LIVIUS.
Agli infernali dei
Con questo sangue il capo tuo consacro.—ALFIERI.

† In the first edition:
And dashed his arm aside:
Ill-fated Druid doubly foiled!
Full on himself his steel recoiled,
And from his deep-struck bosom boiled
The life-blood's crimson tide.
The vital stream, &c.

The death-mists from his brow distilled:
But still his eyes strange lustre filled,
That seemed to pierce the secret springs
Of unimaginable things.
No longer, with malignant glare,
Revenge unsated glistened there,
And deadly rage, and stern despair:
All trace of evil passions fled,
He seemed to commune with the dead,
And draw from them, without alloy,
The raptures of prophetic joy.

XXVII.

A sudden breeze his temples fanned:
His harp, untouched by human hand,
Sent forth a sound, a thrilling sound,
That rang through all the mystic round:
The incense-flame rose broad and bright,
In one wide stream of meteor-light.
He knew what power illumed the blaze,
What spirit swept the strings along:
Full on the youth his kindling gaze
He fixed, and poured his soul in song.

XXVIII.

Roman! life's declining tide
From my bosom ebbs apace:
Vengeance have the gods denied
For the ruin of my race.
Triumph not: in night compressed,*
Yet the northern tempests rest,
Doomed to burst, in fatal hour,
On the pride of Roman power.

XXIX.

Sweetly beams the morning ray:
Proudly falls the noon-tide glow:
See! beneath the closing day,
Storm-clouds darken, whirlwinds blow!
Sun-beams gild the tranquil shore:
Hark! the midnight breakers roar!

* In the first edition:

Triumph not: awhile delayed
Sleeps the storm in central shade.
Doomed, &c.

O'er the deep, by tempests torn,
Shrieks of shipwrecked souls are borne!

XXX.

Queen of earth, imperial Rome
Rules, in boundless sway confessed,
From the day-star's orient dome
To the limits of the west.
Proudest work of mortal hands,
The ETERNAL CITY stands:
Bound in her all-circling sphere,
Monarchs kneel, and nations fear.

XXXI.

Hark! the stream of ages raves:
Gifted eyes its course behold:
Down its all-absorbing waves
Mightiest chiefs and kings are rolled.
Every work of human pride,
Sapped by that eternal tide,
Shall the raging current sweep
Tow'rds oblivion's boundless deep.

XXXII.

Confident in wide control,
Rome beholds that torrent flow,
Heedless how the waters roll,
Wasting, mining, as they go.
That sure torrent saps at length
Walls of adamantine strength:
Down its eddies wild shall pass
Domes of marble, towers of brass.

XXXIII.

As the sailor's fragile bark,
Beaten by the adverse breeze,
Sinks afar, and leaves no mark
Of its passage o'er the seas;
So shall Rome's colossal sway
In the lapse of time decay,
Leaving of her ancient fame
But the memory of a name.

XXXIV.

Vainly raged the storms of Gaul
Round dread Jove's Tarpeian dome:
See in flames the fabric fall!*
'Tis the funeral pyre of Rome!
Red-armed vengeance rushes forth
In the whirlwinds of the north:
From her hand the sceptre riven
To transalpine realms is given.

XXXV.

Darkness veils the stream of time,
As the wrecks of Rome dissolve:
Years of anarchy and crime
In barbaric night revolve.
From the rage of feudal strife†
Peace and freedom spring to life,
Where the morning sun-beams smile
On the sea-god's favourite isle.

Hail! all hail! my native land!
Long thy course of glory keep:
Long thy sovereign sails expand
O'er the subjugated deep!
When of Rome's unbounded reign
Dust and shade alone remain,

* Sed nihil æque, quam incendium Capitolii, ut finem imperio adesse crederent, impulerat. *Captam olim à Gallis urbem; sed, integra Joris sede, mansisse imperium. Fatali nunc igne, signum cœlestis iræ datum, et possessionem rerum humanarum transalpinis gentibus portendi,* superstitione vana Druidæ canebant.—TACITUS.

† In the first edition:

But the morning breaks again:
Peace resumes her ancient reign;
Science holds her sacred sway
In the fields of orient day.
Long from earth by discord driven,
Where shall freedom build her home?
Where shall peace, the child of heaven,
Rest at last, and cease to roam?
Where the conquered ocean roars,
Round my country's chalky shores,
Where the fostering sun-beams smile
On the sea-god's favourite isle! &c.

Thou thy head divine shalt raise,
Through interminable days.

Death-mists hover: voices rise:
I obey the summons dread:
On the stone my life-blood dyes
Sinks to rest my weary head.
Far from scenes of night and woe,
To eternal groves I go,
Where for me my brethren wait
By Andraste's palace-gate.

PART II.

Quidquid sol oriens, quidquid et occidens
Novit; cæruleis oceanus fretis
Quidquid vel veniens vel fugiens lavat,
Ætas Pegaseo conripiet gradu.—SENECA.

ANALYSIS OF THE SECOND PART.

Return to the banks of the Thames. The influence of spring on the scenery of the river. The tranquil beauty of the valleys of the Thames contrasted with the sublimity of more open and elevated regions. Allusion to the war on the Danube. Ancient wars on the Thames. Its present universal peace. View of the course of the Thames. Its source near Kemble Meadow. Comparative reflections on time. Ewan. Lechlade. Radcote. Godstow nunnery: Rosamond. Oxford. Apostrophe to science.* [Nuneham Courtnay: Mason. The Vale of Marlow. Hedsor. Cliefden.] Windsor. Cooper's Hill. Runnymead. Twitnam: Pope. Richmond: Thomson. Chelsea and Greenwich. The Tower. Tilbury Fort. Hadleigh Castle. The Nore. General allusion to the illustrious characters that have adorned the banks of the Thames. A summer evening on the river at Richmond. Comparative adversion to the ancient state of the Euphrates and Araxes, at Babylon and Persepolis. Present desolation of those scenes. Reflections on the fall of nations. Conclusion.

I.

O H Genius of that sacred urn,
Adored by all the Naiad train!
Once more my wandering steps return
To trace the precincts of thy reign:
Once more, amid my native plain,
I roam thy devious course along,

* In the first edition: "General character of the scenery from Ifley to Cliefden." The places bracketed are not in the first edition.

And in the oaken shade again
Awake to thee the votive song.
Dear stream! while far from thee I strayed,
The woods, that crown my natal glade,
Have mourned on all the winds of heaven
Their yellow faded foliage driven;
And winter, with tempestuous roar,
Descending on thy wasted shore,
Has seen thy turbid current flow
A deluge of dissolving snow.

II.

But now, in spring's more soft control,
Thy turbid waves subside,
And through a narrower channel roll
A brighter, gentler tide.
Emerging now in light serene,
The meadows spread their robes of green
The weeping willow droops to lave
Its leafy tresses in the wave;
The poplar and the towering pine*
Their hospitable shade combine:
And, flying like the flying day,
The silent river rolls away.

III.

Not here, in dreadful grandeur piled,
The mountain's pathless masses rise,
Where wandering fancy's lonely child
Might meet the spirit of the skies:
Not here, from misty summits hoar,
Where shattered firs are rooted strong,
With headlong force and thundering roar
The bursting torrent foams along:
Sublime the charms such scenes contain:†

* Qua pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.—HORATIUS.

† In the first edition:
These have their charms, sublimely dread;
For nature on the mountain's head.
Delights the treasures, &c.

For nature on her mountain reign
Delights the treasures to dispense
Of all her wild magnificence:
But thou art sweet, my native stream!
Thy waves in liquid lustre play,
And glitter in the morning beam,
And chime to rest the closing day:
While the vast mountain's dizzy steep
The whirlwind's eddying rage assails,
The gentlest zephyrs softly sweep
The verdure of thy sheltered vales:
While o'er the wild and whitening seas
The unbridled north triumphant roars,
Thy stream scarce ripples in the breeze,
That bends the willow on thy shores:
And thus, while war o'er Europe flings
Destruction from his crimson wings,
While Danube's wasted banks around*
The steps of mingling foes resound,
Thy pure waves wash a stainless soil,
To crown a patriot people's toil.

IV.

Yet on these shores, in elder days,
Arose the battle's maddening blaze:
Even here, where now so softly swells
The music of the village-bells,
The painted savage rolled to war
The terrors of the scythed car,
And wide around, with fire and sword,
The devastating Roman poured:

* In the first edition:
While Danube rolls with blood defiled
And starts to hear, on echoes wild,
The battle-clangors ring;
Thy pure waves wash a stainless soil
To crown a patriot people's toil
And bless a patriot king.
Yet on these shores, &c.

Here shouted o'er the battle-plain
The Pict, the Saxon, and the Dane:
And many a long succeeding year
Saw the fierce Norman's proud career,
The deadly hate of feudal foes,
The stain that dyed the pallid rose,
And all the sanguinary spoil
Of foreign and intestine broil.

V.

But now, through banks from strife remote,
Thy crystal waters wind along,
Responsive to the wild bird's note,
Or lonely boatman's careless song.
Oh! ne'er may thy sweet echoes swell
Again with war's demoniac yell!
Oh! ne'er again may civil strife
Here aim the steel at kindred life!
Ne'er may those deeds of night and crime,
That stain the rolls of feudal time,
Again pollute these meads and groves,
Where science dwells, and beauty roves!
And should some foreign tyrant's band
Descend to waste the beauteous land,
Thy swelling current, eddying red,
Shall roll away the impious dead.

VI.

Let fancy lead, from Trewsbury Mead,*
With hazel fringed, and copsewood deep,
Where scarcely seen, through brilliant green,
Thy infant waters softly creep,
To where the wide-expanding Nore
Beholds thee, with tumultuous roar,
Conclude thy devious race,
And rush, with Medway's confluent wave,
To seek, where mightier billows rave,
Thy giant sire's embrace.

* The Thames rises in a field called Trewsbury Mead, near the villages of Tarlton and Kemble, in Gloucestershire.

VII.

Where Kemble's wood-embosomed spire *
Adorns the solitary glade,
And ancient trees, in green attire,†
Diffuse a deep and pleasant shade,
Thy bounteous urn, light-murmuring, flings
The treasures of its infant springs,
And fast, beneath its native hill,
Impels the silver-sparkling rill,
With flag-flowers fringed and whispering reeds,
Along the many-coloured meads.

VIII.

Thames! when, beside thy secret source,
Remembrance points the mighty course
Thy defluent waters keep;

* In the first edition:

Where Kemble's wood-embosomed spire,
Above the tranquil valley swells;
Where wild flowers wave, in rich attire
Their starry cups and pendent bells;
In fields, with softest beauty bright,
Thy crystal sources rise to light:
While many an infant naiad brings
The treasures of her subject springs:
And simply flows thy new-born stream
Where brighter verdure streaks the meads,
Half-veiled from the meridian beam
By spear-grass tall, and whispering reeds.

† Thames! when, beside, &c.

† I am slightly indebted, in this stanza, to one of Ariosto's most exquisite descriptions:

La fonte discorrea per mezzo un prato,
D'arbori antiqui e di bell' ombre adorno,
Che i viandanti col mormorio grato
A bere invita, e a far seco soggiorno.
Un culto monticel dal manco lato
Le difende il calor del mezzo giorno.
Quivi, come i begli occhi prima torse,
D'un cavalier la giovane s'accorse:
D'un cavalier, che all' ombra d'un boschetto,
Nel margin verde, e bianco, e rosso, e giallo,
Sedea pensoso, tacito, e soletto,
Sopra quel chiaro e liquido cristallo.

Advancing, with perpetual flow,
Through banks still widening as they go,
To mingle with the deep;
Emblemed in thee, my thoughts survey
Unruffled childhood's peaceful hours,
And blooming youth's delightful way
Through sunny fields and roseate bowers;
And thus the scenes of life expand
Till death draws forth, with steady hand,
Our names from his capacious urn;
And dooms alike the base and good,
To pass that all-absorbing flood,
O'er which is no return.

IX.

Whence is the ample stream of time?*
Can fancy's mightiest spell display,
Where first began its flow sublime,
Or where its onward waves shall stray?
What gifted hand shall pierce the clouds
Oblivion's fatal magic rears,
And lift the sable veil, that shrouds
The current of the distant years?
The sage with doubt the past surveys,
Through mists which memory half dispels:
And on the course of future days
Impenetrable darkness dwells.

X.

The present rolls in light: awhile
We hail its evanescent smile,
Rejoicing as it flies:
Ephemera on the summer-stream,
Heedless of the descending beam,
And distant lowering skies.
False joys, with fading flowerets crowned,
And hope, too late delusive found,
And fancy's meteor-ray,
And all the passions, light and vain,
That fill ambition's fatal train,
Attend our downward way.

* "Whence is the stream of years? whither do they roll along? where have they hid, in mist, their many-coloured sides?"—OSSIAN.

Some struggle on, by tempests driven:
To some a gentler course is given:
All down the self-same stream are rolled:
Their day is passed—their tale is told.

XI.

Youth flies, as bloom forsakes the grove,
When icy winter blows:
And transient are the smiles of love,
As dew-drops on the rose.
Nor may we call those things our own,*
Which, ere the new-born day be flown,
By chance, or fraud, or lawless might,
Or sterner death's supreme award,
Will change their momentary lord,
And own another's right.
As oceans now o'er quicksands roar,
Where fields and hamlets smiled of yore;
As now the purple heather blows,
Where once impervious forests rose;
So perish from the burthened ground
The monuments of human toil:
Where cities shone, where castles frowned,
The careless ploughman turns the soil.

XII.

How many a chief, whose kindling mind
Convulsed this earthly scene,
Has sunk, forgotten by mankind,
As though he ne'er had been!
Even so the chiefs of modern days,
On whom admiring nations gaze,
Shall sink, by common fate oppressed:
Their name, their place, remembered not:
Not one grey stone to point the spot
Of their eternal rest.

* ——tamquam
Sit proprium quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc sorte suprema,
Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.—HORATIUS.

XIII.

Flow proudly, Thames! the emblem bright
And witness of succeeding years!
Flow on, in freedom's sacred light,
Nor stained with blood, nor swelled with tears.*
Sweet is thy course, and clear, and still,
By Ewan's old neglected mill:
Green shores thy narrow stream confine,
Where blooms the modest eglantine,
And hawthorn-boughs o'ershadowing spread,
To canopy thy infant bed.
Now peaceful hamlets wandering through,
And fields in beauty ever new,
Where Lechlade sees thy current strong
First waft the unlabouring bark along;
Thy copious waters hold their way
Tow'rds Radcote's arches, old and grey,
Where triumphed erst the rebel host,†
When hapless Richard's hopes were lost,
And Oxford sought, with humbled pride,
Existence from thy guardian tide.

XIV.

The wild-flower waves, in lonely bloom,
On Godstow's desolated wall:
Their thin shades flit through twilight gloom,
And murmured accents feebly fall.
The aged hazel nurtures there‡

* In the first edition:

Flow on, and still behold combined
The peasant, warrior, prince, and sage,
With hand, and heart, and will, and mind,
Uphold their ancient heritage!

Sweet is thy course, &c.

† Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford and Duke of Ireland, the favorite of Richard the Second, was defeated in the vicinity of Radcote by the Earl of Derby, in the year 1387, and escaped by swimming with his horse across the river.

‡ A small chapel, and a wall, enclosing an ample space, are all now remaining of Godstow Nunnery. A hazel grows near the chapel, the fruit of which is always apparently perfect, but is invariably found to be hollow.

This nunnery derives its chief interest from having been the burial-place of the beautiful Rosamond, who appears, after her death, to have been regarded as a saint.

Its hollow fruit, so seeming fair,
And lightly throws its humble shade,
Where Rosamonda's form is laid.
The rose of earth, the sweetest flower
That ever graced a monarch's breast,
In vernal beauty's loveliest hour,
Beneath that sod was laid to rest.
In vain, the bower of love around,
The Dædalëan path was wound:
Alas! that jealous hate should find
The clue for love alone designed!

XV.

The venomed bowl,—the mandate dire,—
The menaced steel's uplifted glare,—
The tear, that quenched the blue eye's fire,—
The humble, ineffectual prayer:—
All these shall live, recorded long
In tragic and romantic song,
And long a moral charm impart,
To melt and purify the heart.
A nation's gem, a monarch's pride,
In youth, in loveliness, she died:
The morning sun's ascending ray
Saw none so fair, so blest, so gay:
Ere evening came, her funeral knell
Was tolled by Godstow's convent bell.

XVI.

The marble tomb, the illumined shrine,
Their unavailing splendour gave—
Where slept in earth the maid divine,
The votive silk was seen to wave.
To her, as to a martyred saint,
His vows the weeping pilgrim poured:
The drooping traveller, sad and faint,
Knelt there, and found his strength restored:
To that fair shrine, in solemn hour,
Fond youths and blushing maidens came,
And gathered from its mystic power
A brighter, purer, holier flame:

The lightest heart with awe could feel
The charm her hovering spirit shed :
But superstition's impious zeal*
Distilled its venom on the dead !

XVII.

The illumined shrine has passed away :
The sculptured stone in dust is laid :
But when the midnight breezes play
Amid the barren hazel's shade,
The lone enthusiast, lingering near,
The youth, whom slighted passion grieves,
Through fancy's magic spell may hear
A spirit in the whispering leaves ;
And dimly see, while mortals sleep,
Sad forms of cloistered maidens move,
The transient dreams of life to weep,
The fading flowers of youth and love !

XVIII.

Now, rising o'er the level plain,
Mid academic groves enshrined,
The Gothic tower, the Grecian fane,
Ascend, in solemn state combined.
Science, beneath those classic spires,
Illumes her watch-lamp's orient fires,
And pours its everlasting rays
On archives of primeval days.
To her capacious view unfurled,
The mental and material world
Their secrets deep display :
She measures nature's ample plan,
To hold the light of truth to man.
And guide his erring way.

* A fanatical priest, Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, visiting the nunnery at Godstow, and observing a tomb, covered with silk, and splendidly illuminated, which he found, on inquiry, to be the tomb of Rosamond, commanded her *to be taken up, and buried without the church, lest the Christian religion should grow into contempt.* This brutal order was instantly obeyed :—"but the chaste sisters," says Speed, "gathered her bones, and put them in a perfumed bag, enclosing them so in lead, and laid them again in the church, under a fair large grave-stone, about whose edges a fillet of brass was inlaid, and thereon written her name and praise : these bones were at the suppression f the nunnery so found.'

XIX.

Oh sun-crowned science! child of heaven!*
To wandering man by angels given!
Still, nymph divine! on mortal sight
Diffuse thy intellectual light,
Till all the nations own thy sway,
And drink with joy the streams of day!
Yet lov'st thou, maid! alone to rove
In cloister dim, or polished grove,
Where academic domes are seen
Emerging grey through foliage green?
Oh! hast thou not thy hermit seat,
Embosomed deep in mountains vast,
Where some fair valley's still retreat
Repels the north's impetuous blast?
The falling stream there murmurs by:
The tufted pine waves broad and high:
And musing silence sits beneath,
Where scarce a zephyr bends the heath,
And hears the breezes, loud and strong,
Resound the topmost boughs among.
There peace her vestal lamp displays,
Undimmed by mad ambition's blaze,
And shuns, in the sequestered glen,
The storms that shake the haunts of men,
Where mean intrigue, and sordid gain,
And frenzied war's ensanguined reign,
And narrow cares, and wrathful strife,
Dry up the sweetest springs of life.

* In the first edition:

Long, Oxford! may the nations see
A second Athens rise in thee!
Long see thy favoured sons explore
The darkest paths of ancient lore!
Long hear thy gifted bards prolong
The voice of rapture breathing song:
While future Lockes, with ken refined,
Explore the labyrinth of mind;
And Newtons pass, on wings sublime,
The barriers of the solar clime,
To trace in spheres afar,
The mighty cause, the eternal One
Whose spirit glows in every sun,
And lives in every star.
Oh sun-crowned, &c.

XX.

Oh ! might my steps, that darkly roam,
Attain at last thy mountain home,
And rest, from earthly trammels free,
With peace, and liberty, and thee !
Around while faction's tempests sweep,
Like whirlwinds o'er the wintry deep,
And, down the headlong vortex torn,
The vain, misjudging crowd is borne ;
'Twere sweet to mark, re-echoing far,
The rage of the eternal war,
That dimly heard, at distance swelling,
Endears, but not disturbs, thy dwelling.

XXI.

But sweeter yet, oh trebly sweet !
Were those blest paths of calm retreat,
Might mutual love's endearing smile
The lonely hours of life beguile !
Love, whose celestial breath exhales*
Fresh fragrance on the vernal gales ;
Whose starry torch and kindling eye
Add lustre to the summer sky ;
Whose tender accents cheer the day,
When autumn's wasting breezes sway ;
Whose heavenly flame the bosom warms,
When freezing winter wakes in storms !

XXII.

Not in the glittering halls of pride,
Where spleen and sullen pomp reside,
Around though Paphian odours breathe,
And fashion twines her fading wreath,
Young fancy wakes her native grace,
Nor love elects his dwelling-place.
But in the lone, romantic dell,
Where the rural virtues dwell,

* In the first edition—

Love, sweetest link of nature's chain,
True source of pleasure, balm of pain
Whose spicy breath and dewy wing
Give fragrance to the gales of spring.
Whose starry, &c.

Where the sylvan genii roam,
Mutual love may find a home.
Hope, with raptured eye, is there,
Weaving wreaths of pictured air:
Smiling fancy there is found,
Tripping light on fairy ground,
Listening oft, in pine-walks dim,
To the wood-nymph's evening hymn.

XXIII.

But whither roams the devious song,*
While Thames, unheeded, flows along,
And, sinking o'er the level mead,
The classic domes and spires recede?
The dashing oar the wave divides:
The light bark down the current glides:
The furrowed stream, that round it curls,
In many a murmuring eddy whirls.
Succeeding each as each retires,
Wood-mantled hills, and tufted spires,
Groves, villas, islets, cultured plains,
Towers, cities, palaces, and fanes,†
As holds the stream its swift career,
Arise, and pass, and disappear.

XXIV.‡

O'er Nuneham Courtnay's flowery glades
Soft breezes wave their fragrant wings,
And still, amid the haunted shades,
The tragic harp of Mason rings.

* In the first edition:

When the northern breezes blow,
When the ground is white with snow,
There the distant traveller sees
The smoke curl high o'er bending trees;
While beauty, by the social fire,
Awakes to life the artless lyre,
And sweetly flows, with fond employ
The simple lays of rural joy.
But whither roams, &c.

† In the first edition:

From beauteous Iffley's rustic height
To Cliefden's springs of liquid light.
As holds, &c.

‡ Stanza xxiv. not in the first edition.

Yon votive urn, yon drooping flowers,
Disclose the minstrel's favourite bowers,
Where first he tuned, in sylvan peace,
To British themes the lyre of Greece.
Delight shall check the expanded sail
In woody Marlow's winding vale:
And fond regret for scenes so fair
With backward gaze shall linger there,
Till rise romantic Hedsor's hills,
And Cliefden's groves, and springs, and rills,
Where hapless Villars, doomed to prove
The ills that wait on lawless love,
In festal mirth, and choral song,
Impelled the summer-hours along,
Nor marked, where scowled expectant by
Despair, and shame, and poverty.

XXV.

The Norman king's embattled towers
Look proudly o'er the subject plain,
Where, deep in Windsor's regal bowers,
The sylvan muses hold their reign.
From groves of oak, whose branches hoar
Have heard primeval tempests roar,
Beneath the moon's pale ray they pass
Along the shore's unbending grass,
And songs of gratulation raise,
To speak a patriot monarch's praise.

XXVI.

Sweetly, on yon poetic hill,
Strains of unearthly music breathe,
Where Denham's spirit, hovering still,
Weaves his wild harp's aerial wreath.
And sweetly, on the mead below,
The fragrant gales of summer blow:
While flowers shall spring, while Thames shall flow,
That mead shall live in memory,
Where valour, on the tented field,
Triumphant raised his patriot shield,
The voice of truth to kings revealed,
And broke the chains of tyranny.

XXVII.

The stream expands: the meadows fly:
The stately swan sails proudly by:
Full, clear, and bright, with devious flow,
The rapid waters murmuring go.
Now open Twitnam's classic shores,
Where yet the moral muse deplores
Her Pope's unrivalled lay:
Unmoved by wealth, unawed by state,
He held to scorn the little great,
And taught life's better way.
Though tasteless folly's impious hand
Has wrecked the scenes his genius planned;—
Though low his fairy grot is laid,
And lost his willow's pensive shade;—
Yet shall the ever-murmuring stream,
That lapt his soul in fancy's dream,
Its vales with verdure cease to crown,
Ere fade one ray of his renown.

XXVIII.

Fair groves, and villas glittering bright,
Arise on Richmond's beauteous height;
Where yet fond echo warbles o'er
The heaven-taught songs she learned of yore.
From mortals veiled, mid waving reeds,
The airy lyre of Thomson sighs,
And whispers to the hills and meads:
IN YONDER GRAVE A DRUID LIES!
The seasons there, in fixed return,
Around their minstrel's holy urn
Perennial chaplets twine:
Oh! never shall their changes greet,
Immortal bard! a song more sweet,
A soul more pure than thine?

XXIX.

Oh Thames! in conscious glory glide
By those fair piles that crown thy tide,
Where, worn with toil, from tumult far,
The veteran hero rests from war.

Here, marked by many a well-fought field,
On high the soldier hangs his shield;
The seaman there has furled his sail,
Long rent by many an adverse gale.
Remembered perils, braved and past,—
The raging fight, the whelming blast,
The hidden rock, the stormy shore,
The mountain-breaker's deepening roar,—
Recalled by fancy's spell divine,
Endear their evening's calm decline,
And teach their children, listening near,
To emulate their sires' career.

XXX.

But swiftly urge the gliding bark,
By yon stern walls and chambers dark,
Where guilt and woe, in night concealed,
Unthought, unwitnessed, unrevealed,
Through lengthened ages scowling stood,
Mid shrieks of death, and tears of blood.
No heart may think, no tongue declare,
The fearful mysteries hidden there:
Justice averts her trembling eye,
And mercy weeps, and hastens by.*

XXXI.

Long has the tempest's rage been spent
On yon unshaken battlement,
Memorial proud of days sublime,
Whose splendor mocks the power of time.
There, when the distant war-storm roared,
While patriot thousands round her poured,
The British heroine grasped her sword,
To trace the paths of victory:
But in the rage of naval fight,
The island-genius reared his might,
And stamped, in characters of light,
His own immortal destiny.

* Fama di loro mondo esser non lassa:
Misericordia e giustizia gli sdegna:
Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa.—DANTE.

XXXII.

Ascending dark, on uplands brown,
The ivied walls of Hadleigh frown:
High on the lonely mouldering tower
Forms of departed ages lowér.
But deeper, broader, louder, glide
The waves of the descending tide;
And soon, where winds unfettered roar,
Where Medway seeks the opening Nore,
Where breakers lash the dark-red steep,
The barks of Britain stem the deep.

XXXIII.

Oh king of streams! when, wandering slow,
I trace thy current's ceaseless flow,
And mark, with venerating gaze,
Reflected on thy liquid breast,
The monuments of ancient days,
Where sages, bards, and statesmen rest;
Who, waking erst the ethereal mind,
Instructed, charmed, and blessed mankind;
The rays of fancy pierce the gloom
That shrouds the precincts of the tomb,
And call again to life and light
The forms long wrapped in central night.
From abbeys grey and castles old,
Through mouldering portals backward rolled,
Glide dimly forth, with silent tread,
The shades of the illustrious dead.
Still dear to them their native shore,
The woods and fields they loved of yore;
And still, by farthest realms revered,
Subsists the rock-built tower they reared
Though lightnings round its summit glow,
And foaming surges burst below.

XXXIV.

Thames! I have roamed, at evening hours,
Near beauteous Richmond's courtly bowers,
When, mild and pale, the moon-beams fell
On hill and islet, grove and dell,
And many a skiff, with fleecy sail
Expanded to the western gale,

* The red cliffs of the isle of Sheppy.

Traced on thy breast, serenely-bright,
The lengthening line of silver light;
And many an oar, with measured dash
Accordant to the boatman's song,
Bade thy pellucid surface flash,
And whirl, in glittering rings, along;
While from the broad and dripping blade
The clear drops fell, in sparkling showers,
Bright as the crystal gems, displayed
In Amphitrite's coral bowers.
There beauty wooed the breeze of night,
Beneath the silken canopy,
And touched, with flying fingers light,
The thrilling chords of melody.

XXXV.

It seemed, that music's inmost soul
Was breathed upon the wandering airs,
Charming to rest, with sweet control,
All human passions, pains, and cares.
Enthusiast voices joined the sound,
And poured such soothing strains around,
That well might ardent fancy deem,
The sylphs had led their viewless band,
To warble o'er the lovely stream
The sweetest songs of fairyland.
Now, breathing wild, with raptured swell,
They floated o'er the silent tide;
Now, soft and low, the accents fell,
And, seeming mystic tales to tell,
In heavenly murmurs died.

XXXVI.

Yet that sweet scene of pensive joy
Gave mournful recollections birth,
And called to fancy's wild employ
The certain destinies of earth.
I seemed to hear, in wakening thought,
While those wild minstrel accents rung,
Whate'er historic truth had taught,
Or philosophic bards had sung.
Methought a voice, severe and strange,
Whispered of fate, and time, and change,
And bade my wandering mind recall,
How nations rise, and fade, and fall.

XXXVII.

Thus fair, of old, Euphrates rolled,
By Babylon's imperial site:
The lute's soft swell, with magic spell,
Breathed rapture on the listening night:
Love-whispering youths and maidens fair
In festal pomp assembled there,
Where to the stream's responsive moan
The desert-gale now sighs alone.

XXXVIII.

Still changeless, through the fertile plain,
Araxes, loud-resounding, flows,
Where gorgeous despots fixed their reign
And Chil-minar's proud domes arose.*
High on his gem-emblazoned throne
Sate kneeling Persia's earthly god:
Fair slaves and satraps round him shone,
And nations trembled at his nod:
The mighty voice of Asia's fate
Went forth from every golden gate.
Now pensive steps the wrecks explore,
That skirt the solitary shore:
The time-worn column mouldering falls,
And tempests rock the roofless walls.

XXXIX.

Perchance, when many a distant year,†
Urged by the hand of fate, has flown,

* "The plain of Persepolis is watered by the great river Araxes or Bendemir. The ancient palace of the kings of Persia, called by the inhabitants *Chil-minar*, i. e., *forty columns*, is situated at the foot of the mountain: the walls of this stately building are still standing on three sides; and it has the mountain on the east."—UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

† In the first edition:

The days, that swiftly-circling run,
May see on Britain's western sun
Portentous darkness rise;
And hear her guardian Nereid's dirge
Float o'er the hollow-sounding surge,
While fast from ocean's heaving verge
The last faint splendor flies:
And thou, dear stream! beloved in vain
By sacred freedom's chosen train,

Where moonbeams rest on ruins drear,
The musing sage may rove alone;
And many an awful thought sublime
May fill his soul, when memory shows,
That there, in days of elder time,
The world's metropolis arose;
Where now, by mouldering walls, he sees
The silent Thames unheeded flow,
And only hears the river-breeze,
Through reeds and willows whispering low.

XL.

Where are the states of ancient fame?
Athens, and Sparta's victor-name,
And all that propped, in war and peace,
The arms, and nobler arts, of Greece?
All-grasping Rome, that proudly hurled
Her mandates o'er the prostrate world,
Long heard mankind her chains deplore,
And fell, as Carthage fell before.*

Whose banks wealth, pomp, and beauty fill!
Reft of the wise, the brave, the good,
Like them may'st roll, a lonely flood,
Deserted, drear, and still.

Where are the states, &c.

* Sanazzaro, in his poem *De partu Virginis*, has a fine passage on the fallen state of Carthage, which Tasso has imitated in the Gerusalemme Liberata:

Et qui vertentes inmania saxa juvencos
Flectit arans, qua devictæ Carthaginis arces
Procubuere, jacentque infausto in litore turres
Eversæ. Quantum illa metus, quantum illa laborum
Urbs dedit insultans Latio et Laurentibus arvis!
Nunc passim vix reliquias, vix nomina servans,
Obruitur propriis non agnoscenda ruinis.
Et quermiur genus infelix humana labare
Membra ævo, quum regna palam moriantur, et urbes.

Giace l'alta Cartago: appena i segni
Dell'alte sue ruine il lido serba.
Muojono le città; muojono i regni;
Copre i fasti e le pompe arena ed erba:
E l'nom d'esser mortal par che si sdegni.
O nostra mente cupida e superba!

XLI.

Is this the crown, the final meed,
To man's sublimest toils decreed?
Must all, from glory's radiant height,
Descend alike the paths of night?
Must she, whose voice of power resounds
On utmost ocean's loneliest bounds,
In darkness meet the whelming doom
That crushed the sovereign strength of Rome,
And o'er the proudest states of old
The storms of desolation rolled?

XLII.

Time, the foe of man's dominion,
Wheels around in ceaseless flight,
Scattering from his hoary pinion
Shades of everlasting night.
Still, beneath his frown appalling,
Man and all his works decay:
Still, before him, swiftly-falling,
Kings and kingdoms pass away.*

XLIII.

Cannot the hand of patriot zeal,
The heart that seeks the public weal,
The comprehensive mind,
Retard awhile the storms of fate,
That, swift or slow, or soon or late,
Shall hurl to ruin every state,
And leave no trace behind?

* In the first edition:

Perchance when many a distant year
Urged by the hand of fate, has flown,
Where moonbeams rest on ruins drear,
The musing sage may rove alone;
And many an awful thought sublime
May fill his soul, when memory shows,
That there, in days of elder time,
The world's metropolis arose;
Where now, by mouldering walls, he sees
The silent Thames unheeded flow,
And only hears the river-breeze
Through reeds and willows whispering low.
Cannot the hand, &c.

XLIV.

Oh Britain! oh my native land!
To science, art, and freedom dear!
Whose sails o'er farthest seas expand,
And brave the tempest's dread career!
When comes that hour, as come it must,
That sinks thy glory in the dust,
May no degenerate Briton live,
Beneath a stranger's chain to toil,
And to a haughty conqueror give
The produce of thy sacred soil!
Oh! dwells there one, on all thy plains,
If British blood distend his veins,
Who would not burn thy fame to save,
Or perish in his country's grave?

XLV.

Ah! sure, if skill and courage true
Can check destruction's headlong way,
Still shall thy power its course pursue,
Nor sink, but with the world's decay.
Long as the cliff that girds thine isle
The bursting surf of ocean stems,
Shall commerce, wealth, and plenty smile
Along the silver-eddying Thames:*
Still shall thine empire's fabric stand,
Admired and feared from land to land,
Through every circling age renewed,
Unchanged, unshaken, unsubdued;
As rocks resist the wildest breeze,
That sweeps thy tributary seas.

STANZAS, WRITTEN AT SEA.†

[Published in 1812.]

THOU white-rolling sea! from thy foam-crested billows,
That restlessly flash in the silver moon-beam,
In fancy I turn to the green-waving willows,
That rise by the side of my dear native stream.

* Ποταμος περ εὐῤῥοος, ΑΡΓΥΡΟΔΙΝΗΣ.—HOMERUS.

† In the North Sea on board a man-of-war in 1809.

There softly in moonlight soft waters are playing,
Which light-breathing zephyrs symphoniously sweep;
While here the loud wings of the north-wind are swaying,
And whirl the white spray of the wild-dashing deep.

II.

Sweet scenes of my childhood! with tender emotion,
Kind memory, still wakeful, your semblance portrays:
And I sigh, as I turn from the wide-beating ocean
To the paths where I roamed in my infantine days.
In fancy before me the pine-boughs are waving,
Beneath whose deep canopy musing I strayed;
In crystalline waters their image is laving,
And the friends of my bosom repose in their shade.

III.

Ye fair-spreading fields, which fertility blesses!
Ye rivers, that murmur with musical chime!
Ye groves of dark pine, in whose sacred recesses
The nymph of romance holds her vigils sublime!
Ye heath-mantled hills, in lone wildness ascending!
Ye valleys, true mansions of peace and repose!
Ever green be your shades, nature's children defending,
Where liberty sweetens what labour bestows.

IV.

O, blest, trebly blest, is the peasant's condition!
From courts and from cities reclining afar,
He hears not the summons of senseless ambition,
The tempests of ocean, and tumults of war.
Amid the standard of battle though thousands may rally
When the trumpet of glory is pealing aloud,
He dwells in the shade of his own native valley,
And turns the same earth which his forefathers ploughed.

V.

In realms far remote while the merchant is toiling,
In search of that wealth he may never enjoy;
The land of his foes while the soldier is spoiling,
When honour commands him to rise and destroy;
Through mountainous billows, with whirlwinds contending,
While the mariner bounds over wide-raging seas,
And peace, o'er the peasant her mantle extending,
Brings health and content in the sigh of the breeze.

VI.

And happy, who, knowing the world and its treasures,
Far, far from his home its allurements repels,
And leaves its vain pomps and fantastical pleasures,
For the woodlands where wisdom with solitude dwells.
With the follies of custom disdaining compliance,
He leaves not his country false riches to find;
But content with the blessings of nature and science,
He pants for no wealth but the wealth of the mind.

VII.

The beauties are his of the sweet-blushing morning,
The dew-spangled field, and the lark's matin-song:
And his are the charms the full forest adorning,
When sport the noon-breezes its branches among:
And his, sweeter yet, is the twilight of even,
When melts the soft ray from the far-flashing floods,
And fancy descends from the westerly heaven,
To talk with the spirit that sings in the woods.

VIII.

In some hermit vale had kind destiny placed me,
'Mid the silence of nature all lonely and drear,
Oh, ne'er from its covert ambition had chased me,
To join the vain crowd in its frenzied career!
In the haunts of the forest my fancy is dwelling,
In the mystical glade, by the lone river's shore,
Though wandering afar where the night-breeze is swelling,
And waters unbounded tumultuously roar.

IX.

I hail thee, dark ocean, in beauty tremendous!
I love the hoarse dash of thy far-sounding waves!
But he feels most truly thy grandeur stupendous,
Who in solitude sits mid thy surf-beaten caves.
From thy cliffs and thy caverns, majestic and hoary,
Be mine to look forth on thy boundless array;
Alone to look forth on thy vast-rolling glory,
And hear the deep lessons thy thunders convey.

X.

But hope softly whispers, on moon-beams descending:—
Despond not, oh mortal! thy sorrows are vain:
The heart, which misfortune and absence are rending,
Love, friendship, and home shall enrapture again.
Though the night-billows rave to the tempest's commotion.
In the mild breath of morning their fury shall cease;
And the vessel, long tossed on the storm-troubled ocean,
Shall furl her torn sails in the harbour of peace.

INSCRIPTION FOR A MOUNTAIN-DELL.

[Published in 1812.]

I.

WHOE'ER thou art, by love of nature led
These cloud-capped rocks and pathless heights to climb!
Approach this dell with reverential dread,
Where, bosomed deep in solitudes sublime,
Repose the secrets of primeval time.
But if thy mind degenerate cares degrade,
Or sordid hopes convulse, or conscious crime,
Fly to the sunless glen's more genial shade,
Nor with unhallowed steps this haunted ground invade.

II.

Here sleeps a bard of long-forgotten years:
Nameless he sleeps, to all the world unknown:
His humble praise no proud memorial bears:
Remote from man, he lived and died alone.
Placed by no earthly hand, one mossy stone
Yet marks the sod where his cold ashes lie.
Across that sod one lonely oak has thrown
Its tempest-shattered branches, old and dry;
And one perennial stream runs lightly-murmuring by.

III.

He loved this dell, a solitary child,
And placed that oak, an acorn, in the sod:
And here, full oft, in hermit-visions wild,
In scenes by every other step untrod,
With nature he conversed, and nature's god.

He fled from superstition's murderous fane,
And shunned the slaves of Circe's baleful rod,
The mean, malignant, mercenary train,
That feed at Moloch's shrine the unholy fires of gain.

IV.

The stream, that murmured by his favourite stone,
The breeze, that rustled through his youthful tree,
To fancy sung, in sweetly-mingled tone,
Of future joys, which fate forbade to be.
False as the calm of summer's treacherous sea
Is beauty's smile, in magic radiance drest.
Far from that fatal shore, fond wanderer, flee!
Rocks lurk beneath the ocean's limpid breast,
And, deep in caves of night, storms darkly-brooding rest.

V.

Love poured the storm that wrecked his youthful prime:
Beneath his favourite tree his bones were laid:
Through rolling ages towered its strength sublime,
Ordained, unseen, to flourish and to fade.
Its mossy boughs, now sapless and decayed,
Fall in the blast, and moulder in the shower:
Yet be the stately wreck with awe surveyed,
Sad monument of time's unsparing power,
That shakes the marble dome, and adamantine tower.

VI.

Such was the oak, from whose prophetic shell
Breathed the primeval oracles of Greece:
And here, perhaps, his gentle shade may dwell,
Diffusing tenderness and heavenly peace,
Of power to bid the rage of passion cease,
When some fond youth, capricious beauty's slave,
Seeking from care in solitude release,
Shall sit upon the minstrel's lonely grave,
And hear through withered boughs the mountain-breezes rave.

NECESSITY.

[Written after 1811.]

Εγω και δια Μουσας.
EURIPIDES: *Alcestis.*

STROPHE.

MY steps have pressed the flowers,
That to the Muses' bowers
The eternal dews of Helicon have given:
And trod the mountain height,
Where Science, young and bright,
Scans with poetic gaze the midnight-heaven;
Yet have I found no power to vie
With thine, severe Necessity!
No counteracting spell sublime,
By Orpheus, breathed in elder time,
The tablets of initiate Thrace contain:
No drug imbued with strength divine,
To sons of Æsculapian line,
By pitying Phœbus taught, to soothe the stings of pain.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thee, goddess, thee alone
None seek with suppliant moan:
No votive wreaths thine iron altars dress:
Immutably severe,
The song thou dost not hear,
That speaks the plaint of mortal wretchedness.
Oh, may I ne'er more keenly feel
Thy power, that breaks the strength of steel,
With whose dread course concordant still
Jove executes his sovereign will:
Vain were his might, unseconded by thee.
Regret or shame thou canst not know;
Nor pity for terrestrial woe
Can check thy onward course, or change thy stern decree.

EPODE.

And thou, in patience bear thy doom,
Beneath her heaviest bonds oppress't:
Tears cannot burst the marble tomb,
Where e'en the sons of gods must rest.
In life, in death, most loved, most blest,
Was she for whom our fruitless tears are shed;
And round her cold sepulchral bed,
Unlike the tombs of the promiscuous dead,
Wreaths of eternal fame shall spread,
By matchless virtue merited.
There oft the traveller from his path shall turn,
To grace with holy rites her funeral urn,
And muse beneath the lonely cypress shade,
That waves, in silent gloom, where her remains are laid.

YOUTH AND AGE.

[Written after 1811.]

Ἀνεοτης μοι φιλον· αχθος δε το γηρας, κ.τ.λ.
EURIPIDES: *Hercules Furens.*

TO me the hours of youth are dear,
In transient light that flow:
But age is heavy, cold, and drear,
As winter's rocks of snow.
Already on my brows I feel
His grasp of ice and fangs of steel,
Dimming the visual radiance pale,
That soon eternal night shall veil.
Oh! not for all the gold that flings,
Through domes of oriental kings,
Its mingled splendour, falsely bright,
Would I resign youth's lovelier light.
For whether wealth its path illume,
Or toil and poverty depress,
The days of youth are days of bloom,
And health, and hope, and loveliness.

Oh! were the ruthless demon, Age,
Involved by Jove's tempestuous rage,
And fast and far to ruin driven,
Beyond the flaming bounds of heaven,
Or whelmed where arctic winter broods
O'er Ocean's frozen solitudes,
So never more to haunt again
The cities and the homes of men.

Yet, were the gods the friends of worth,
Of justice, and of truth,
The virtuous and the wise on earth
Should find a second youth.
Then would true glory shine unfurled,
A light to guide and guard the world,
If, not in vain with time at strife,
The good twice ran the race of life,
While vice, to one brief course confined,
Should wake no more to curse mankind.
Experience then might rightly trace
The lines that part the good and base,
As sailors read the stars of night,
Where shoreless billows murmuring roll,
And guide by their unerring light
The vessel to its distant goal.
But, since no signs from Jove declare
That earthly virtue claims his care;
Since folly, vice, and falsehood prove
As many marks of heavenly love;
The life of man in darkness flies;
The thirst of truth and wisdom dies;
And love and beauty bow the knee
To gold's supreme divinity.

PHŒDRA AND NURSE.

Ω κακα Ινητων στυγεραι νοσον.
EURIPIDES: *Hippolytus.*

NURSE.

OH, ills of life! relentless train
Of sickness, tears, and wasting pain!
Where shall I turn? what succour claim
To warm with health thy failing frame?
Thy couch, by which so long we mourn,
Forth from the palace doors is borne:
Turn on these scenes thy languid sight,
That breathe of life, and smile in light,
But now thy every wish was given
To draw the ethereal heirs of heaven:
Soon will thy fancy's wandering train
Recall the chamber's gloom again,
Charmless all present objects seem:
The absent fill thy feverish dream:
Thy half-formed thoughts new thoughts destroy,
Nor leave one transient pause of joy.
Yet better feel the sharpest pains,
That rend the nerves, and scorch the veins,
Than the long watch of misery prove
By the sick couch of those we love.
In the worst pangs of sickness known,
Corporeal sufferance reigns alone;
The double pangs our vigils share
Of manual toil and mental care.
The days of man in misery flow:
No rest from toil and tears we know;
The happier slumbers of the tomb
Are wrapped in clouds, and veiled in gloom,
And hence our abject spirits shrink
From pressing that oblivious brink,
Still fondly lingering to survey
The radiance of terrestrial day,
Through fear that fate's unpitying breath
May burst the deep repose of death,

And ignorance of those paths of dread
Which no returning step may tread.
We trace the mystic legends old
That many a dreaming bard has told,
And hear, half-doubting, half-deceived,
The songs our simpler sires believed.

PHŒDRA.

Give me your hands. My strength has fled.
Uplift my frame. Support my head.
Unclasp the bands that bind my hair,
A weight I have not power to bear,
And let my loosened tresses flow
Freely on all the winds that blow.

NURSE.

My child, let hope thy bosom warm:
Convulse not thus thy sickly form:
Thy mind let tranquil virtue steel
To bear the ills that all must feel,
Since human wisdom shuns in vain
The sad necessity of pain.

PHŒDRA.

Oh, place me on some flowery glade,
Beneath the poplar's murmuring shade,
Where many a dewy fountain flings
The treasures of its crystal springs.
There let me draw, in transient rest,
A draught to cool my burning breast.

NURSE.

Alas! what words are these, my child?
Oh breathe not strains so sadly wild,
That seem with frenzy's tint imbued,
Before the listening multitude.

PHŒDRA.

Oh! bear me to those heights divine,
Where wild winds bend the mountain pine,
Where, to the dog's melodious cry,
The rocks and caverned glens reply.

By heaven, I long to grasp the spear,
Hang on the track of flying deer,
Shout to the dogs, as fast we sweep
Tumultuous down the sylvan steep,
And hurl along the tainted air
The javelin from my streaming hair.

NURSE.

Alas! what may these visions be?
What are the dogs and woods to thee?
Why is it thus thy fancy roves
To lonely springs and cypress groves,
When here the hanging rock distils
Its everlasting crystal rills?

PHŒDRA.

Goddess of Limna's sandy bounds,
Where many a courser's hoof resounds;
Would I were on thy field of fame,
Conspicuous in the equestrian game.

NURSE.

Still from thy lips such strains depart
As thrill with pain my aged heart.
Now on the mountain heights afar
You long to urge the sylvan war;
Now, on the billow-bordering sand,
To guide the rein with desperate hand.
What gifted mind's mysterious skill
Shall say whence springs thy secret ill?
For sure some god's malignant sway
Turns thee from reason's paths away.

PHŒDRA.

Where has my darkened fancy strayed?
What has my rash delirium said?
How lost, alas! how fallen am I,
Beneath some adverse deity!
Nurse, veil my head. The dream is past;
My mournful eyes on earth I cast:

The thoughts I breathed my memory rend,
And tears of grief and shame descend.
Sad is the change, when reason's light
Bursts on the waste of mental night.
Severe the pangs of frenzy's hour:
But, when we feel its scorpion power,
Oh, might the illusion never fly!
For 'twere some blessing so to die,
Ere yet returning sense could show
The dire reality of woe.

NURSE.

I veil thee: when shall death so spread
His veil around my weary head?
Truths, oft by sages sought in vain,
Long life and sad experience gain.
Let not the children of mankind
Affection's bonds too closely bind,
But let the heart unshackled prove
The links of dissoluble love.
Loose be those links, and lightly held;
With ease compressed, with ease repelled;
More tender ties the health destroy,
And bring long grief for transient joy.
Ill may one feeble spirit bear,
When double feelings claim its care,
The pangs that in the heart concur,
Such pangs as now I feel for her.
For love, like riches, in excess,
Has more the power to curse than bless:
And wisdom turns from passion's strife,
To seek the golden mean of life.

CHORAL ODE TO LOVE.

Ερωε, Ερως, ὁ κατ' ομμασιν.
EURIPIDES: *Hippolytus.*

[Written after 1812.]

I.

OH love! oh love! whose shafts of fire
Invade the soul with sweet surprise,
Through the soft dews of young desire
Trembling in beauty's azure eyes!
Condemn not me the pangs to share
Thy too impassioned votaries bear,
That on the mind their stamp impress,
Indelible and measureless:
For not the sun's descending dart,
Nor yet the lightning brand of Jove,
Fall like the shaft that strikes the heart,
Thrown by the mightier hand of love.

II.

Oh! vainly, where, by Letrian plains,
Tow'rd Dian's dome Alphëus bends,
And from Apollo's Pythian fanes,
The steam of hecatombs ascends;
While not to love our altars blaze;
To love, whose tyrant power arrays
Against mankind each form of woe
That hopeless anguish bleeds to know:
To love who keeps the golden key,
That, when more favoured lips implore,
Unlocks the sacred mystery
Of youthful beauty's bridal door.

III.

Alas! round love's despotic power,
Their brands what forms of terror wave!
The Œchalian maid in evil hour,
Venus to greet Alcides gave.

As yet in passion's love unread,
Unconscious of connubial ties,
She saw around her bridal bed
Her native city's flames arise.
All hapless maid! mid kindred gore
Whose nuptial torch the Furies bore!
To him consigned, an ill-starred bride,
By whom her sire and brethren died.

IV.

Oh towers of Thebes! oh sacred flow
Of mystic Dirce's fountain tides!
Say in what shapes of fear and woe
Love through his victim's bosom glides?
She, who to heaven's imperial sire
The care-dispelling Bacchus bore,
'Mid thunder and celestial fire
Embraced, and slept, to wake no more.
Too powerful love, inspiring still
The dangerous risk, the frantic will,
Bears like the bee's mellifluous wing,
A transient sweet, a lasting sting.

CONNUBIAL EQUALITY.

Η *οφος η λοφος ην.*
ÆSCHYLUS: *Prometheus.*

[Written in 1812.]

OH! wise was he, the first who taught
This lesson of observant thought,
That equal fates alone may bless
The bowers of nuptial happiness;
That never where ancestral pride
Inflames, or affluence rolls its tide,
Should love's ill-omened bonds entwine
The offspring of an humbler line.

AL MIO PRIMIERO AMORE.

[Written in 1813.]

I.

TO many a shrine my steps have strayed,
Ne'er from their earliest fetters free:
And I have sighed to many a maid,
Though I have never loved but thee.

II.

Youth's visioned scenes, too bright to last,
Have vanished to return no more:
Yet memory loves to trace the past,
Which only memory can restore.

III.

The confidence, no heart has felt
But when with first illusions warm,
The hope, on one alone that dwelt,
The thought, that knew no second form,—

IV.

All these were ours: and can it be
That their return may charm us yet?
Can aught remain to thee and me,
Beyond remembrance and regret?

V.

For now thy sweetest smiles appear
Like shades of joys for ever flown,
As music in an exile's ear
Recalls the strains his home has known.

VI.

No more can bloom the faded flower:
No more the extinguished fire can burn:
Nor hope nor fancy's mightiest power
Can burst young love's sepulchral urn.

LINES TO A FAVOURITE LAUREL

IN THE GARDEN AT ANKERWYKE COTTAGE.

[Written in 1814.]

HOW changed this lonely scene! the rank weed chokes
The garden flowers: the thistle's towering growth
Waves o'er the untrodden paths: the rose that breathed
Diffusive fragrance from its christening bed,
Scarce by a single bud denotes the spot
Where glowed its countless bloom: the woodbine droops
And trails along the ground, and wreathes no more
Around the light verandah's pillared shade
The tendrils of its sweetness: the green shrubs,
That made even winter gay, have felt themselves
The power of change, and mournful is the sound
Of evening's twilight gale, that shrilly sweeps
Their brown and sapless leaves.
But thou remain'st
Unaltered save in beauty: thou alone,
Amid neglect and desolation, spread'st
The rich luxuriance of thy foliage still,
More rich and more luxuriant now, than when,
'Mid all the gay parterre, I called thee first
My favourite laurel: and 'tis something yet,
Even in this world where Ahrimanes reigns
To think that thou, my favourite, hast been left
Unharmed amid the inclemency of time,
While all around thee withered.
Lovely tree!
There is a solemn aspect in thy shade,
A mystic whisper in the evening gale,
That murmurs through thy boughs; it breathes of peace,
Of rest, to one, who, having trodden long
The thorny paths of this malignant world,
Full fain would make the moss that tufts thy root
The pillow of his slumber.
Many a bard,
Beneath some favourite tree, oak, beech, or pine,

Has by the pensive music of the breeze,
Been soothed to transient rest: but thou canst shed
A mightier spell: the murmur of thy leaves
Is full of meaning; and *their influence,*
Accessible to resolution, yields
No evanescent balm, but pours at once
Through all the sufferer's frame, the sweetest sleep
The weary pilgrim of the earth can know:
The long, oblivious, everlasting sleep
Of that last night on which no morn shall rise.

SIR PROTEUS:

A SATIRICAL BALLAD.

By P. M. O'DONOVAN, Esq.

ΣΤΗΣΑΤΕ ΜΟΙ ΠΡΩΤΗΑ ΠΟΛΥΤΡΟΠΟΝ.

HIC EST QUEM REQUIRIS!

[Published by Hookhams in 1814.]

THIS BALLAD IS INSCRIBED TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD BYRON,

With that deep conviction of the high value of his praise, and of the fatal import of his censure, which must necessarily be impressed by the profound judgment with which his opinions are conceived, the calm deliberation with which they are promulgated, the Protean consistency with which they are maintained, and the total absence of all undue bias on their formation, from private partiality or personal resentment: with that admiration of his poetical talents which must be universally and inevitably felt for versification undecorated with the meretricious fascinations of harmony, for sentiments unsophisticated by the delusive ardour of philanthropy, for narrative enveloped in all the Cimmerian sublimity of the impenetrable obscure.

I. JOHNNY ON THE SEA.
II. JOHNNY IN THE SEA.
III. JOHNNY UNDER THE SEA.
IV. CHEVY CHASE.
V. THE BATHOS.
VI. THE WORLD'S END.

I.

ILLE EGO.

OH! list to me: for I'm about
To catch the fire of Chaucer,
And spin in doleful measure out
The tale of Johnny Raw, sir;*

Who, bent upon a desperate plan
To make the people stare,
Set off full speed for Hindoostan
Upon old Poulter's mare.†

Tramp! tramp! across the land he went;
Splash! splash! across the sea;
And then he gave his bragging‡ vent—
"Pray who can ride like me?

* Our hero appears to have been "all naked feeling and *raw* life," like Arvalan, in the "Curse of Kehama."

† This is the *Pegasa* of the Cumberland school of poetry. Old Poulter's mare is the heroine "of one of our old ballads so full of beauty." A modern bard, "whose works will be read *when* Homer and Virgil are forgotten," was at infinite trouble to procure an imperfect copy of this precious piece of antiquity, and has rescued it from oblivion, *si ats placet*, in the pages of "Thalaba."

‡ After all, perhaps, there is not much bragging in the speech of our hero. He has classical authority for self-panegyric, and, what is still better, the authority of Mr. Southey:

Come, listen to a tale of times of old:
Come, for ye know me! I am he who sung
The Maid of Arc; and I am he who framed
Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song.
Come, listen to my lay, and ye shall hear
How Madoc, etc.

And again:

Most righteously thy soul
Loathes the black catalogue of human crimes,
And human misery: let that spirit fill
Thy song, and it shall teach thee, boy, to raise
Strains such as Cato might have deigned to hear.

What degree of pleasure Cato would have derived from the "Carmen Triumphale" for the year 1814, is a point that remains to be decided.

Canarian minstrels of all ages and nations have entertained a high opinion of their own melody. The Muses of Styx, the Πιερίδες Κα-, have transferred their seat in modern days to the banks

"For I'm the man who sallied forth,
To rout the classic forces,
And swore this mare was far more worth
Than both fierce Hector's horses.

"Old Homer from his throne I struck,
To Virgil gave a punch,
And in the place of both I stuck
The doughty Mother Bunch.

"To France I galloped on my roan,
Whose metal nought can quail;
There squatted on the tomb of Joan,
And piped a dismal tale.

"A wild and wondrous stave I sung,
To make my hearers weep:
But when I looked, and held my tongue,
I found them fast asleep!*

"Oh! then, a furious oath I swore,
Some dire revenge to seek;

---

of the Northern Lakes, where they inflate their tuneful votaries with inspiration and egotism. *O dolce concento!* when, to the philosophic wanderer on the twilight shore, ascends from the depths of Winander the choral modulation:

Βρεκεκεκεξ, κοαξ, κοαξ.
Βρεκεκεκεξ, κοαξ, κοαξ.
Διμναίκ κρηνων τεκνα
Ξυναυλον ὑμνων βοαν
ΦΘεγξωμεΘ', ΕΥΓΗΡΥΝ ΕΜΑΝ ΑΟΙΔΑΝ,
Κοαξ, κοαξ.
ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΟΥΣ ΒΑΤΡΑΧΟΙ.

Brek-ek-ek-ex! ko-ax! ko-ax!
Our lay's harmonious burthen be:
In vain yon critic owl attacks
Our blithe and full-voiced minstrelsy.

Still shall our lips the strain prolong
With strength of lung that never slacks;
Still wake the *wild and wondrous song:*
Ko-ax! ko-ax! ko-ax! ko-ax!
Chorus in the Frogs of Aristophanes.

* Ω φιλον ΥΠΝΟΥ Θελγητρον, ΕΠΙΚΟΥΡΟΝ ΝΟΣΟΥ,
ΩΣ ΗΔΥ μοι προσηλΘες εν ΔΕΟΝΤΙ γε!

And conjured up, to make them roar,
Stout Taffy and his leek.

"To heaven and hell I rode away,
In spite of wind and weather:
Trumped up a diabolic lay;
And cursed them altogether.

"Now, Proteus, rise! thou changeful seer!
To spirit up my mare:*
In every shape but those appear,
Which taste and nature wear."

II.

DIVERSE LINGUE, ORRIBILI FAVELLE.

Even while he sung Sir Proteus rose,
That wight of ancient fun,
With salmon-scales instead of clothes,
And fifty shapes in one.

He first appeared a folio thick,
A glossary so stout,
Of modern language politic,†
Where conscience was left out.

* This seems to be an imitation of two lines in the "Dionysiaca" of Nonnus, selected by Mr. Southey as the motto to the "Curse of Kehama:"

Στησατε μοι Πρωτηα πολυτροπον, οφρα φανειη
Ποικιλον ειδος εχων, ὁτε ποικιλον ὑμνον αρασσω.

Let me the many-changing Proteus see,
To aid my many-changing melody.

It is not at all surprising, that a man, under a process of moral and political metamorphosis, should desire the patronage of this multiform god, who may be regarded as the tutelary saint of the numerous and thriving sect of Anythingarians. Perhaps the passage would have been more applicable to himself, though less so to his poem, if he had read, *suo periculo:*

Στησατε μοι Πρωτηα πολυτροπον, οφρα φανειη
Ποικιλον ειδος εχων, 'ΟΤ' ΑΜΕΙΒΩ ΠΟΙΚΙΛΟΝ 'ΕΙΜΑ!

Before my eyes let changefnl Proteus float,
When now I change my many-coloured coat.

† This language was not much known to our ancestors; but it is now pretty well understood by the majority of the H—— of C——,

He next appeared in civic guise,
Which C——s could not flout,*
With forced-meat balls instead of eyes,
And, for a nose, a snout.

And then he seemed a patriot *braw*,
Who, o'er a pot of froth,
Was very busy, stewing straw,
To make the *people* broth.

In robes collegiate, loosely spread,
His form he seemed to wrap:
Much Johnny mused to see no head
Between the gown and cap.†

---

by the daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly venders of panegyric and defamation, and by the quondam republicans of the Northern Lakes. The echoes of Grassmere and Derwentwater have responded to its melodious vocables. The borderers of Tweed and Teviot, and the "*Braw, braw lads of Edinbroo'*," are well versed in its tangible eloquence. Specimens of its use in composition may be seen in the *Courier* newspaper, in the *Quarterly Review*, in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, and in the *receipts* of the *stamp-commissioners* for the county of *Westmoreland*.

* C——s: This is a *learned* man, "who does not want instruction:" an *independent* man, "who always votes according to his conscience," which has a singular habit of finding the minister invariably right: a *free* man, who always "takes the liberty" to do that which is most profitable to himself; a man, in short, of the first magnitude, that "*don't care nothing for nobody*" whom he cannot turn a penny by: *Rarum ac memorabile magni Gutturis exemplum conducendusque magister:* who will be inexhaustible food for laughter while he lives; and, though not witty himself, be the cause of wit in others: and who, when he shall have been found, *cum capite in Lasano*, dead of a surfeit after a civic feast, shall be entombed in some mighty culinary utensil, vast as the *patina* of Vitellius, or the *fish-kettle* of Domitian, which shall be erected in the centre of the *salle des gourmands*, with this Homeric inscription, to transmit his virtues to posterity:

ΜΕΤΕΠΡΕΠΕ · ΓΑΣΤΕΡΙ · ΜΑΡΓΗΙ ·
ΑΖΗΧΕΣ · ΦΑΓΕΜΕΝ · ΚΑΙ · ΠΙΕΜΕΝ · ΟΥΔΕ · ΟΙ · ΗΝ · ΙΣ ·
ΟΥΔΕ · ΒΙΗ · ΕΙΔΟΣ · ΔΕ · ΜΑΛΑ · ΜΕΓΑΣ · ΗΝ · ΟΡΑΑΣΘΑΙ.

Great was his skill, insatiably to dine
On pounds of flesh and copious floods of wine:
No mental strength his heavy form inspired,
But hooting crowds the portly mass admired.

† This must have been something which had finished its *education*, as the saying is, at one of our learned universities.

Like grave logician, next he drew
A tube from garment mystic;
And bubbles blew, which Johnny knew
Were *anti-hyloistic*.*

* There is a modern bubble-blower of this description, whose philosophical career it is agreeable to trace. First, we discover him up to his neck in fluids and crystallizations, labouring to build a geological system, in all respects conformable to the very scientific narrative of that most enlightened astronomer and profound cosmoganist, Moses. Emerging from his "Primitive Ocean," he soars into the opaque atmosphere of scholastic dialectics, whence he comes forth the doughty champion of that egregious engine of the *difficiles nugæ* and *labor inepti arum*, syllogism. Armed with this formidable weapon, he rushes into the metaphysical *arena*, in the consistent character of a dogmatizing anti-hyloist, *insanire parans certa ratione modoque*: maintaining the existence of *three distinct substances*, that of *God*, that of *angels*, and that of the *souls of men*, and annihilating *in toto* the sun, moon, and stars, and all "the visible diurnal sphere;" denying the evidence of his senses, and asserting the reality of chimæras. Man, according to him, is a being spiritual, intelligent, and immortal, while all other animals are insentient machines; a proposition which must be amply established in the mind of every one, who will take the trouble of comparing a man-milliner with a lion, an alderman with an elephant, or a Bond Street lounger with a Newfoundland dog.—See the "Geological, Logical, and Metaphysical Essays" of Richard Kirwan, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S., P.R.I.A., etc., etc., etc.

Metaphysical science, in the hands of a Locke, a Berkeley, a Hume, or a Drummond, demands and receives my utmost respect and admiration; but I must confess there are moments, when, after having fatigued my understanding with the lucubrations of such a systematical *déraisonneur* as this, I am tempted to exclaim with Anacreon:

Τι με τους νομους ἐιδασκεις,
Και ῥητορων αναγκας;
Τι δε μοι λογων τοσουτων,
Των μηδεν ωφελουντων;

Why tease me with pedantic themes,
Predicaments and enthymemes,
My mental storehouse vainly stowing
With heaps of knowledge not worth knowing?

The third part of the "Metaphysical Essays" will afford a delectable treat to the observer of phenomena, who may be desirous of contemplating a meteorosophistical spider completely entangled in his own cobweb; and I can scarcely help thinking it was to some such paradoxographical philosophaster that Virgil alluded, when he said:

Invisa Minervæ
Laxos in foribus suspendit aranea cassos.

Like *doughty* critic next he sped,
Of fragrant Edinbroo':
A yellow cap was on his head;
His jacket was sky-blue:

He wore a cauliflower wig,
With bubble filled, and squeak;
Where hung behind, like *tail of pig*,
Small lollypop of Greek.*

With rusty knife, he seemed prepared
Poor poets' blood to fetch:
In speechless horror Johnny stared
Upon the ruthless wretch.†

Like washing-tub he next appeared
O'er W———'s sea‡ that scuds
Where poor John Bull stood all besmeared,
Up to the neck in suds.§

The subtle spider, sage Minerva's hate,
Hangs his loose webs in Wisdom's temple-gate.

It is much to be lamented that, before Sir Proteus quitted his metaphysical shape, it did not occur to our hero to propound to him the celebrated philosophical question: Utrum, Protée omniforme se faisant cigale, et musicalement exerçant sa voix és jours caniculaires, pourroit, d'une rosée matutine soigneusement emballée au mois de Mai, faire une tierce concoction, devant le cours entier d'une escharpe zodiacale?—Perhaps Mr. Kirwan himself will undertake the solution: I know no man so well qualified.

* "Small skill in Latin, and still less in Greek,
Is more than adequate to all we seek!"
COWPER.

† The severity of this *blue jacketed* gentleman has been productive, on many occasions, of very salutary effects. He is much more reprehensible for having condescended to play the part of *Justice Midas* to Mr. Wordsworth, Mrs. Opie, Mr. Wilson, etc., etc., etc., while superior claimants have been treated with harshness or contempt. If praise be withheld from Moore, comparative justice requires that it should not be given to Bloomfield. The philosophical enemy of idolatry may tear the laurel wreath from the brow of Apollo; but he must not transfer it to the statue of Pan.

‡ *Mare Australe Incognitum.* For a satisfactory account of this undiscovered sea, consult the "Lyrical Ballads" of William Wordsworth, Esq.

§ John Bull is here alluded to in his domestic capacity. He is a

Then three wise men he seemed to be,
Still sailing in the tub;
Whose white wigs looked upon the sea,
Like bowl of syllabub.*

The first he chattered, chattered still,
With meaning none at all,
Of Jack and Jill, and Harry Gill,
And Alice Fell so small.†

The second of three graves did sing,
And in such doggrel strains,
You might have deemed the Elfin King
Had charmed away his brains.‡

---

sturdy wight, but the arch-fiend Corruption has proved too strong for him. Let not the temporary elation of triumph over his most inveterate foreign foe blind him to the insidious inroads of that more formidable enemy, which has already plunged him so deep in the alkaline ebullitions mentioned in the text. Among the causes which have contributed to his submersion, may be enumerated the selfish and mercenary apostasy of his quondam literary champions. Where is now "the eye that sees, the heart That feels, the voice that in these evil times, Amid these evil tongues, exalts itself, And cries aloud against iniquity?" Let the *Edinburgh Annual Register* answer the question. Where are "the skirts of the departing year?" Waving, like those of a *Courier's* jacket, in the withering gales of ministerial influence. The antique enemies of "the monster, Pitt," are now the panegyrists of the immaculate Castlereagh. The spell which Armida breathed over her captives was not more magically mighty in the operation of change, than are the golden precepts of the Language Politic, when presented in a compendious and tangible shape to the "Sons of little men."

> Terra malos homines nunc educat atque pusillos;
> Ergo Deus, quicumque adspexit, ridet et odit.

* These three wiseacres go to sea in their tub, as their prototypes of Gotham did in their bowl, not to fish for the moon, but to write nonsense about her.

† Who knows not Alice Fell? the little orphan Alice Fell? with her cloak of duffel grey? and Harry Gill, whose teeth they chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter still? and Jack and Jill, that climbed the hill, to fetch a pail of water; when Jack fell down, and cracked his crown, and Jill came tumbling after?

‡ Surely this cannot allude to Mr. ΕΣΤΗΣΕ Coleridge, the profound transcendental metaphysician of the *Friend*, the consistent

Loud sang the third, of Palmy Isle,
'Mid oceans vast and wild,
Where he had won a mermaid's smile,
And got a fairy child.*

Like rueful wanderer next he showed,
Much posed with pious qualm;
And first he roared a frantic ode,
And then he sung a psalm.†

Like farmer's man, he seemed to rear
His form in smock-frock dight;
And screeched in poor Apollo's ear,
Who ran with all his might.

---

panegyrical politician of the *Courier*, the self-elected laureate of the asinine king, the compounder of the divinest narcotic under the shape of a tragedy that ever drugged the beaux of Drury Lane, the author of that irresistibly comic ballad, the "Ancient Mariner," and of a very exquisite piece of tragical mirth, also in the form of a ballad, entitled the "Three Graves," which read—"If you can!"

* The adventures of this worthy are narrated in a rhapsodical *congeries* of limping verse, entitled the "Isle of Palms," very loftily extolled by the Edinburgh Reviewers, and very peremptorily condemned by the tribunal of common sense.

The whining cant and drivelling affectation of this author, with his "dear God," his "blessed creatures," and his "happy living things," which would be insufferable in a spinster half-dying with megrim, become trebly disgusting in the mouth of a man who has no such fine sympathies with the animal creation, and is not only an indefatigable angler, but a cock-fighter of the first notoriety. It is a curious fact that, as he was one day going to a match, accompanied by a man who carried two bags of fighting-cocks, he unexpectedly met with his friend Wordsworth (who was coming to visit him), and immediately caused the man to secrete himself and the cocks behind the hedge; an anecdote which redounds greatly to the credit of Mr. Wordsworth's better feelings, and makes me strongly inclined to forgive him his "Idiot Boy," and the "Moods of his own Mind," and even "Harry Gill."

† Wanderer, whither dost thou roam?
Weary wanderer, old and gray!
Wherefore hast thou left thy home,
In the twilight of thy day?
Montgomery's Wanderer of Switzerland.

The twilight of this wanderer's day is a dim morning twilight, on which no sun will rise. The day-beams of genius are quenched in the mists of fanaticism.

And, even while Apollo ran,
Arose the Bellman there,
And clapped the crack-voiced farmer's man
Into his vacant chair.*

Next, like Tom Thumb, he skipped along
In merry Irish jig:
And now he whined an amorous song,
And now he pulled a wig.†

Whose frizzles, firing at his rage,
Like Indian crackers flew,
Each wrapped in party-coloured page
Of some profound Review.‡

* In medio duo signa, *Conon*. . . . . et quis fuit alter?
Conon was a Farmer's Boy, a minstrel of cows and cow-sheds, and cow-dung and cow-pock: yet, nevertheless, a considerable favourite with the delicate and fashionable fair-ones of his day: *et quis fuit alter?*—scil. the *bellman:* THE bellman, κατ' ἐξοχην. He was a character very ridiculously remarkable in the annals of rural perfumery, who most ludicrously mistook himself for a poet and philosopher, passed much of his time in star-gazing, wrote some dismal jargon, which he christened "Sonnets on the Petrarchan Model," kept a journal of the rain and wind, and rang many a peal of nonsense in praise of his friend *Conon*, the Farmer's Boy, who was, indeed *tali dignus amico*.

Discedo Alcæus puncto illius: ille meo quis?
Quis, nisi Callimachus?

† Note, by Professor Nodus-in-Scirpo, of the University of Cambridge.—It is well known that a certain little poet challenged a certain *great* critic to the deadly arbitrament of powder and wadding. Of this circumstance the multiform Proteus here seems to make himself symbolical. The *wig* seems to typify the body-corporate of criticism, which, being roughly handled in one of its side-curls, opens fire from all its *frizzles* on the daring assailant, in a volley of *Indian crackers*, the different colours of which are composed of the *party-colours* supposed to be worn by the respective corps of critics militant.

‡ Of reviews in the present day we have *satis superque*. We have the *Edinburgh Review*, already eulogized; and the *Monthly Review*, which I believe is tolerably impartial, though not very remarkable either for learning or philosophy; and the *Quarterly Review*, a distinguished vehicle of compositions in the Language Politic: and the *British Critic*, which proceeds on the enlightened principle that nothing can possibly be good coming from a heretic, or a republican; and the *Antijacobin Review*,.....; and the *British Review*,

In jaunting-car,* like tourist brave,
Full speed he seemed to rush;
And chaunted many a clumsy stave,
Might make the Bellman blush.

of which I can say nothing, never having read a single page of it; and the *Eclectic Review*, an exquisite focus of evangelical illumination; and the *New Review*, which promises to be an useful *Notitia Literaria;* and the *Critical Review*, which I am very reluctant to mention at all, as I can only dismiss it in the words of Captain Bobadil: "It is to gentlemen I speak: I talk to no scavenger."

* A wooden car, *perpetuo revolubile* gyro, may rumble through Ireland, Scotland, France, and the Netherlands, and annoy the ears of the English metropolis with the echo of its wheels; but it must not pretend to be the vehicle of poetic inspiration, unless the *inutile lignum* be mechanically impelled to the proclamation of its own emptiness. To illustrate this proposition by a case in point: A minute inspection of the varieties of human absurdity brings us acquainted with the existence of a certain knight, who has travelled rapidly, profited sparingly, and published enormously. Sublimed into extraordinary daring by the garlands of dwarf-laurel, torn from the bogs of the Shannon and the shores of the Caledonian lakes, he has actually made a profane excursion on the boundaries of Parnassus, and presented the public with a curious collection of weeds, under the facetious title of "Poems, by Sir John Carr!" Amongst these is one *on a paper-mill*. The knight has been so good a friend to the paper-mill, that, had his benefactions stopped with his custom, he would have merited the eternal gratitude of all that band of mechanics who begin, what other mechanics like himself conclude, the process of making a book. But his bounty does not stop so short. Not satisfied with having raised the price of rags, and the wages of the paper-millers, he has actually favoured the world with a poem on the subject, written, as he says, *en badinage*. We ought to be much obliged to him for the information, as it shows, by contradistinction, that some of his works have been written in sober sadness; though I believe the greater part of those indefatigable devourers of new publications who, by the aid of snuff and coffee, have contrived to keep themselves awake over his lucubrations, have imagined all his works to have been designed for *badinage*, from the burlesque solemnity and grave no-meaning of his statistical, political, and topographical discussions, to the very tragical merriment of his retailed puns and right pleasant original conceits. But here is a poem written professedly *en badinage*. Therefore *badinons un peu* with the worthy *cavalière errante*.

"LINES,

Written *en badinage*, after visiting a paper-mill near Tunbridge Wells, in consequence of the lovely Miss W., who excels in drawing, requesting the author to describe the process of making paper, in verse."

Like grizzly monk, on spectral harp
Deep dole he did betoken;
And strummed one strain, 'twixt flat and sharp,
Till all the strings were broken.

I should imagine, from the young lady's requesting Sir John to employ his gray quill on a paper-mill, that the lovely Miss W. excels in quizzing as much as she does in drawing.

"Reader! I do not wish to brag,
But, to display Eliza's skill,
I'd proudly be the vilest rag
That ever went to paper-mill."

Or that ever came from it, Sir John might have added.

"Content in pieces to be cut"—

Sir John has been cut up so often that he must be well used to the operation: it is satisfactory to find him so well pleased with it. Nature, indeed, seems to have formed him for the express purpose of being cut in pieces. He is a true literary polypus, and multiplies under the knife of dissection.

"Content in pieces to be cut,
Though sultry were the summer skies,
Pleased between flannel I'd be put,
And after bathed in jellied size.

"Though to be squeezed and hanged I hate"—

This line lets us into an extraordinary piece of taste on the part of the knight. He does not like to be hanged. *Non porrigit ora capistro.*

"For thee, sweet girl, upon my word"—

Vivide et ἐναργως.

"When the stout press had forced me flat"—

"The *stout* press:"—*Stout*, indeed, when even Sir John's quartos have not broken it down.—"Had *forced* me *flat*:"—Sir John, we see, is of opinion that great force would be requisite to make him *flat*. For my part, I think he is quite flat enough already, and that he has rather communicated his own flatness to the press, than derived that quality from it.

"I'd be suspended on a cord."

This is gallantry indeed: for the sake of the lovely Miss W., Sir John would suffer the suspension of his outward man, notwithstanding his singular antipathy to the process.

"And then when dried"—

Cut first, sir, and *dried* after, like one of his own cut and dried anecdotes, introduced so very apropos, as, "a curious circumstance that happened to ME."

Like modish bard, intent to please
The sentimental fair,

—"and fit for use"—

By dint of cutting up and hanging Sir John is made useful. Presently he will be ornamental.

"Eliza! I would pray to thee"—

We see Sir John does not think of praying till after he has been hanged, contrary to the usual process on similar occasions.

"If with thy pen thou wouldest amuse,
That thou wouldest deign to write on me."

Nay, nay, Sir John, not on you. "*Verse must be dull on subjects so d—d dry.*"

"Gad's bud!"—

A classical exclamation, equivalent to the *medius-fidius* of Petronius, the *Ædepol* of Terence, and the *νη τον οὐρανον* of Aristophanes.

"Gad's bud! how pleasant it would prove
Her pretty chit-chat to convey:"

The world is well aware of Sir John's talent for conveying the pretty chit-chat of his acquaintance into his dapper quartos; but how pleasant the operation has proved to any one but himself, I am not prepared to decide.

"P'rhaps—"

An Attic contraction.

"P'rhaps be the record of her love,
Told in some coy enchanting way."

If this should be the case, I can furnish the young lady with a suitable exordium from an old Italian poet:

Scrivend' io già mio forsennato amore
Su duro foglio d' asinina pelle.

"Or if her pencil she would try
On me, oh may she still imprint
Those forms that fix the admiring eye,
Each graceful line, each glowing tint."

I know not what success the lovely Miss W. might have in making Sir John ornamental. Gillray, we all know, *tried his pencil* on him very successfully, and fixed a *glowing tint* (of anger, not of shame) on the cheek of the exasperated Sir John.

"Then shall I reason have to brag,
For thus, to high importance grown,
The world will see a *simple* rag
Become a treasure rarely known."

He strung conceits and similes,
Where feeling had no share.*

So ends this miserable shred of what Sir John calls *badinage*. "Away! thou rag! thou quantity! thou remnant!" And so much for the *Poems* of SIR JOHN CARR.

ἀλις δε οἱ· αλλα ἑκηλος
Εφρετω· εκ γαρ οἱ φρενας εἱλετο μητιετα Ζευς.

Let him in peace the depths of Lethe gain,
Since all-wise Jove hath robbed his sconce of brain.

* *Non multum abludit imago* from Mr. W. R. Spenser, a writer of fantastical namby-pambies and epigrammatico-sentimental madrigals, on the clasp of a waist, or the tie of a garter, on the ankle of Lady H——k, or the bosom of Lady J——y, etc., etc., etc. Mr. S. trespasses so often on forbidden ground that the reader begins to anticipate strange things, and is almost ready to exclaim, *Quos agor in specus?*

The fashionable world has its own luminaries of taste and genius. *Solem suum sua sidera norunt.* But they have more of the meteor than the star, and even of the meteor more of its transience than its lustre. The little lustre they possess is indeed meteoric, for it shines within a narrow circle, and only a feeble report of its existence passes the limits of its sphere. *Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.* The solitary philosopher reads in some critical ephemeris that such a meteor has been observed: he notices the subject for a moment, and returns to the contemplation of those stars, which have shone and will continue to shine for ages.

There are no results of human art in which the *fluxum atque caducum* is so strikingly exemplified as in those productions which constitute what may be denominated fashionable literature. This is one of the affairs of men in which there is no tide. There is no refluence in fashionable taste. It is an overflowing stream, which rolls on its inexhaustible store of new poems, new romances, new biography, new criticism, new morality,—to that oblivious gulf from which very few are redeemed by the swans of renown. The few so redeemed cease to be fashionable, and to the really literary part of mankind they scarcely begin to be known, when, to the soi-disant literati of the fashionable world they are already numbered with the things that were; with Dryden, and Drayton, and Spenser, and other obsolete worthies; of every one of whom the fashionable reader may exclaim: *Notus mihi nomine tantum!* and who have been rudely thrust aside to make way for these new-comers, as the choicest productions of Greek and Roman taste were trampled into the dust by the Goths and Vandals, or as the statues of Apollo, Venus, and the Graces were thrown down and demolished by the more barbarous fanatics of the dark ages, in order that St. Benedict and St. Dominic, and St. Anthropophagos, might be placed upon their pedestals.

At last, in cap with border red,
A Minstrel seemed to stand,
With heather Bell upon his head,
And fiddle in his hand;

The great desideratum in fashionable literature is novelty. The last publications which have issued from the press in the department of the belles lettres must co-operate with the last princely fête, the last elegant affair of crim. con., the last *semirir* imported from Italy, in filling up that portion of fashionable conversation which is not engrossed by pure no-meaning, by party, or by scandal. These publications are caught up wet from the press, and thrown carelessly on the table, the sofa, or the ottoman, to furnish a ready answer to the certain questions of the lounging visitor: *Is this Mr. S.'s new poem? Have you seen Mr. L.'s romance? Have you met with Miss M.'s puritanical novel? Have you fallen asleep, as I did, over the last battle?* till some newer effusion of fancy dispossess them of their post of honour, and send them to a private station on the shelves of the library, to sleep with those that have been mighty in their day, with the "Tales of Wonder" and the "Botanic Garden," with the flowery "Wreath" of Della Crusca and the barren "Landscape" of Knight, with the "Travels of Sir John Carr," the "Biography of Mr. Shepherd," and the "Criticism" of Dr. Drake.

This undistinguishing passion for literary novelty seems to involve nothing less than a total extinction of everything like discrimination in taste, and nature in imagination: and it would be rendering no slight service to the cause of sound criticism and philosophical literature, to hold up Banquo's mirror to the readers of the fashionable world, and show them, at one view, the phantoms of those productions which they have successively admired and forgotten, from the days of love-sick marygolds and sentimental daffydowndillies, to these of pathetic ruffians, poetical bandits, and "maids that love the moon." If, in the execution of this office, it should sometimes be necessary to perform the part of a resurrection-man in criticism, and compel the canonized form of many a would-be poet and pilferer of old romances to burst the cerements of his literary sepulchre, the operation would not be wholly without its use. The audible *memento* which these spectres would thunder in the ears of the indefatigable scribblers of the day would operate *in terrorem* on the side of common sense, and by stifling in its birth many a crude embryo of nonsense, save many a groan to the press, many a head-ache to the critic, and much perversion of intellect to the rising generation.

Praise, when well deserved, should be freely given: but in cases so desperate as the present, the severity of justice should not be tempered by the least degree of unmerited mercy.—Common sense and taste can scarcely stem the torrent of doggrel and buffoonery which is daily poured forth by the press,

> "Even as Fleet-ditch, with disemboguing streams,
> Rolls the large tribute of *dead dogs* to Thames."

And such a shrill and piercing scrape
Of hideous discord gave,
That none but Johnny's ear could scape
Unfractured by the stave.

Old Poulter's mare, in sudden fright,
Forgot all John had taught her;
And up she reared, a furious height,
And soused him in the water.

III.

OR CHI SEI TU?

Ten thousand thousand fathoms down
Beneath the sea he popped:
At last a coral cracked his crown,
And Johnny Raw was stopped.*

Sir Proteus came and picked him up,
With grim and ghastly smile;
And asked him to walk in and sup,
And fiddled all the while.†

The gardens of Parnassus are overrun with weeds, which have been suffered to fatten in obscurity by the mistaken lenity of contempt. To bruise their heads is useless: they must be torn up by the roots before any wholesome plant can have room to flourish in the soil.—If we desire that Philosophy may re-enter the temple of Apollo, we must not hesitate to throw down the Corycian Cave the rubbish that defiles its courts and chokes its vestibule. I would apply to subjects of taste the severe morality of Sophocles:

Χρην δ' ευθυς ειναι τηνδε τοις πασιν δικην,
Ὁστις περα πρασσειν γε των νομων θελει
ΚΤΕΙΝΕΙΝ· ΤΟ ΓΑΡ ΠΑΝΟΥΡΓΟΝ ΟΥΚ ΑΝ ΗΝ ΠΟΛΥ.

* "Ten thousand thousand fathoms down he dropped;
Till in an ice-rift, 'mid the eternal snow,
Foul Arvalan is *stopped*."
SOUTHEY'S *Curse of Kehama*

† Sir Proteus, having fixed himself in the shape most peculiarly remote from taste and nature, that of a minstrel of the Scottish bor-

So up he got, and felt his head,
And feared his brain was diddled;
While still the ocean o'er him spread,
And still Sir Proteus fiddled.

And much surprised he was to be
Beneath the ocean's root;*
Which then he found was one great tree,
Where grew odd fish for fruit.

And there were fish both young and old,
And fish both great and small;
And some of them had heads of gold,
And some no heads at all.

And now they came where Neptune sate,
With beard like any Jew,
With all his Tritons round in state,
And all his Nereids too:

And when poor Johnny's bleeding sconce
The moody king did view,†
He stoutly bellowed, all at once:
"Pray who the deuce are you?

"That thus dare stalk, and walk, and talk,
Beneath my tree, the sea, sir,
And break your head, on coral bed,
Without the leave of me, sir?"

---

der, continues to act up to the full spirit of the character he has assumed by fiddling with indefatigable pertinacity to the fall of the curtain.

* For a particular description of the roots of the ocean, see Mr. Southey's "Thalaba."

† "Up starts the moody Elfin King,"
etc., etc., etc.
LADY OF THE LAKE.

IV.

ὈΜΑΔΟΣ Δ' ΑΔΙΑΣΤΟΣ ΟΡΩΡΕΙ.

Poor Johnny looked exceeding blue,*
As blue as Neptune's self;
And cursed the jade, his skull that threw
Upon the coral shelf;

And thrice he cursed the jarring strain
That scraping Proteus sung,
Which forced his mare to rear amain,
And got her rider flung.

His clashing thoughts, that flocked so quick,
He strove in vain to clear;
For still the ruthless fiddlestick
Was shrieking at his ear,

A piercing modulated shriek,†
So comically sad,
That oft he strove in vain to speak,
He felt so wondrous mad.

But seeing well, by Neptune's phiz,
He deemed the case no joke,
In spite of all the diz and whiz,
Like parish-clerk he spoke‡

A wondrous speech, and all in rhyme,
As long as "Chevy Chase,"
Which made Sir Proteus raise his chime,
While Glaucus fled the place.

* "Though in blue ocean seen,
Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,
In all its rich variety of tints,
Suffused with glowing gold."
SOUTHEY'S *Madoc.*

† "A long, shrill, piercing, modulated cry."
SOUTHEY'S *Madoc.*

‡ This would be no ill compliment to the author last cited, a proud admirer and imitator of Sternhold and Hopkins.

He sung of men who nature's law
So little did redoubt,
They flourished when the life was raw,
And when the brain was out;*

Whose arms were iron spinning-wheels,
That twirled when winds did puff,
And forced Old Scratch to ply his heels,
By dint of usage rough.
Grim Neptune bade him stop the peals
Of such infernal stuff.

But when once in, no art could win
To silence Johnny Raw:
For Nereid's grin, or Triton's fin,
He did not care a straw;
So still did spin his rhyming din,
Without one hum or haw,
Though still the crazy violin
Kept screaming: "Hoot, awa'!"

Till all the Tritons gave a yell,
And fled, in rout inglorious,
With all the Nereids, from the spell
Of Johnny's stave laborious,
And Neptune scouted in his shell,
And left stout Raw victorious.

* There is a gentleman in this condition in Mr. Southey's "Curse of Kehama," who is, nevertheless, perfectly alive and vigorous, makes two or three attempts to ravish a young lady, and is invariably repelled by a very severe lustigation. *The times have been that when the brain was out the man would die;* but, with so many living contradictions of this proposition, we can scarcely rank the dead-alive Arvalan among the most monstrous fictions of Hindoo mythology; whatever we may think of the spinning-wheel arms of Kehama, who contrives to split himself into eight pieces, for the convenience of beating eight devils at once: for which profane amusement he is turned to a red-hot coal. *Voilà la belle imagination!*

V.

ASPRO CONCENTO, ORRIBILE ARMONIA.

But Proteus feared not Johnny's tongue,
And vowed to be the master;
And still the louder Johnny sung,
Bold Proteus scraped the faster;

And raised a rhyme of feudal time,
A song of moonlight foray,
Of bandits bold, in days of old,
The Scott, the Kerr, the Murray.

Who, by their good King James desired
To keep up rule and order,
Like trusty guardians, robbed, and fired,
And ravaged all the border.

Then sung he of an English peer,*
A champion bold and brawny,
Who loved good cheer, and killed his dear,
And thrashed presumptuous Sawney.

Then Roderick, starch in battle's brunt,
The changing theme supplied;
And Maid, that paddled in a punt
Across Loch Katrine's tide:

And horse, and hound, and bugle's sound,
Inspired the lively lay,
With ho! ieroe! and tallyho!
And yoicks! and harkaway!

Then much he raved of lunar light,
Like human conscience changing;†

* "The good Lord Marmion, by my life!"

† Sir Proteus appears to borrow this part of his many-changing melody from the exordium of Mr. Scott's "Rokeby," which is in manner and form following:

The moon is in her summer glow;
But hoarse and high the breezes blow,

And damsel bright, at dead of night,
With bold Hibernian ranging;

And, racking o'er her face, the cloud
Varies the tincture of her shroud.
On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream,
She changes like a guilty dream,
When Conscience with remorse and fear
Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career.
Her light seemed now the blush of shame,
Seemed now fierce anger's darker flame,
Shifting that shade to come and go,
Like apprehension's hurried glow;
Then sorrow's livery dims the air,
And dies in darkness, like despair.
Such varied hues the warder sees
Reflected from the woodland Tees.

It would not be easy to find a minstrel strain more opposite, in every respect, to taste and nature, than this. What is the summer *glow* of the moon? *Glow* is *heat*, or the *appearance of heat*. But there is no heat in the moon's rays, nor do I believe that the face of that planet ever presented such an appearance The cloud, which *racks* over the face of the moon, and varies the tincture of her shroud, is a very incomprehensible cloud indeed. By *rack* I presume Mr. Scott to understand the course of the clouds when in motion. This, Mr. Tooke has shown, is not the true meaning of the word. *Rack* is merely *that which is reeked:* a vapour, a steam, an exhalation. It is the past participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb þecan, *exhalare:* but to talk of a cloud reeking or steaming over the face of the moon would be downright nonsense. But whether *rack* signify *motion*, or *vapour*, what is the shroud of the moon, of which the cloud varies the tincture? It cannot be the cloud itself, for in that case the cloud would be said to vary its own tincture. It plainly implies something external to the moon and different from the cloud, and what is that something? Most assuredly nothing that ever came within the scope of meteorological observation. The moon, thus *clouded* and *shrouded*, reflects on her disk various mental phenomena, which are seen by the warder. Now, it is most probable that the warders of past days, like the sentinels of the present, were in the habit of looking at nature with the eyes of vulgar mortals, and not of remarking mental phenomena in the disk of the moon. Had the poor little pitiful whining Wilfrid discovered these chimeras, it would at least have been more in character. The dark-red appearance which would characterize the flame of anger and the glow of apprehension, the moon never assumes but when very near the horizon, and in that position her *tincture* does not *vary*. "Shifting a shade to come and go," will scarcely pass for good English on this side of the Tweed. The *livery of sorrow*, if it mean anything, must mean a *mourning coat*, and what idea is conveyed to the mind by the figure of a black livery dying in darkness?

And buccaneer so stern and staunch,
Who, though historians vary,
Did wondrous feats on tough buck's haunch,
And butt of old Canary.

The fiddle, with a gong-like power,
Still louder, louder swelling,
Resounded till it shook the bower,
Grim Neptune's coral dwelling:

And still Sir Proteus held his course,
To prove his muse no craven,
Until he grew completely hoarse,
And croaked like any raven.

They might have thought, who heard the strum
Of such unusual strain,
That Discord's very self was come,
With all her minstrel train,

Headlong by vengeful Phœbus thrown,
Through ocean's breast to sweep,
To where Sir Bathos sits alone,
Majestic on his wire-wove throne,
Below the lowest deep.*

— — —

VI.

COLÀ DOVE È IL FINIMONDO.

Though Johnny prized the Jew's-harp twang
Beyond old Homer's harp,†
He little loved the barbarous clang
Of fiddle cracked and sharp:

* Τηλε μαλ', ὑπο ΒΑΘΙΣΤΟΝ ὑπο χθονος εστι βερεθρον,
Τοσσον ενερθ' Αϊδεω, ὁσον ουρανος εστ' απο γαιης.

† Our hero is not singular. The harp of Israel is exalted above the lyre of Greece by the poetical orthodoxy of the bards of the

And when the names Sir Proteus said
Of Murray, Kerr, and Scott;
The sound went crashing through his head,
Like Van Tromp's famous shot,*

Which, like some adamantine rock,
By Hector thrown in sport,
Plumped headlong into Sheerness dock,
And battered down a fort.

Like one astound, John stared around,
And watched his time to fly;
And quickly spied, amid the tide,
A dolphin sailing by;—

And jumped upon him in a crack,
And touched him in the fin,
And rose triumphant, on his back,
Through ocean's roaring din:

While Proteus, on his fiddle bent
Still scraped his feudal jig;
Nor marked, as on his ballad went,
His bird had hopped the twig.

So Johnny rose 'mid ocean's roar,
And landed was full soon,
Upon a wild and lonely shore,
Beneath the waning moon.

Mœonium qui jam soliti contemnere *carmen*,
Judaicos discunt *numeros* servantque, coluntque,
Tradidit arcano quoscumque volumine Moses!

which accounts for the air of conscious superiority and dignified contempt they assume towards those perverted disciples of Homer and Sophocles, who are insensible to the primitive mellifluence of patriarchal modulation. It is not less creditable to the soundness of their theology than to the purity of their taste, that they herein differ *toto cœlo* from the profane Frenchman, who concludes his poem with a treaty between the principal personages of the ancient and modern religions of Europe, by which it is stipulated that the latter shall continue throned in glory on *Mount Sinai*, while the former shall retain the exclusive and undisturbed possession of Mount Parnassus.

* This shot, I am informed, is still to be seen at Sheerness.

He sate him down, beside a cave
As black as hell itself,
And heard the breakers roar and rave,
A melancholy elf:

But when he wanted to proceed,
And advertise his mare,
In vain he struggled to be freed,
Such magic fixed him there.

Then came a voice of thrilling force:
"In vain my power you brave,
For here must end your earthly course,
And here's Oblivion's cave.

"Far, far within its deep recess,
Descends the winding road,
By which forgotten minstrels press
To Pluto's drear abode.

"Here Cr—k—r fights his battles o'er,
And doubly kills the slain,
Where Y——— no more can nod or snore
In concert to the strain.

"Here, to psalm tunes thy C—l—r—dge sets
His serio-comic lay:
Here his gray Pegasus curvets,
Where none can hear him bray.

"Here dreaming W—rds—th wanders lost,
Since Jove hath cleft his deck:*
Lo! on these rocks his tub is tost,†
A shattered, shapeless wreck.

* ——— ΝΗΑ ΘΟΗΝ *αργητι κεραυνῳ*
ΖΕΥΣ ελασας ελασσε, *μεσῳ ενι οινοπι ποντῳ.*

† See page 122, *sqq.*

"In such a vessel ne'er before
Did human creature leave the shore.
But say what was it?—Thought of fear!
Well may ye *tremble* when ye hear!
A household tub, like one of those
Which women use to wash their clothes!"
WORDSWORTH'S POEMS, vol. ii. p. 72.

"Here shall Corruption's *laureate wreath*,
By ancient Dulness twined
With flowers that courtly influence breathe,
Thy votive temples bind.

"Amid the thick Lethean fen
The dull dwarf-laurel springs,*
To bind the brows of venal men,
The tuneful slaves of kings.

"Come, then, and join the apostate train
Of thy poetic stamp,
That vent for gain the loyal strain,
'Mid Stygian vapours damp,
While far below, where Lethe creeps,
The ghost of Freedom sits, and weeps
O'er Truth's extinguished lamp."

L'ENVOY.

Good reader! who have lost your time
In listening to a noisy rhyme!
If catgut's din, and tramping pad,
Have not yet made completely mad
The little brains you ever had,—
Hear me, in friendly lay expressing
A better than the "Bellman's" blessing:
That Nature may to you dispense
Just so much share of common sense,
As may distinguish smoke from fire,
A shrieking fiddle from a lyre,
And Phœbus, with his steed of air,
From poor old Poulter and his Mare.

THE END OF PROTEUS.

* The *dwarf-laurel* is a little stunted plant, growing in ditches and bogs, and very dissimilar to that Parnassian shrub "*which Dryden and diviner Spenser wore*;" as in the "Carmen Triumphale" for the year 1814, mellifluously singeth the Protean bard, *Robert Southey, Esquire, Poet-Laureate!!!*

Χαιρε μοι, ω ΠΡΩΤΕΥ· συ δ' ουκετι τεοψεαι οιος
Τεχνη· ΜΙΣΘΟΦΟΡΕΙ ΓΑΡ Ο ΠΟΙΚΙΛΟΜΟΡΦΟΣ ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

THE DEATH OF ŒDIPUS.

SPEECH OF THE MESSENGER TO THE CHORUS IN THE ŒDIPUS AT COLONUS OF SOPHOCLES.

[Written in 1815.]

YE men of Athens, wondrous is the tale
I bear: the fate of Œ lipus: no more
In the lone darkness of his days he roams,
Snatched in strange manner from the paths of men.
You witnessed his departure: no kind hand
Guiding his blindness, but with steadfast tread,
Alone an l unsupported, through the woods
And winding rocks he led our wond'ring course.
Till by that broken way, which brazen steps
Uphold, beside the hollow ground he stood,
Where Theseus and Pirithous held erewhile
The compact of inviolable love:
There, in the midst, from the Thorician rock
And the Acherdian cave alike remote,
He sate himself upon the marble tomb,
And loosed his melancholy garb, and called
His daught rs, from the living spring to bear
His last ablution. They, to the near hill
Of Ceres h stening, brought the fountain-flood,
And wrapped him in the garments that beseem
Funereal rites Then subterranean Jove
Thundered: the maidens trembled as they heard,
And beat their breasts, and uttered loud laments.
Touched at the bitter sound, he wrapped his arms
Around them: "Oh, my children!" he exclaimed,
"The hour and place of my appointed rest
Are found: your father from this breathing world
Departs: a weary lot was yours, my children,
Wide o'er the inhospitable earth to lead
A blind, forlorn, old, persecuted man.
These toils are yours no more: yet well I deem
Affection overweighed them, and the love,
The soul-felt love, which he who caused them bore you,
Where shall you find again?" Then on their necks

He wept, and they on his, in speechless woe,
And all was silence round. A thrilling voice
Called "*Œdipus!*" the blood of all who heard
Congealed with fear, and every hair grew stiff.
"Oh, Œdipus!" it cried, "oh, Œdipus!
Why tarry we? for thee alone we wait!"
He recognized the summons of the god,
And calling Theseus to him, said: "Oh, friend!
Now take my children by the hand, and pledge
Thy faith inviolate, to afford them ever
Protection and support." The generous king
Fulfilled his wish, and bade high Jove record
The irrevocable vow. Then Œdipus
Folded his daughters in his last embrace,
And said: "Farewell, my children! from this spot
Depart with fortitude: the will of fate
From all but Theseus veils the coming scene."
These words we heard: with the receding maids
We turned away awhile: reverting then
Our looks, the spot where Œdipus had been
Was vacant, and King Theseus stood alone,
His hand before his eyes, his head bowed down,
As one oppressed with supernatural light,
Or sight of some intolerable thing.
Then falling prostrate, on the goddess Earth
He called, and Jove, and the Olympian gods.
How perished Œdipus, to none beside
Is known: for not the thunder-bolts of Jove
Consumed him, nor the whirlwinds of the deep
Rushed o'er his head and swept him from the world,
But with some silent messenger of fate
He passed away in peace, or that dark chasm
By which he stood, disclosed beneath his feet
A tranquil passage to the Stygian flood.

POLYXENA TO ULYSSES.

FROM THE HECUBA OF EURIPIDES.

[Written in 1815.]

YOU fold your hand, Ulysses, in your robe,
And turn your head aside as if to shun
My abject suppliance. Fear not, Ithacan!
With willing steps I follow thee, where thou
And strong Necessity, thy queen and mine,
Conduct me to my death. Base were my soul
To beg a milder fate. Why should I live?
My father was a king: my youthful hopes
Were bright: contending monarchs sought my hand:
I moved illustrious 'mid the Idæan nymphs,
More like a goddess than an earthly maid,
Save in the sure necessity of death.
But now I am a slave: that single word
Makes death my sanctuary: never be it said,
A tyrant's gold could purchase Hector's sister,
To be the vilest handmaid of his house,
To drag long days of ignominious toil,
And waste her nights in solitary tears.
Or should I live to call some slave my lord,
Whom fortune reared to be the bride of kings?
No! let me rather close my eyes at once
On the pure light of heaven, to me no more
The light of liberty. Hope has no voice
For Priam's fallen race. I yield myself
A willing victim to the Stygian gods.
Nor thou, my mother, or with deed or word
Impede my course, but smile upon thy child,
Who finds in death a refuge from disgrace.
Hard is the task to bear the unwonted yoke,
And taste the cup of unaccustomed tears.
More blest are they, whom sudden fate absolves
From the long labour of inglorious life.

PROLOGUE

To Mr. Tobin's Comedy of the "Guardians," performed at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, November, 1816.

[Published in 1816.]

Spoken by Mr. ———.

BEYOND the hopes and fears of earlier days,
The frowns of censure and the smiles of praise,
Is he, the bard, on whose untimely tomb,
Your favour bade the Thespian laurel bloom;
Though late the meed that crowned his minstrel strain,
It has not died, and was not given in vain.
If now our hopes one more memorial rear,
To blend with those that live unwithering here;
If on that tomb where genius sleeps in night,
One flower expands to bloom in lingering light,
Flower of a stem which no returning spring
Shall clothe anew with buds and blossoming;
Oh! yet again the votive wreath allow
To grace his name which cannot bind his brow;
And, while our tale the scenic maze pursues,
Still prove kind *Guardians* to his orphan muse.

EPILOGUE

To the Comedy of the "Guardians."

Published in 1816.]

Spoken by Mr. Harley *in the character of* Hint.

AT home, abroad, in gossip, or in print,
Who has not felt the magic power of Hint?
Say, lovely maid, what earthly power can move
That gentle bosom like a hint of love?
Say, thou spruce beau, oppressed with loads of raiment,
What half so shocking as a hint for payment?
A hint of need, drawn forth with sad concessions,
Stops the full flow of friendship's loud professions:

A hint of Hyde Park Ring from testy humours,
Stops Hint itself, when most agog for rumours.
Where'er I go, beaux, belles of all degrees,
Come buzzing round me like a swarm of bees:
My crafty hook of sly insinuation
Bait with hints, and fish for information.
"What news, dear Hint? it does us good to see
Your pleasant face: we're dying with ennui."
"Me! bless you! I know nothing." "You're so sly:
You've something in your head:" "Indeed not I.
'Tis true, at Lady Rook's, just now I heard
A whisper pass. . . . I don't believe a word
A certain lady is not over blameless,
Touching a certain lord that shall be nameless."
"Who? who? pray tell." "Excuse me." "Nay, you shall."

(*In different voices*)

"You mean my Lady Plume and Lord Fal-lal,"
"Lord Smirk and Mrs. Sparkle," "Lady Simple,
And young Lord Froth," "Lord Whip and Mrs. Dimple."
(In *Irish accent*) "D'ye mean my wife, sir? give me leave
to mention
There's no ill meaning in Lord Sly's attention:
Here's there's my card: command me: I'll attend,
And talk the matter over with a friend."
"Sir Major! no such thing: you're right in scorning
Such idle tales: I wish you a good-morning."
Away I speed: from lounge to lounge I run,
Have five tales loaded where I fished for one;
Entre nous, take care the town shall know,
Sir Major's wife is not quite *comme il faut*.
Thus Hyde Park Ring my cunning shuns in vain,
If your frowns I die in Drury Lane.
Then I must, think not I'll tamely fall:
Boxes, gallery, thus I challenge all.
Critics near me, and ye gods afar!
Each maid, spruce beau, plump cit, and jovial tar!
Come one and all, roused by my valorous greeting,
To-morrow night to give bold Hint the meeting:
Get all your friends—a host—I'll fit them nicely,
Place—Drury Lane—time, half-past-six precisely.

SIR HORNBOOK;

OR, CHILDE LAUNCELOT'S EXPEDITION. A GRAMMATICO-ALLEGORICAL BALLAD.

[Published in 1818.]

[Reprinted in Summerly's *Home Treasury*, 1846.]

I.

O'ER bush and brier Childe Launcelot sprung *
With ardent hopes elate,
And loudly blew the horn that hung
Before Sir Hornbook's gate.

The inner portals opened wide,
And forward strode the chief,
Arrayed in paper helmet's pride,
And arms of golden leaf.

"What means," he cried, "this daring noise,
That wakes the summer day?
I hate all idle truant boys:
Away, Sir Childe, away!"

"No idle truant boy am I,"
Childe Launcelot answered straight;
"Resolved to climb this hill so high,
I seek thy castle gate.

"Behold the talisman I bear,
And aid my bold design:"
Sir Hornbook gazed, and written there,
Knew Emulation's sign.

"If Emulation sent thee here,"
Sir Hornbook quick replied,
"My merrymen all shall soon appear,
To aid thy cause with shield and spear,
And I will head thy bold career,
And prove thy faithful guide."

Loud rung the chains; the drawbridge fell;
The gates asunder flew;
The knight thrice beat the portal bell,
And thrice he called "Halloo."

* Childe, in our old ballads, often signifies a *knight*.

And out, and out, in hasty rout,
By ones, twos, threes, and fours;
His merrymen rushed the walls without,
And stood before the doors.

II.

FULL six-and-twenty men were they,*
In line of battle spread:
The first that came was mighty A,
The last was little Z.

Six vocal men Sir Hornbook had,†
Four double men to boot,‡
And four were liquids soft and sad,§
And all the rest were mute.‖

He called his *Corporal* Syllable,¶
To range the scattered throng;
And *Captain* Word** disposed them well
In bands compact and strong.

"Now, mark, Sir Childe," Sir Hornbook said,
"These well compacted powers
Shall lead thy vent'rous steps to tread
Through all the Muses' bowers.

"If rightly thou thyself address,
To use their proffer'd aid:
Still unallured by idleness,
By labour undismayed;

"For many troubles intervene,
And perils widely spread,
Around the groves of evergreen,
That crown this mountain's head:

* There are twenty-six letters, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z.
† Of these are vowels, a, e, i, o, u, y.
‡ Four are double letters, j, w, x, z.
§ Four are liquids, l, m, n, r.
‖ And twelve are mutes, b, c, d, f, g, h, k, p, q, s, t, v.
¶ A syllable is a distinct sound of one or more letters pronounced at a breath.
** Words are articulate sounds used by common consent, as signs of our ideas.

But rich reward he finds, I ween,
Who through them all has sped."

Childe Launcelot felt his bosom glow
At thought of noble deed;
Resolved through every path to go,
Where that bold knight should lead.

Sir Hornbook wound his bugle horn,
Full long, and loud, and shrill;
His merrymen all, for conquest born,
With armour glittering to the morn,
Went marching up the hill.

III.

"WHAT men are you beside the way?"
The bold Sir Hornbook cried:
"My name is *The*, my brother's *A*,"
Sir Article replied.*

"My brother's home is anywhere,†
At large and undefined;
But I a preference ever bear ‡
For one fixed spot, and settle there:
Which speaks my constant mind."

"What ho! Childe Launcelot! seize them there,
And look you have them sure!"
Sir Hornbook cried, "my men shall bear
Your captives off secure."

The twain were seized: Sir Hornbook blew
His bugle loud and shrill:
His merrymen all, so stout and true,
Went marching up the hill.

IV.

AND now a wider space they gained,
A steeper, harder ground,

* There are two articles, the, definite; a or an, indefinite.

† The *indefinite* article is used generally and indeterminately to point out one single thing of a kind: as, "There is A dog; Give me AN orange."

‡ The *definite* article defines and specifies particular objects: as, "Those are THE men; give me THE book."

Where by one ample wall contained,
All earthly *things* they found:*

All *beings*, rich, poor, weak, or wise,
Were there, full strange to see,
And *attributes* and *qualities*
Of high and low degree.

Before the circle stood a knight,
Sir Substantive his name,†
With Adjective, his lady bright,
Who *seemed* a portly dame;

Yet only *seemed;* for whensoe'er
She strove to *stand alone*,‡
She proved no more than smoke and air,
Who looked like flesh and bone.

And therefore to her husband's arm
She clung for evermore,
And lent him many a grace and charm
He had not known before;

Yet these the knight felt well advised,
He might have done without;
For lightly foreign help he prized,
He was so staunch and stout.

Five sons had they, their dear delight,
Of different forms and faces;
And *two* of them were numbers bright,§
And *three* they christened cases.‖

* A noun is the name of whatsoever *thing* or *being* we see or discourse of.

† Nouns are of two kinds, substantives and adjectives. A noun substantive declares its own meaning, and requires not another word to be joined with it to show its signification; as, *man*, *book*, *apple*.

‡ A noun adjective cannot stand alone, but always requires to be joined with a substantive, of which it shows the nature or quality, as "A good girl, a *naughty* boy."

§ Nouns have two numbers, singular and plural:—

‖ and three cases: nominative, possessive, and objective.

Now loudly rung Sir Hornbook's horn;
Childe Launcelot poised his spear;
And on they rushed, to conquest borne,
In swift and full career.

Sir Substantive kicked down the wall:
It fell with furious rattle:
And earthly *things* and *beings* all,
Rushed forth to join the battle.

But earthly *things* and *beings* all,
Though mixed in boundless plenty,
Must one by one dissolving fall
To Hornbook's six-and-twenty.

Childe Launcelot won the arduous fray,
And, when they ceased from strife,
Led stout Sir Substantive away,
His children, and his wife.

Sir Hornbook wound his horn again,
Full long, and loud, and shrill:
His merrymen all, a warlike train,
Went marching up the hill.

V.

Now when Sir Pronoun looked abroad,*
And spied the coming train,
He left his fort beside the road,
And ran with might and main.

Two cloth-yard shafts from I and U,
Went forth with whizzing sound:
Like lightning sped the arrows true,
Sir Pronoun pressed the ground:
But darts of science ever flew
To conquer, not to wound.

His fear was great: his hurt was small:
Childe Launcelot took his hand:—
"Sir Knight," said he, "though doomed to fall
Before my conquering band,

* A pronoun is used instead of a noun, and may be considered its *locum tenens*, or deputy: as, "The King is gone to Windsor, he will return to-morrow."

"Yet knightly treatment shall you find,
On faith of cavalier:
Then join Sir Substantive behind,
And follow our career."

Sir Substantive, that man of might,
Felt knightly anger rise;
For he had marked Sir Pronoun's flight
With no approving eyes.

"Great Substantive, my sovereign liege!"
Thus sad Sir Pronoun cried,
"When you had fallen in furious siege,
Could I the shock abide?

"That all resistance would be vain,
Too well, alas! I knew:
For what could I, when you were ta'en,
Your poor *lieutenant*, do?"

Then louder rung Sir Hornbook's horn,
In signals loud and shrill:
His merrymen all, for conquest born,
Went marching up the hill.

VI.

Now steeper grew the rising ground,
And rougher grew the road,
As up the steep ascent they wound
To bold Sir Verb's abode.*

Sir Verb was old, and many a year,
All scenes and climates seeing,
Had run a wild and strange career
Through every mode of being.

And every aspect, shape, and change
Of *action*, and of *passion*:
And known to him was all the range
Of feeling, taste, and fashion.

* A verb is a word which signifies to *be*, to *do*, or to *suffer*: as, "I am, I love, I am loved."

He was an Augur, quite at home
*In all things present done,**
Deeds past, and every act to come
In ages yet to run.

Entrenched in intricacies strong,
Ditch, fort, and palisado,
He marked with scorn the coming throng,
And breathed a bold bravado:

"Ho! who are you that dare invade
My turrets, moats, and fences?
Soon will your vaunting courage fade,
When on the walls, in lines arrayed,
You see me marshal undismayed
My host of moods and tenses."†

"In vain," Childe Launcelot cried in scorn,
"On them is your reliance;"
Sir Hornbook wound his bugle horn,
And twang'd a loud defiance.

They swam the moat, they scaled the wall,
Sir Verb, with rage and shame,
Beheld his valiant *general* fall,
Infinitive by name.‡

Indicative *declared* the foes§
Should perish by his hand;
And stout Imperative arose
The squadron to *command*.

* The two lines in *Italics* are taken from Chapman's Homer.

† Verbs have five moods: the indicative, imperative, potential, subjunctive, and infinitive.

‡ The infinitive mood expresses a thing in a general and unlimited manner: as, "To love, to walk, to be ruled."

§ The indicative mood simply indicates or declares a thing, as, "He loves: he is loved:" or asks a question: as, "Does he love? Is he loved?"

‖ The imperative mood commands or entreats: as, "Depart, come hither: forgive me."

Potential * and Subjunctive † then
Came forth with doubt * and chance :†
All fell alike, with all their men,
Before Sir Hornbook's lance.

Action and Passion nought could do
To save Sir Verb from fate;
Whose doom poor Participle knew,‡
He must *participate*.

Then Adverb, who had skulked behind,§
To shun the mighty jar,
Came forward, and himself resigned
A prisoner of war.

Three children of Imperative,
Full strong, though somewhat small,
Next forward came, themselves to give
To conquering Launcelot's thrall.

Conjunction press'd to join the crowd ;‖
But Preposition swore,¶
Though Interjection sobb'd aloud,**
That he would go before.

* The potential mood implies possibility or obligation: as, "It may rain; they should learn."

† The subjunctive mood implies contingency: as, "If he were good, he would be happy."

‡ The participle is a certain form of the verb, and is so called from participating the nature of a verb and an adjective: as, "he is an admired character; she is a loving child."

§ The adverb is joined to verbs, to adjectives, and to other adverbs, to qualify their signification: as, "that is a remarkably swift horse: it is extremely well done."

‖ A conjunction is a part of speech chiefly used to connect words: as, "King and constitution; or sentences: as, "I went to the theatre, and saw the new pantomime."

¶ A preposition is most commonly set before another word to show its relation to some word or sentence preceding: as, "The fisherman went down the river with his boat."

Conjunctions and prepositions are for the most part imperative moods of obsolete verbs: thus, *and* signifies *add*: "John *and* Peter; John *add* Peter: the fisherman with his boat; the fisherman, join his boat."

** Interjections are words thrown in between the parts of a sentence, to express passions or emotions: as, "Oh! Alas!"

Again his horn Sir Hornbook blew,
Full long, and loud, and shrill;
His merrymen all, so stout and true,
Went marching up the hill.

VII.

Sir Syntax dwelt in thick fir-grove,*
All strown with scraps of flowers,†
Which he had pluck'd to please his love,
Among the Muses' bowers.

His love was gentle Prosody,‡
More fair than morning beam;
Who lived beneath a flowering tree,
Beside a falling stream.

And these two claim'd, with high pretence,
The whole Parnassian ground,
Albeit some little difference
Between their taste was found:
Sir Syntax he was all for sense,
And Prosody for sound.

Yet in them both the Muses fair
Exceedingly delighted;
And thought no earthly thing so rare,
That might with that fond twain compare,
When they were both *united.*

"Ho! yield, Sir Syntax!" Hornbook cried,
"This youth must pass thy grove,
Led on by me, his faithful guide,
In yonder bowers to rove."

Thereat full much Sir Syntax said,
But found resistance vain:
And through his grove Childe Launcelot sped,
With all Sir Hornbook's train.

* Syntax is that part of grammar, which treats of the agreement and construction of words in a sentence.

† I allude to the poetical fragments with which syntax is illustrated.

‡ Prosody is that part of grammar which treats of the true pronunciation of words, and the rules of versification.

They reach'd the tree where Prosody
Was singing in the shade:
Great joy Childe Launcelot had to see,
And hear that lovely maid.

Now onward as they press'd along,
Did nought their course oppose;
Till full before the martial throng
The Muses' gates arose.

There Etymology they found,*
Who scorned surrounding fruits;
And ever dug in deepest ground,
For old and mouldy roots.

Sir Hornbook took Childe Launcelot's hand,
And tears at parting fell:
"Sir Childe," he said, "with all my band
I bid you here farewell.

"Then wander through these sacred bowers,
Unfearing and alone:
All shrubs are here, and fruits, and flowers,
To happiest climates known."

Once more his horn Sir Hornbook blew,
A parting signal shrill:
His merrymen all, so stout and true,
Went marching down the hill.

Childe Launcelot pressed the sacred ground,
With hope's exulting glow;
Some future song perchance may sound
The wondrous things which there he found,
If you the same would know.

* Etymology is that part of grammar, which investigates the roots, or *derivation*, of words.

RHODODAPHNE:

OR, THE THESSALIAN SPELL.

A POEM.

[Published by Hookhams, 1818.]

PREFACE.

The ancient celebrity of Thessalian magic is familiar, even from Horace, to every classical reader. The Metamorphoses of Apuleius turn entirely upon it, and the following passage in that work might serve as the text of a long commentary on the subject. "Considering that I was now in the middle of Thessaly, celebrated by the accordant voice of the world as the birthplace of the magic art, I examined all things with intense curiosity. Nor did I believe anything which I saw in that city (Hypata) to be what it appeared; but I imagined that every object around me had been changed by incantation from its natural shape; that the stones of the streets, and the waters of the fountains, were indurated and liquefied human bodies; and that the trees which surrounded the city, and the birds which were singing in their boughs, were equally human beings, in the disguise of leaves and feathers. I expected the statues and images to walk, the walls to speak; I anticipated prophetic voices from the cattle, and oracles from the morning sky."

According to Pliny, Meander, who was skilled in the subtleties of learning, composed a Thessalian drama, in which he comprised the incantations and magic ceremonies of women drawing down the moon. Pliny considers the belief in magic as the combined effect of the operations of three powerful causes, medicine, superstition, and the mathematical arts. He does not mention music, to which the ancients (as is shown by the fables of Orpheus, Amphion, the Sirens, &c.) ascribed the most miraculous powers: but strictly speaking, it was included in the mathematical arts, as being a science of numerical proportion.

The belief in the supernatural powers of music and pharmacy ascends to the earliest ages of poetry. Its most beautiful forms are the Circe of Homer, and Medea in the days of her youth, as she appears in the third book of Apollonius.

Lucian's treatise on the Syrian Goddess contains much wild and wonderful imagery; and his Philopseudes, though it does not mention Thessalian magic in particular, is a compendium of almost all the ideas entertained by the ancients of supernatural power, distinct from, and subordinate to, that of the gods; though the gods were supposed to be drawn from their cars by magic, and compelled, however reluctantly, to yield it a temporary obedience. These subjects appear to have been favourite topics with the ancients in their social hours, as we may judge from the Philopseudes, and from the tales related by Niceros and Trimalchio at the feast given by the latter in the Satyricon of Petronius. Trimalchio concludes his marvellous narrative by saying (in the words which form the motto of this

poem: "You must of necessity believe that there are women of supernatural science, framers of nocturnal incantations, who can turn the world upside down."

It will appear from these references, and more might have been made if it had not appeared superfluous, that the power ascribed by the ancients to Thessalian magic is by no means exaggerated in the following poem, though its forms are in some measure diversified.

The opening scene of the poem is in the Temple of Love at Thespia, a town of Bœotia, near the foot of Mount Helicon. That Love was the principal deity of Thespia we learn from Pausanias; and Plutarch, in the beginning of his Erotic dialogue, informs us, that a festival in honour of this deity was celebrated by the Thespians with great splendour every fifth year. They also celebrated a quinquennial festival in honour of the Muses, who had a sacred grove and temple in Helicon. Both these festivals are noticed by Pausanias, who mentions likewise the three statues of Love (though without any distinguishing attributes), and those of Venus and Phryne by Praxiteles. The Winged Love of Praxiteles, in Pentelican marble, which he gave to his mistress Phryne, who bestowed it on her native Thespia, was held in immense admiration by the ancients. Cicero speaks of it as the great and only attraction of Thespia.

The time is an intermediate period between the age of the Greek tragedians, who are alluded to in the second canto, and that of Pausanias, in whose time the Thespian altar had been violated by Nero, and Praxiteles's statue of Love removed to Rome, for which outrageous impiety, says Pausanias, he was pursued by the just and manifest vengeance of the gods, who, it would seem, had already terrified Claudius into restoring it, when Caligula had previously taken it away.

The second song in the fifth canto is founded on the Homeric hymn, "Bacchus, or the Pirates." Some other imitations of classical passages, but for the most part interwoven with unborrowed ideas, will occur to the classical reader.

The few notes subjoined are such as seemed absolutely necessary to explain or justify the text. Those of the latter description might, perhaps, have been more numerous, if much deference had seemed due to that species of judgment, which, having neither light nor tact of its own, can only see and feel through the medium of authority.

Σοφος ὁ πολλα εἰδως φυᾳ·
μαθοντες δε λαβροι
παγγλωσσιᾳ, κορακες ὡς, ακραντα γαρυετον
Διος προς ορνιχα θειον.
PIND. *Olymp.* ii.

Rogo vos, oportet, credatis, sunt mulieres plus sciæ, sunt nocturnæ, et quod sursum est deorsum faciunt.—PETRONIUS.

The bards and sages of departed Greece
Yet live, for mind survives material doom;
Still, as of yore, beneath the myrtle bloom
They strike their golden lyres, in sylvan peace.

Wisdom and Liberty may never cease,
Once having been, to be: but from the tomb
Their mighty radiance streams along the gloom
Of ages evermore without decrease.
Among those gifted bards and sages old,
Shunning the living world, I dwell, and hear,
Reverent, the creeds they held, the tales they told:
And from the songs that charmed their latest ear,
A yet ungathered wreath, with fingers bold,
I weave, of bleeding love and magic mysteries drear.

CANTO I.

THE rose and myrtle blend in beauty
Round Thespian Love's hypæthric fane;
And there alone, with festal duty
Of joyous song and choral train,
From many a mountain, stream, and vale,
And many a city fair and free,
The sons of Greece commingling hail
Love's primogenial deity.
Central amid the myrtle grove
That venerable temple stands:
Three statues, raised by gifted hands,
Distinct with sculptured emblems fair,
His threefold influence imaged bear,
Creative, Heavenly, Earthly Love.*

* Primogenial, or Creative Love, in the Orphic mythology, is the first-born of Night and Chaos, the most ancient of the gods, and the parent of all things. According to Aristophanes, Night produced an egg in the bosom of Erebus, and golden-winged Love burst in due season from the shell. The Egyptians, as Plutarch informs us in his Erotic dialogue, recognized three distinct powers of Love: the Uranian, or Heavenly; the Pandemian, Vulgar or Earthly; and the Sun. That the identity of the Sun and Primogenial Love was recognized also by the Greeks, appears from the community of their epithets in mythological poetry, as in this Orphic line: Πρωτογονος Φαεθων περιμητεος ηερος υιος. Lactanius observes that Love was called Πρωτογονος, which signifies both first-produced and first-producing, because nothing was born before him, but all things have proceeded from him. Primogenial Love is represented in antiques mounted on the back of a lion, and, being of Egyptian origin, is traced by the modern astronomical interpreters of mythology to the Leo of the Zodiac. Uranian Love, in the mythological philosophy of Plato, is the deity or genius of pure mental passion for the good and the beautiful; and Pandemian Love, of ordinary sexual attachment.

The first, of stone and sculpture rude,
From immemorial time has stood;
Not even in vague tradition known
The hand that raised that ancient stone.
Of brass the next, with holiest thought,
The skill of Sicyon's artist wrought.*
The third, a marble form divine,
That seems to move, and breathe, and smile;
Fair Phryne to this holy shrine
Conveyed, when her propitious wile
Had forced her lover to impart
The choicest treasure of his art.†
Her, too, in sculptured beauty's pride,
His skill has placed by Venus' side;
Nor well the enraptured gaze descries
Which best might claim the Hesperian prize.
Fairest youths and maids assembling
Dance the myrtle bowers among:
Harps to softest numbers trembling
Pour the impassioned strain along,
Where the poet's gifted song
Holds the intensely listening throng.
Matrons grave and sages gray
Lead the youthful train to pay
Homage on the opening day
Of Love's returning festival:
Every fruit and every flower
Sacred to his gentler power,

* Lysippus.

† Paryne was the mistress of Praxiteles. She requested him to give her his most beautiful work, which he promised to do, but refused to tell which of his works was in his own estimation the best. One day, when he was with Phryne, her servant running in announced to him that his house was on fire. Praxiteles started up in great agitation, declaring that all the fruit of his labour would be lost, if his Love should be injured by the flames. His mistress dispelled his alarm, by telling him that the report of the fire was merely a stratagem, by which she had obtained the information she desired. Phryne thus became possessed of the masterpiece of Praxiteles, and bestowed it on her native Thespia. Strabo names, instead of Phryne, Glycera, who was also a Thespian; but in addition to the testimony of Pausanias and Athenæus, Casaubon cites a Greek epigram on Phryne, which mentions her dedication of the Thespian Love.

Twined in garlands bright and sweet,
They place before his sculptured feet,
And on his name they call:
From thousand lips, with glad acclaim,
Is breathed at once that sacred name;
And music, kindling at the sound,
Wafts holier, tenderer strains around:
The rose a richer sweet exhales;
The myrtle waves in softer gales;
Through every breast one influence flies;
All hate, all evil passion dies;
The heart of man, in that blest spell,
Becomes at once a sacred cell,
Where Love, and only Love, can dwell.*
From Ladon's shores Anthemion came,
Arcadian Ladon, loveliest tide
Of all the streams of Grecian name
Through rocks and sylvan hills that glide.
The flower of all Arcadia's youth
Was he: such form and face, in truth,
As thoughts of gentlest maidens seek
In their day-dreams: soft, glossy hair
Shadowed his forehead, snowy-fair,
With many a hyacinthine cluster:
Lips, that in silence seemed to speak,
Were his, and eyes of mild blue lustre:
And even the paleness of his cheek,
The passing trace of tender care,
Still showed how beautiful it were
If its own natural bloom were there.
His native vale, whose mountains high
The barriers of this world had been,
His cottage home, and each dear scene
His haunt from earliest infancy,
He left, to Love's fair fane to bring
His simple wild-flower offering.

* Sacrifices were offered at this festival for the appeasing of all public and private dissensions. Autobulus, in the beginning of Plutarch's Erotic dialogue, says, that his father and mother, when first married, went to the Thespian festival, to sacrifice to Love, on account of a quarrel between their parents.

She with whose life his life was twined,
His own Calliroë, long had pined
With some strange ill, and none could find
What secret cause did thus consume
That peerless maiden's roseate bloom:
The Asclepian sage's skill was vain;
And vainly have their vows been paid
To Pan, beneath the odorous shade
Of his tall pine; and other aid
Must needs be sought to save the maid:
And hence Anthemion came, to try
In Thespiæ's old solemnity,
If such a lover's prayers may gain
From Love in his primæval fane.
He mingled in the votive train,
That moved around the altar's base.
Every statue's beauteous face
Was turned towards that central altar.
Why did Anthemion's footsteps falter?
Why paused he, like a tale-struck child,
Whom darkness fills with fancies wild?
A vision strange his sense had bound:
It seemed the brazen statue frowned—
The marble statue smiled.
A moment, and the semblance fled:
And when again he lifts his head,
Each sculptured face alone presents
Its fixed and placid lineaments.
He bore a simple wild-flower wreath:
Narcissus, and the sweet-briar rose;
Vervain, and flexile thyme, that breathe
Rich fragrance; modest heath, that glows
With purple bells; the amaranth bright,
That no decay nor fading knows,
Like true love's holiest, rarest light;
And every purest flower, that blows
In that sweet time, which Love most blesses,
When spring on summer's confines presses.
Beside the altar's foot he stands,
And murmurs low his suppliant vow,
And now uplifts with duteous hands
The votive wild-flower wreath, and now—

At once, as when in vernal night
Comes pale frost or eastern blight,
Sweeping with destructive wing
Banks untimely blossoming,
Droops the wreath, the wild-flowers die;
One by one on earth they lie,
Blighted strangely, suddenly.
His brain swims round; portentous fear
Across his wildered fancy flies:
Shall death thus seize his maiden dear?
Does Love reject his sacrifice?
He caught the arm of a damsel near,
And soft sweet accents smote his ear:
—"What ails thee, stranger? Leaves are sear,
And flowers are dead, and fields are drear,
And streams are wild, and skies are bleak,
And white with snow each mountain's peak.
When winter rules the year;
And children grieve, as if for aye
Leaves, flowers, and birds were past away:
But buds and blooms again are seen,
And fields are gay, and hills are green,
And streams are bright, and sweet birds sing;
And where is the infant's sorrowing?"—
Dimly he heard the words she said,
Nor well their latent meaning drew;
But languidly he raised his head,
And on the damsel fixed his view.
Was it a form of mortal mould
That did his dazzled sense impress?
Even painful from its loveliness!
Her bright hair in the moonbeams glowing,
A rose-bud wreath above confined,
From whence, as from a fountain, flowing,
Long ringlets round her temples twined,
And fell in many a graceful fold,
Streaming in curls of feathery lightness
Around her neck's marmoreal whiteness.
Love, in the smile that round her lips,
Twin roses of persuasion, played,
—Nectaries of balmier sweets than sips
The Hymettian bee,—his ambush laid;

And his own shafts of liquid fire
Came on the soul with sweet surprise,
Through the soft dews of young desire
That trembled in her large dark eyes;
But in those eyes there seemed to move
A flame, almost too bright for love,
That shone, with intermitting flashes,
Beneath their long deep-shadowy lashes.
—"What ails thee, youth?"—her lips repeat,
In tones more musically sweet
Than breath of shepherd's twilight reed,
From far to woodland echo borne,
That floats like dew o'er stream and mead,
And whispers peace to souls that mourn.
—"What ails thee, youth?"—"A fearful sign
For one whose dear sake led me hither:
Love repels me from his shrine,
And seems to say: That maid divine
Like those ill-omened flowers shall wither."—
—"Flowers may die on many a stem;
Fruits may fall from many a tree;
Not the more for loss of them
Shall this fair world a desert be:
Thou in every grove will see
Fruits and flowers enough for thee.
Stranger! I with thee will share
The votive fruits and flowers I bear,
Rich in fragrance, fresh in bloom;
These may find a happier doom:
If they change not, fade not now,
I deem that Love accepts thy vow."—
The youth, mistrustless, from the maid
Received, and on the altar laid
The votive wreath: it did not fade;
And she on his her offering threw.
Did fancy cloud Anthemion's view?
Or did those sister garlands fair
Indeed entwine and blend again,
Wreathed into one, even as they were,
Ere she, their brilliant sweets to share,
Unwove their flowery chain?

She fixed on him her radiant eyes,
And—"Love's propitious power,"—she said,—
"Accepts thy second sacrifice.
The sun descends tow'rds ocean's bed.
Day by day the sun doth set,
And day by day the sun doth rise,
And grass, with evening dew-drops wet,
The morning radiance dries:
And what if beauty slept, where peers
That mossy grass? and lover's tears
Were mingled with that evening dew?
The morning sun would dry them too.
Many a loving heart is near,
That shall its plighted love forsake:
Many lips are breathing here
Vows a few short days will break:
Many, lone amidst mankind,
Claim from love's unpitying power
The kindred heart they ne'er shall find:
Many, at this festal hour,
Joyless in the joyous scene,
Pass, with idle glance unmoved,
Even those whom they could best have loved,
Had means of mutual knowledge been:
Some meet for once and part for aye,
Like thee and me, and scarce a day
Shall each by each remembered be:
But take the flower I give to thee,
And till it fades remember me."—
Anthemion answered not: his brain
Was troubled with conflicting thought:
A dim and dizzy sense of pain
That maid's surpassing beauty brought;
And strangely on his fancy wrought
Her mystic moralizings, fraught
With half-prophetic sense, and breathed
In tones so sweetly wild.
Unconsciously the flower he took,
And with absorbed admiring look
Gazed, as with fascinated eye
The lone bard gazes on the sky,
Who, in the bright clouds rolled and wreathed

Around the sun's descending car,
Sees shadowy rocks sublimely piled,
And phantom standards wide unfurled,
And towers of an aërial world
Embattled for unearthly war.
So stood Anthemion, till among
The mazes of the festal throng
The damsel from his sight had past;
Yet well he marked that once she cast
A backward look, perchance to see
If he watched her still so fixedly.

CANTO II.

Does Love so weave his subtle spell,
So closely bind his golden chain,
That only one fair form may dwell
In dear remembrance, and in vain
May other beauty seek to gain
A place that idol form beside
In feelings all pre-occupied?
Or does one radiant image, shrined
Within the inmost soul's recess,
Exalt, expand, and make the mind
A temple, to receive and bless
All forms of kindred loveliness?

Howbeit, as from those myrtle bowers,
And that bright altar crowned with flowers,
Anthemion turned, as thought's wild stream
Its interrupted course resumed,
Still, like the phantom of a dream,
Before his dazzled memory bloomed
The image of that maiden strange:
Yet not a passing thought of change
He knew, nor once his fancy strayed
From his long-loved Arcadian maid.
Vaguely his mind the scene retraced,
Image on image wildly driven.
As in his bosom's fold he placed
The flower that radiant nymph had given.
With idle steps, at random bent,
Through Thespia's crowded ways he went;

And on his troubled ear the strains
Of choral music idly smote;
And with vacant eye he saw the trains
Of youthful dancers round him float,
As the musing bard from his sylvan seat
Looks on the dance of the noontide heat,
Or the play of the watery flowers, that quiver
In the eddies of a lowland river.
Around, beside him, to and fro,
The assembled thousands hurrying go.
These the palæstric sports invite,
Where courage, strength, and skill contend;
The gentler Muses those delight,
Where throngs of silent listeners bend
While rival bards, with lips of fire,
Attune to love the impassioned lyre;
Or where the mimic scene displays
Some solemn tale of elder days,
Despairing Phædra's vengeful doom,
Alcestis' love too dearly tried,
Or Hæmon dying on the tomb
That closes o'er his living bride.*
But choral dance, and bardic strain,
Palæstric sport, and scenic tale,
Around Anthemion spread in vain
Their mixed attractions: sad and pale
He moved along, in musing sadness,
Amid all sights and sounds of gladness.
A sudden voice his musings broke.
He looked; an aged man was near,
Of rugged brow, and eye severe.
—"What evil,"—thus the stranger spoke,—
"Has this our city done to thee,
Ill-omened boy, that thou should'st be
A blot on our solemnity?
Or what Alastor bade thee wear
That laurel-rose, to Love profane,
Whose leaves in semblance falsely fair
Of Love's maternal flower, contain

* The allusions are to the Hippolytus and Alcestis of Euripides, and to the Antigone of Sophocles.

For purest fragrance deadliest bane?*
Art thou a scorner? dost thou throw
Defiance at his power? Beware!
Full soon thy impious youth may know
What pangs his shafts of anger bear;
For not the sun's descending dart,
Nor yet the lightning-brand of Jove,
Fall like the shaft that strikes the heart
Thrown by the mightier hand of Love."—
—"Oh stranger! not with impious thought
My steps this holy rite have sought.
With pious heart and offerings due
I mingled in the votive train;
Nor did I deem this flower profane;
Nor she, I ween, its evil knew,

* Τα δε ῥοδα εκεινα ουκ ην ῥοδα αληθινα· τα δ' ην της αγριας δαφνης φυομενα· ῥοδοδαφνην αυτην καλουσιν ανθρωποι· κακον αριστον ονῳ τουτο πασιν, και ἱππῳ· φασι γαρ τον φαγοντα αποθνησκειν αυτικα. Lucianus in Asino.—"These roses were not true roses: they were flowers of the wild laurel, which men call rhododaphne, or rose-laurel. It is a bad dinner for either horse or ass, the eating of it being attended by immediate death." Apuleius has amplified this passage: "I observed from afar the deep shades of a leafy grove, through whose diversified and abundant verdure shone the snowy colour of refulgent roses. As my perceptions and feelings were not asinine like my shape,* I judged it to be a sacred grove of Venus and the Graces, where the celestial splendour of their genial flower glittered through the dark-green shades. I invoked the propitious power of joyful Event, and sprang forward with such velocity, as if I were not indeed an ass, but the horse of an Olympic charioteer. But this splendid effort of energy could not enable me to outrun the cruelty of my fortune. For on approaching the spot, I saw, not those tender and delicate roses, the offspring of auspicious bushes, whose fragrant leaves make nectar of the morning-dew; nor yet the deep wood I had seemed to see from afar; but only a thick line of trees skirting the edge of a river. These trees, clothed with an abundant and laurel-like foliage, from which they stretch forth the cups of their pale and inodorous flowers, are called, among the unlearned rustics, by the far from rustic appellation of laurel-roses: the eating of which is mortal to all quadrupeds. Thus entangled by evil fate, and despairing of safety, I was on the point of swallowing the poison of those fictitious roses," &c. Pliny says, that this plant, though poison to quadrupeds, is an antidote to men against the venom of serpents.

* This is spoken in the character of Lucius, who has been changed into an ass by a Thessalian ointment, and can be restored to his true shape only by the eating of roses.

That radiant girl, who bade me cherish
Her memory till its bloom should perish."—
—"Who, and what, and whence was she?"—
—"A stranger till this hour to me."—
—"Oh youth, beware! that laurel-rose
Around Larissa's evil walls
In tufts of rank luxuriance grows,
'Mid dreary valleys, by the falls
Of haunted streams; and magic knows
No herb or plant of deadlier might,
When impious footsteps wake by night
The echoes of those dismal dells,
What time the murky midnight dew
Trembles on many a leaf and blossom,
That draws from earth's polluted bosom
Mysterious virtue, to imbue
The chalice of unnatural spells.
Oft, those dreary rocks among,
The murmurs of unholy song,
Breathed by lips as fair as hers
By whose false hands that flower was given,
The solid earth's firm breast have riven,
And burst the silent sepulchres,
And called strange shapes of ghastly fear,
To hold, beneath the sickening moon,
Portentous parle, at night's deep noon,
With beauty skilled in mysteries drear.
Oh, youth! Larissa's maids are fair;
But the dæmons of the earth and air
Their spells obey, their councils share,
And wide o'er earth and ocean bear
Their mandates to the storms that tear
The rock-enrooted oak, and sweep
With whirlwind wings the labouring deep.
Their words of power can make the streams
Roll refluent on their mountain-springs,
Can torture sleep with direful dreams,
And on the shapes of earthly things,
Man, beast, bird, fish, with influence strange,
Breathe foul and fearful interchange,
And fix in marble bonds the form
Erewhile with natural being warm,

And give to senseless stones and stocks
Motion, and breath, and shape that mocks,
As far as nicest eye can scan,
The action and the life of man.
Beware! yet once again beware!
Ere round thy inexperienced mind,
With voice and semblance falsely fair,
A chain Thessalian magic bind,
Which never more, oh youth! believe,
Shall either earth or heaven unweave."—
While yet he spoke, the morning scene,
In more portentous hues arrayed,
Dwelt on Anthemion's mind: a shade
Of deeper mystery veiled the mien
And words of that refulgent maid.
The frown, that, ere he breathed his vow,
Dwelt on the brazen statue's brow;
His votive flowers, so strangely blighted;
The wreath her beauteous hands untwined
To share with him, that, self-combined,
Its sister tendrils reunited,
Strange sympathy! as in his mind
These forms of troubled memory blended
With dreams of evil undefined,
Of magic and Thessalian guile,
Now by the warning voice portended
Of that mysterious man, awhile,
Even when the stranger's speech had ended,
He stood as if he listened still.
At length he said:—"Oh, reverend stranger!
Thy solemn words are words of fear.
Not for myself I shrink from danger;
But there is one to me more dear
Than all within this earthly sphere,
And many are the omens ill
That threaten her: to Jove's high will
We bow; but if in human skill
Be ought of aid or expiation
That may this peril turn away,
For old Experience holds his station
On that grave brow, oh stranger! say."—
—"Oh youth! experience sad indeed

Is mine; and should I tell my tale,
Therein thou might'st too clearly read
How little may all aid avail
To him, whose hapless steps around
Thessalian spells their chains have bound:
And yet such counsel as I may
I give to thee. Ere close of day
Seek thou the planes, whose broad shades fall
On the stream that laves yon mountain's base:
There on thy Natal Genius call*
For aid, and with averted face
Give to the stream that flower, nor look
Upon the running wave again;
For, if thou should'st, the sacred plane
Has heard thy suppliant vows in vain;
Nor then thy Natal Genius can,
Nor Phœbus, nor Arcadian Pan,
Dissolve thy tenfold chain."—
The stranger said, and turned away.
Anthemion sought the plane-grove's shade.
'Twas near the closing hour of day.
The slanting sunbeam's golden ray,
That through the massy foliage made
Scarce here and there a passage, played
Upon the silver-eddying stream,
Even on the rocky channel throwing
Through the clear flood its golden gleam.
The bright waves danced beneath the beam
To the music of their own sweet flowing.
The flowering sallows on the bank,
Beneath the o'ershadowing plane-trees wreathing
In sweet association, drank
The grateful moisture, round them breathing
Soft fragrance through the lonely wood.
There, where the mingling foliage wove

* The plane was sacred to the Genius, as the oak to Jupiter, the olive to Minerva, the palm to the Muses, the myrtle and rose to Venus, the laurel to Apollo, the ash to Mars, the beech to Hercules, the pine to Pan, the fir and ivy to Bacchus, the cypress to Sylvanus, the cedar to the Eumenides, the yew and poppy to Ceres, &c. "I swear to you," says Socrates in the Phædrus of Plato, "by any one of the gods, if you will by this plane."

Its closest bower, two altars stood,
This to the Genius of the Grove,
That to the Naiad of the Flood.
So light a breath was on the trees,
That rather like a spirit's sigh
Than motion of an earthly breeze,
Among the summits broad and high
Of those tall planes its whispers stirred;
And save that gentlest symphony
Of air and stream, no sound was heard,
But of the solitary bird,
That aye, at summer's evening hour,
When music save her own is none,
Attunes, from her invisible bower,
Her hymn to the descending sun.
Anthemion paused upon the shore:
All thought of magic's impious lore,
All dread of evil powers, combined
Against his peace, attempered ill
With that sweet scene; and on his mind
Fair, graceful, gentle, radiant still,
The form of that strange damsel came;
And something like a sense of shame
He felt, as if his coward thought
Foul wrong to guileless beauty wrought.
At length—"Oh radiant girl!"—he said,—
"If in the cause that bids me tread
These banks, be mixed injurious dread
Of thy fair thoughts, the fears of love
Must with thy injured kindness plead
My pardon for the wrongful deed.
Ye Nymphs and Sylvan Gods, that rove
The precincts of this sacred wood!
Thou, Achelöus' gentle daughter,
Bright Naiad of this beauteous water!
And thou, my Natal Genius good!
Lo! with pure hands the crystal flood
Collecting, on these altars blest,
Libation holiest, brightest, best,
I pour. If round my footsteps dwell
Unholy sign or evil spell,
Receive me in your guardian sway;

And thou, oh gentle Naiad! bear
With this false flower those spells away,
If such be lingering there."—
  Then from the stream he turned his view,
And o'er his back the flower he threw.
Hark! from the wave a sudden cry,
Of one in last extremity,
A voice as of a drowning maid!
The echoes of the sylvan shade
Gave response long and drear.
He starts: he does not turn. Again!
It is Calliroë's cry! In vain
Could that dear maiden's cry of pain
Strike on Anthemion's ear?
At once, forgetting all beside,
He turned to plunge into the tide,
But all again was still:
The sun upon the surface bright
Poured his last line of crimson light,
Half-sunk behind the hill:
But through the solemn plane-trees past
The pinions of a mightier blast,
And in its many-sounding sweep,
Among the foliage broad and deep,
Aërial voices seemed to sigh,
As if the spirits of the grove
Mourned, in prophetic sympathy
With some disastrous love.

CANTO III.

By living streams, in sylvan shades,
Where winds and waves symphonious make
Sweet melody, the youths and maids
No more with coral music wake
Lone Echo from her tangled brake,
On Pan, or Sylvan Genius, calling,
Naiad or Nymph, in suppliant song:
No more by living fountain, falling
The poplar's circling bower among,
Where pious hands have carved of yore
Rude bason for its lucid store

And reared the grassy altar nigh,
The traveller, when the sun rides high,
For cool refreshment lingering there,
Pours to the Sister Nymphs his prayer.
Yet still the green vales smile: the springs
Gush forth in light: the forest weaves
Its own wild bowers; the breeze's wings
Make music in their rustling leaves;
But 'tis no spirit's breath that sighs
Among their tangled canopies:
In ocean's caves no Nereid dwells:
No Oread walks the mountain-dells:
The streams no sedge-crowned Genii roll
From bounteous urn: great Pan is dead:
The life, the intellectual soul
Of vale, and grove, and stream, has fled
For ever with the creed sublime
That nursed the Muse of earlier time.

The broad moon rose o'er Thespia's walls,
And on the light wind's swells and falls
Came to Anthemion's ear the sounds
Of dance, and song, and festal pleasure,
As slowly tow'rds the city's bounds
He turned, his backward steps to measure.
But with such sounds his heart confessed
No sympathy: his mind was pressed
With thoughts too heavy to endure
The contrast of a scene so gay;
And from the walls he turned away,
To where, in distant moonlight pure,
Mount Helicon's conspicuous height
Rose in the dark-blue vault of night.
Along the solitary road
Alone he went; for who but he
On that fair night would absent be
From Thespia's joyous revelry?
The sounds that on the soft air flowed
By slow degrees in distance died:
And now he climbed the rock's steep side,
Where frowned o'er sterile regions wide

Neptunian Ascra's ruined tower :*
Memorial of gigantic power :
But thoughts more dear and more refined
Awakening, in the pensive mind,
Of him, the Muses' gentlest son,
The shepherd-bard of Helicón,
Whose song, to peace and wisdom dear,
The Aonian Dryads loved to hear.
By Aganippe's fountain-wave
Anthemion passed : the moonbeams fell
Pale on the darkness of the cave,
Within whose mossy rock-hewn cell
The sculptured form of Linus stood,
Primæval bard. The Nymphs for him
Through every spring, and mountain flood,
Green vale, and twilight woodland dim,
Long wept : all living nature wept
For Linus ; when, in minstrel strife,
Apollo's wrath from love and life
The child of music swept.
The Muses' grove is nigh. He treads
Its sacred precincts. O'er him spreads
The palm's aërial canopy,
That, nurtured by perennial springs,
Around its summit broad and high
Its light and branchy foliage flings,
Arching in graceful symmetry.
Among the tall stems jagg'd and bare
Luxuriant laurel interweaves
An undershade of myriad leaves,
Here black in rayless masses, there
In partial moonlight glittering fair ;
And wheresoe'er the barren rock
Peers through the grassy soil, its roots

* Ascra derived its name from a nymph, of whom Neptune was enamoured. She bore him a son named Œoclus, who built Ascra in conjunction with the giants Ophus and Ephialtes, who were also sons of Neptune, by Iphimedia, the wife of Alœus. Pausanias mentions, that nothing but a solitary tower of Ascra was remaining in his time. Strabo describes it as having a lofty and rugged site. It was the birth-place of Hesiod, who gives a dismal picture of it.

The sweet andrachne strikes, to mock *
Sterility, and profusely shoots
Its light boughs, rich with ripening fruits.
The moonbeams, through the chequering shade,
Upon the silent temple played,
The Muses' fane. The nightingale,
Those consecrated bowers among,
Poured on the air a warbled tale,
So sweet, that scarcely from her nest,
Where Orpheus' hallowed relics rest,
She breathes a sweeter song.†
A scene, whose power the maniac sense
Of passion's wildest mood might own !
Anthemion felt its influence :
His fancy drank the soothing tone
Of all that tranquil loveliness ;
And health and bloom returned to bless
His dear Calliroë, and the groves
And rocks where pastoral Ladon roves
Bore record of their blissful loves.
List ! there is music on the wind !
Sweet music ! seldom mortal ear
On sounds so tender, so refined,
Has dwelt. Perchance some Muse is near,
Euterpe, or Polymnia bright,
Or Erato, whose gentle lyre
Responds to love and young desire !
It is the central hour of night :
The time is holy, lone, severe,
And mortals may not linger here !
Still on the air those wild notes fling
Their airy spells of voice and string,
In sweet accordance, sweeter made
By response soft from caverned shade.
He turns to where a lovely glade

* "The andrachne," says Pausanias, "grows abundantly in Helicon, and bears fruit of incomparable sweetness."—Pliny says, "It is the same plant which is called in Latin illecebra : it grows on rocks, and is gathered for food."

† It was said by the Thracians, that those nightingales which had their nests about the tomb of Orpheus, sang more sweetly and powerfully than any others.—Pausanias, l. ix.

Sleeps in the open moonlight's smile,
A natural fane, whose ample bound
The palm's columnar stems surround,
A wild and stately peristyle;
Save where their interrupted ring
Bends on the consecrated cave,
From whose dark arch, with tuneful wave,
Libethrus issues, sacred spring.
Beside its gentle murmuring,
A maiden, on a mossy stone,
Full in the moonlight, sits alone:
Her eyes, with humid radiance bright,
As if a tear had dimmed their light,
Are fixed upon the moon; her hair
Flows long and loose in the light soft air;
A golden lyre her white hands bear;
Its chords, beneath her fingers fleet,
To such wild symphonies awake,
Her sweet lips breathe a song so sweet,
That the echoes of the cave repeat
Its closes with as soft a sigh,
As if they almost feared to break
The magic of its harmony.
Oh! there was passion in the sound,
Intensest passion, strange and deep;
Wild breathings of a soul, around
Whose every pulse one hope had bound,
One burning hope, which might not sleep.
But hark! that wild and solemn swell!
And was there in those tones a spell,
Which none may disobey? For lo!
Anthemion from the sylvan shade
Moves with reluctant steps and slow,
And in the lonely moonlight glade
He stands before the radiant maid.
She ceased her song, and with a smile
She welcomed him, but nothing said:
And silently he stood the while,
And tow'rds the ground he drooped his head,
As if he shrunk beneath the light
Of those dark eyes so dazzling bright.
At length she spoke:—"The flower was fair
I bade thee till its fading wear:

And didst thou scorn the boon,
Or died the flower so soon?"—
—"It did not fade,
Oh radiant maid!
But Thespia's rites its use forbade,
To Love's vindictive power profane:
If soothly spoke the reverend seer,
Whose voice rebuked, with words severe,
Its beauty's secret bane."—
—"The world, oh youth! deems many wise,
Who dream at noon with waking eyes,
While spectral fancy round them flings
Phantoms of unexisting things;
Whose truth is lies, whose paths are error,
Whose gods are fiends, whose heaven is terror;
And such a slave has been with thee,
And thou, in thy simplicity,
Hast deemed his idle sayings truth.
The flower I gave thee, thankless youth!
The harmless flower thy hand rejected,
Was fair: my native river sees
Its verdure and its bloom reflected
Wave in the eddies and the breeze.
My mother felt its beauty's claim,
And gave, in sportive fondness wild,
Its name to me, her only child."—
—"Then RHODODAPHNE is thy name?"—
Anthemion said: the maiden bent
Her head in token of assent.
—"Say once again, if sooth I deem,
Peneus is thy native stream?"—
—"Down Pindus' steep Peneus falls,
And swift and clear through hill and dale
It flows, and by Larissa's walls,
And through wild Tempe, loveliest vale;
And on its banks the cypress gloom
Waves round my father's lonely tomb.
My mother's only child am I:
'Mid Tempe's sylvan rocks we dwell;
And from my earliest infancy,
The darling of our cottage-dell

For its bright leaves and clusters fair,
My namesake flower has bound my hair.
With costly gift and flattering song,
Youths, rich and valiant, sought my love.
They moved me not. I shunned the throng
Of suitors, for the mountain-grove
Where Sylvan Gods and Oreads rove.
The Muses, whom I worship here,
Had breathed their influence on my being,
Keeping my youthful spirit clear
From all corrupting thoughts, and freeing
My footsteps from the crowd, to tread
Beside the torrent's echoing bed,
'Mid wind-tost pines, on steeps aërial,
Where elemental Genii throw
Effluence of natures more ethereal
Than vulgar minds can feel or know.
Oft on those steeps, at earliest dawn,
The world in mist beneath me lay,
Whose vapoury curtains, half withdrawn,
Revealed the flow of Therma's bay,
Red with the nascent light of day;
Till full from Athos' distant height
The sun poured down his golden beams
Scattering the mists like morning dreams,
And rocks and lakes and isles and streams
Burst, like creation, into light.
In noontide bowers the bubbling springs,
In evening vales the winds that sigh
To eddying rivers murmuring by,
Have heard to these symphonious strings
The rocks and caverned glens reply.
Spirits that love the moonlight hour
Have met me on the shadowy hill:
Dream'st thou of Magic? of the power
That makes the blood of life run chill,
And shakes the world with dæmon skill?
Beauty is Magic; grace and song;
Fair form, light motion, airy sound:
Frail webs! and yet a chain more strong
They weave the strongest hearts around,
Than e'er Alcides' arm unbound:

And such a chain I weave round thee,
Though but with mortal witchery."—
  His eyes and ears had drank the charm.
The damsel rose, and on his arm
She laid her hand. Through all his frame
The soft touch thrilled like liquid flame;
But on his mind Calliroë came
All pale and sad, her sweet eyes dim
With tears which for herself and him
Fell: by that modest image mild
Recalled, inspired, Anthemion strove
Against the charm that now beguiled
His sense, and cried, in accents wild,
—"Oh maid! I have another love!"—
  But still she held his arm, and spoke
Again in accents thrilling sweet:
—"In Tempe's vale a lonely oak
Has felt the storms of ages beat:
Blasted by the lightning-stroke,
A hollow, leafless, branchless trunk
It stands; but in its giant cell
A mighty sylvan power doth dwell,
An old and holy oracle.
Kneeling by that ancient tree,
I sought the voice of destiny,
And in my ear these accents sunk:
'Waste not in loneliness thy bloom:
With flowers the Thespian altar dress:
The youth whom Love's mysterious doom
Assigns to thee, thy sight shall bless
With no ambiguous loveliness;
And thou, amid the joyous scene,
Shalt know him, by his mournful mien,
And by the paleness of his cheek,
And by the sadness of his eye,
And by his withered flowers, and by
The language thy own heart shall speak.'
And I did know thee, youth! and thou
Art mine, and I thy bride must be.
Another love! the gods allow
No other love to thee or me!"
  She gathered up her glittering hair,

And round his neck its tresses threw,
And twined her arms of beauty rare
Around him, and the light curls drew
In closer bands: ethereal dew
Of love and young desire was swimming
In her bright eyes, albeit not dimming
Their starry radiance, rather brightning
Their beams with passion's liquid lightning.
She clasped him to her throbbing breast,
And on his lips her lips she prest,
And cried the while
With joyous smile:
—"These lips are mine; the spells have won them,
Which round and round thy soul I twine;
And be the kiss I print upon them
Poison to all lips but mine!"—
Dizzy awhile Anthemion stood,
With thirst-parched lips and fevered blood,
In those enchanting ringlets twined:
The fane, the cave, the moonlight wood,
The world, and all the world enshrined,
Seemed melting from his troubled mind:
But those last words the thought recalled
Of his Calliroë, and appalled
His mind with many a nameless fear
For her, so good, so mild, so dear.
With sudden start of gentle force
From Rhododaphne's arms he sprung,
And swifter than the torrent's course
From rock to rock in tumult flung,
Adown the steeps of Helicon,
By spring, and cave, and tower, he fled,
But turned from Thespia's walls, and on
Along the rocky way, that led
Tow'rds the Corinthian Isthmus, sped,
Impatient to behold again
His cottage-home by Ladon's side,
And her, for whose dear sake his brain
Was giddy with foreboding pain,
Fairest of Ladon's virgin train,
His own long-destined bride.

CANTO IV.

Magic and mystery, spells Circæan,
The Siren voice, that calmed the sea,
And steeped the soul in dews Lethæan;
The enchanted chalice, sparkling free
With wine, amid whose ruby glow
Love couched, with madness linked and woe;
Mantle and zone, whose woof beneath
Lurked wily grace, in subtle wreath
With blandishment and young desire
And soft persuasion intertwined,
Whose touch, with sympathetic fire,
Could melt at once the sternest mind;
Have passed away: for vestal Truth
Young Fancy's foe, and Reason chill,
Have chased the dreams that charmed the youth
Of nature and the world, which still,
Amid that vestal light severe,
Our colder spirits leap to hear
Like echoes from a fairy hill.
Yet deem not so. The Power of Spells
Still lingers on the earth, but dwells
In deeper folds of close disguise,
That baffle Reason's searching eyes:
Nor shall that mystic Power resign
To Truth's cold sway his webs of guile,
Till woman's eyes have ceased to shine,
And woman's lips have ceased to smile,
And woman's voice has ceased to be
The earthly soul of melody.

A night and day had passed away:
A second night. A second day
Had risen. The noon on vale and hill
Was glowing, and the pensive herds
In rocky pool and sylvan rill
The shadowy coolness sought. The birds
Among their leafy bowers were still,
Save where the red-breast on the pine,
In thickest ivy's sheltering nest,
Attuned a lonely song divine,

To soothe old Pan's meridian rest.*
The stream's eternal eddies played
In light and music; on its edge
The soft light air scarce moved the sedge:
The bees a pleasant murmuring made
On thymy bank and flowery hedge:
From field to field the grasshopper
Kept up his joyous descant shrill;
When once again the wanderer,
With arduous travel faint and pale,
Beheld his own Arcadian vale.
From Oryx, down the sylvan way,
With hurried pace the youth proceeds.
Sweet Ladon's waves beside him stray
In dear companionship: the reeds
Seem, whispering on the margin clear,
The doom of Syrinx to rehearse,
Ladonian Syrinx, name most dear
To music and Mænalian verse.
It is the Aphrodisian grove.
Anthemion's home is near. He sees
The light smoke rising from the trees
That shade the dwelling of his love.
Sad bodings, shadowy fears of ill,
Pressed heavier on him, in wild strife
With many-wandering hope, that still
Leaves on the darkest clouds of life
Some vestige of her radiant way:
But soon those torturing struggles end;
For where the poplar silver-gray
And dark associate cedar blend
Their hospitable shade, before
One human dwelling's well-known door,
Old Pheidon sits, and by his side
His only child, his age's pride,
Herself, Anthemion's destined bride.
She hears his coming tread. She flies
To meet him. Health is on her cheeks,
And pleasure sparkles in her eyes,

* It was the custom of Pan to repose from the chase at noon.—THEOCRITUS, Id. I.

And their soft light a welcome speaks
More eloquent than words. Oh, joy!
The maid he left so fast consuming,
Whom death, impatient to destroy,
Had marked his prey, now rosy-blooming,
And beaming like the morning star
With loveliness and love, has flown
To welcome him: his cares fly far,
Like clouds when storms are overblown;
For where such perfect transports reign
Even memory has no place for pain.
The poet's task were passing sweet,
If, when he tells how lovers meet,
One half the flow of joy, that flings
Its magic on that blissful hour,
Could touch, with sympathetic power,
His lyre's accordant strings.
It may not be. The lyre is mute,
When venturous minstrelsy would suit
Its numbers to so dear a theme:
But many a gentle maid, I deem,
Whose heart has known and felt the like,
Can hear, in fancy's kinder dream,
The chords I dare not strike.
They spread a banquet in the shade
Of those old trees. The friendly board
Calliroë's beauteous hands arrayed,
With self-requiting toil, and poured
In fair-carved bowl the sparkling wine.
In order due Anthemion made
Libation, to Olympian Jove,
Arcadian Pan, and Thespian Love,
And Bacchus, giver of the vine.
The generous draught dispelled the sense
Of weariness. His limbs were light:
His heart was free: Love banished thence
All forms but one most dear, most bright:
And ever with insatiate sight
He gazed upon the maid, and listened,
Absorbed in ever new delight
To that dear voice, whose balmy sighing
To his full joy blest response gave,

Like music doubly-sweet replying
From twilight echo's sylvan cave;
And her mild eyes with soft rays glistened,
Imparting and reflecting pleasure;
For this is Love's terrestrial treasure,
That in participation lives,
And evermore, the more it gives,
Itself abounds in fuller measure.
Old Pheidon felt his heart expand
With joy that from their joy had birth,
And said: "Anthemion! Love's own hand
Is here, and mighty on the earth
Is he, the primogenial power,
Whose sacred grove and antique fane
Thy prompted footsteps, not in vain,
Have sought; for, on the day and hour
Of his incipient rite, most strange
And sudden was Calliroë's change.
The sickness under which she bowed,
Swiftly, as though it ne'er had been,
Passed, like the shadow of a cloud
From April's hills of green.
And bliss once more is yours; and mine
In seeing yours, and more than this;
For ever, in our children's bliss,
The sun of our past youth doth shine
Upon our age anew. Divine
No less than our own Pan must be
To us Love's bounteous deity;
And round our old and hallowed pine
The myrtle and the rose must twine,
Memorial of the Thespian shrine."—
'Twas strange indeed, Anthemion thought,
That, in the hour when omens dread
Most tortured him, such change was wrought;
But love and hope their lustre shed
On all his visions now, and led
His memory from the mystic train
Of fears which that strange damsel wove
Around him in the Thespian fane
And in the Heliconian grove.
Eve came, and twilight's balmy hour:

Alone, beneath the cedar bower,
The lovers sate, in converse dear
Retracing many a backward year,
Their infant sports in field and grove,
Their mutual tasks, their dawning love,
Their mingled tears of past distress,
Now all absorbed in happiness;
And oft would Fancy intervene
To throw, on many a pictured scene
Of life's untrodden path, such gleams
Of golden light, such blissful dreams,
As in young Love's enraptured eye
Hope almost made reality.
So in that dear accustomed shade,
With Ladon flowing at their feet,
Together sate the youth and maid,
In that uncertain shadowy light
When day and darkness mingling meet.
Her bright eyes ne'er had seemed so bright,
Her sweet voice ne'er had seemed so sweet,
As then they seemed. Upon his neck
Her head was resting, and her eyes
Were raised to his, for no disguise
Her feelings knew; untaught to check,
As in these days more worldly wise,
The heart's best purest sympathies.
Fond youth! her lips are near to thine:
The ringlets of her temples twine
Against thy cheek: oh! more or less
Than mortal wert thou not to press
Those ruby lips! Or does it dwell
Upon thy mind, that fervid spell
Which Rhododaphne breathed upon
Thy lips erewhile in Helicon?
Ah! pause, rash boy! bethink thee yet:
And canst thou then the charm forget?
Or dost thou scorn its import vain
As vision of a fevered brain?
Oh! he has kissed Callirroë's lips!
And with the touch the maid grew pale,
And sudden shade of strange eclipse
Drew o'er her eyes its dusky veil.

As droops the meadow-pink its head,
By the rude scythe in summer's prime
Cleft from its parent stem, and spread
On earth to wither ere its time,
Even so the flower of Ladon faded,
Swifter than, when the sun had shaded
In the young storm his setting ray,
The western radiance dies away.
He pressed her heart: no pulse was there.
Before her lips his hand he placed:
No breath was in them. Wild despair
Came on him, as, with sudden waste,
When snows dissolve in vernal rain,
The mountain-torrent on the plain
Descends; and with that fearful swell
Of passionate grief, the midnight spell
Of the Thessalian maid recurred,
Distinct in every fatal word:
—"These lips are mine; the spells have won them,
Which round and round thy soul I twine;
And be the kiss I print upon them
Poison to all lips but mine!"—
—"Oh, thou art dead, my love!"—he cried—
"Art dead, and I have murdered thee!"—
He started up in agony.
The beauteous maiden from his side
Sunk down on earth. Like one who slept
She lay, still, cold, and pale of hue;
And her long hair all loosely swept
The thin grass, wet with evening dew.
He could not weep; but anguish burned
Within him like consuming flame.
He shrieked: the distant rocks returned
The voice of woe. Old Pheidon came
In terror forth: he saw; and wild
With misery fell upon his child,
And cried aloud, and rent his hair.
Stung by the voice of his despair,
And by the intolerable thought
That he, how innocent soe'er,
Had all this grief and ruin wrought,
And urged perchance by secret might

Of magic spells, that drew their chain
More closely round his phrenzied brain,
Beneath the swiftly-closing night
Anthemion sprang away, and fled
O'er plain and steep, with frantic tread,
As Passion's aimless impulse led.

CANTO V.

THOUGH Pity's self has made thy breast
Its earthly shrine, oh gentle maid!
Shed not thy tears, where Love's last rest
Is sweet beneath the cypress shade;
Whence never voice of tyrant power,
Nor trumpet-blast from rending skies,
Nor winds that howl, nor storms that lower,
Shall bid the sleeping sufferer rise.
But mourn for them, who live to keep
Sad strife with fortune's tempests rude;
For them, who live to toil and weep
In loveless, joyless solitude;
Whose days consume in hope, that flies
Like clouds of gold that fading float,
Still watched with fondlier lingering eyes
As still more dim and more remote.
Oh! wisely, truly, sadly sung
The bard by old Cephisus' side,*
(While not with sadder, sweeter tongue,
His own loved nightingale replied:)
"Man's happiest lot is NOT TO BE;
And when we tread life's thorny steep,
Most blest are they, who, earliest free,
Descend to death's eternal sleep."—

Long, wide, and far, the youth has strayed,
Forlorn, and pale, and wild with woe,
And found no rest. His loved, lost maid,
A beauteous, sadly-smiling shade,
Is ever in his thoughts, and slow

* Sophocles, Œd. Col. Μη φυναι τον ἁπαντα νικᾳ λογον. Το δ', ἐπει φανῃ, Βηναι κειθεν ὁθεν περ ἡκει, Πολυ δευτερον, ὡς ταχιστα. This was a very favourite sentiment among the Greeks. The same thought occurs in Ecclesiastes, iv. 2, 3.

Roll on the hopeless, aimless hours.
Sunshine, and grass, and woods, and flowers,
Rivers, and vales, and glittering homes
Of busy men, where'er he roams,
Torment his sense with contrast keen,
Of that which is, and might have been.
The mist that on the mountains high
Its transient wreath light-hovering flings,
The clouds and changes of the sky,
The forms of unsubstantial things,
The voice of the tempestuous gale,
The rain-swoln torrent's turbid moan,
And every sound that seems to wail
For beauty past and hope o'erthrown,
Attemper with his wild despair;
But scarce his restless eye can bear
The hills, and rocks, and summer streams,
The things that still are what they were
When life and love were more than dreams.
It chanced, along the rugged shore,
Where giant Pelion's piny steep
O'erlooks the wide Ægean deep,
He shunned the steps of humankind,
Soothed by the multitudinous roar
Of ocean, and the ceaseless shock
Of spray, high-scattering from the rock
In the wail of the many-wandering wind.
A crew, on lawless venture bound,
Such men as roam the seas around,
Hearts to fear and pity strangers,
Seeking gold through crimes and dangers,
Sailing near, the wanderer spied.
Sudden, through the foaming tide,
They drove to land, and on the shore
Springing, they seized the youth, and bore
To their black ship, and spread again
Their sails, and ploughed the billowy main.
Dark Ossa on their watery way
Looks from his robe of mist; and, gray
With many a deep and shadowy fold,
The sacred mount, Olympus old,
Appears: but where with Therma's sea

Penëus mingles tranquilly,
They anchor with the closing light
Of day, and through the moonless night
Propitious to their lawless toil,
In silent bands they prowl for spoil.
  Ere morning dawns, they crowd on board,
And to their vessel's secret hoard
With many a costly robe they pass,
And vase of silver, gold, and brass.
A young maid too their hands have torn
From her maternal home, to mourn
Afar, to some rude master sold,
The crimes and woes that spring from gold.
—"There sit!"—cried one in rugged tone,—
"Beside that boy. A well-matched pair
Ye seem, and will, I doubt not, bear,
In our good port, a value rare.
There sit, but not to wail and moan:
The lyre, which in those fingers fair
We leave, whose sound through night's thick shade
To unwished ears thy haunt bewrayed,
Strike: for the lyre, by beauty played,
To glad the hearts of men was made."—
  The damsel by Anthemion's side
Sate down upon the deck. The tide
Blushed with the deepening light of morn.
A pitying look the youth forlorn
Turned on the maiden. Can it be?
Or does his sense play false? Too well
He knows that radiant form. 'Tis she,
The magic maid of Thessaly,
'Tis Rhododaphne! By the spell,
That ever round him dwelt, opprest,
He bowed his head upon his breast,
And o'er his eyes his hand he drew,
That fatal beauty's sight to shun.
Now from the orient heaven the sun
Had clothed the eastward waves with fire:
Right from the west the fair breeze blew:
The full sails swelled, and sparkling through
The sounding sea, the vessel flew:

With wine and copious cheer, the crew
Caroused: the damsel o'er the lyre
Her rapid fingers lightly flung,
And thus, with feigned obedience, sung.
—"The Nereid's home is calm and bright,
The ocean-depths below,
Where liquid streams of emerald light
Through caves of coral flow.
She has a lyre of silver strings
Framed on a pearly shell,
And sweetly to that lyre she sings
The shipwrecked seaman's knell.
"The ocean-snake in sleep she binds;
The dolphins round her play:
His purple conch the Triton winds
Responsive to the lay:
Proteus and Phorcys, sea-gods old,
Watch by her choral cell,
To hear, on watery echoes rolled,
The shipwrecked seaman's knell."
—"Cease!" cried the chief, in accents rude—
"From songs like these mishap may rise.
Thus far have we our course pursued
With smiling seas and cloudless skies.
From wreck and tempest, omens ill,
Forbear; and sing, for well I deem
Those pretty lips possess the skill.
Some ancient tale of happier theme;
Some legend of imperial Jove
In uncouth shapes disguised by love;
Or Hercules, and his hard toils;
Or Mercury, friend of craft and spoils;
Or Jove-born Bacchus, whom we prize
O'er all the Olympian deities."—
He said, and drained the bowl. The crew
With long coarse laugh applauded. Fast
With sparkling keel the vessel flew,
For there was magic in the breeze
That urged her through the sounding seas.
By Chanastræum's point they past,
And Ampelos. Gray Athos, vast

With woods far-stretching to the sea,
Was full before them, while the maid
Again her lyre's wild strings essayed,
In notes of bolder melody:

"Bacchus by the lonely ocean
Stood in youthful semblance fair:
Summer winds, with gentle motion,
Waved his black and curling hair.
Streaming from his manly shoulders
Robes of gold and purple dye
Told of spoil to fierce beholders
In their black ship sailing by.
On the vessel's deck they placed him
Strongly bound in triple bands;
But the iron rings that braced him
Melted, wax-like from his hands.
Then the pilot spake in terror:
"'Tis a god in mortal form!
Seek the land; repair your error
Ere his wrath invoke the storm.'
"'Silence!' cried the frowning master,
'Mind the helm, the breeze is fair:
Coward! cease to bode disaster:
Leave to men the captive's care.'
While he speaks, and fiercely tightens
In the full free breeze the sail,
From the deck wine bubbling lightens,
Winy fragrance fills the gale.
Gurgling in ambrosial lustre
Flows the purple-eddying wine:
O'er the yard-arms trail and cluster
Tendrils of the mantling vine:
Grapes, beneath the broad leaves springing,
Blushing as in vintage-hours,
Droop, while round the tall mast clinging
Ivy twines its buds and flowers,
Fast with graceful berries blackening:—
Garlands hang on every oar:
Then in fear the cordage slackening,
One and all, they cry, 'To shore!'
Bacchus changed his shape, and glaring

With a lion's eye-balls wide,
Roared: the pirate-crew, despairing,
Plunged amid the foaming tide.
Through the azure depths they flitted
Dolphins by transforming fate:
But the god the pilot pitied,
Saved, and made him rich and great."

The crew laid by their cups and frowned.
A stern rebuke their leader gave.
With arrowy speed the ship went round
Nymphæum. To the ocean-wave
The mountain-forest sloped, and cast
O'er the white surf its massy shade.
They heard, so near the shore they past,
The hollow sound the sea-breeze made,
As those primæval trees it swayed.

"Curse on thy songs!" the leader cried,
"False tales of evil augury!"
"Well hast thou said," the maid replied,
"They augur ill to thine and thee."
She rose, and loosed her radiant hair,
And raised her golden lyre in air.
The lyre, beneath the breeze's wings,
As if a spirit swept the strings,
Breathed airy music, sweet and strange,
In many a wild phantastic change.
Most like the daughter of the Sun*
She stood: her eyes all radiant shone
With beams unutterably bright;
And her long tresses loose and light,
As on the playful breeze they rolled,
Flamed with rays of burning gold,
His wondering eyes Anthemion raised

* The children of the Sun were known by the splendour of their eyes and hair. Πασα γαρ ηελιου γενεη αριδηλος ιδεσθαι Ην επει βλεφαρων αποτηλοθι μαρμαρυγησιν Οιον εκ χρυσεων αντωπιον ιεσαν αιγλην.—APOLLONIUS, IV. 727. And in the Orphic Argonautica, Circe is thus described:—εκ δ' αρα παντες Θαμβεον εισορωντες· απο κρατος γαρ εθειραι Πυρσαις ακτινεσσιν αλιγκιοι φωρφυτο· Στιλβε δε καλα προςωπα, φλογος δ' απελαμπεν αϋτμη.

Upon the maid: the seamen gazed
In fear and strange suspense, amazed.
From the forest-depths profound
Breathes a low and sullen sound:
'Tis the woodland spirit's sigh,
Ever heard when storms are nigh.
On the shore the surf that breaks
With the rising breezes makes
More tumultuous harmony.
Louder yet the breezes sing:
Round and round, in dizzy ring,
Sea-birds scream on restless wing:
Pine and cedar creak and swing
To the sea-blast's murmuring.
Far and wide on sand and shingle
Eddying breakers boil and mingle:
Beetling cliff and caverned rock
Roll around the echoing shock,
Where the spray, like snow-dust whirled,
High in vapoury wreaths is hurled.
Clouds on clouds, in volumes driven,
Curtain round the vault of heaven.
"To shore! to shore!" the seamen cry.
The damsel waved her lyre on high,
And, to the powers that rule the sea,
It whispered notes of witchery.
Swifter than the lightning-flame
The sudden breath of the whirlwind came.
Round at once in its mighty sweep
The vessel whirled on the whirling deep.
Right from shore the driving gale
Bends the mast and swells the sail:
Loud the foaming ocean raves:
Through the mighty waste of waves
Speeds the vessel swift and free,
Like a meteor of the sea.
Day is ended. Darkness shrouds
The shoreless seas and lowering clouds.
Northward now the tempest blows:
Fast and far the vessel goes:
Crouched on deck the seamen lie;
One and all, with charmed eye,

On the magic maid they gaze:
Nor the youth with less amaze
Looks upon her radiant form
Shining by the golden beams
Of her refulgent hair that streams
Like waving star-light on the storm;
And hears the vocal blast that rings
Among her lyre's enchanted strings.
  Onward, onward flies the bark,
Through the billows wild and dark.
From her brow the spray she hurls;
O'er her stern the big wave curls;
Fast before the impetuous wind
She flies: the wave bursts far behind.
  Onward, onward flies the bark,
Through the raging billows:—Hark!
'Tis the stormy surge's roar
On the Ægean's northern shore.
Toward the rocks, through surf and surge,
The destined ship the wild winds urge.
High on one gigantic wave
She swings in air. From rock and cave
A long loud wail of fate and fear
Rings in the hopeless seaman's ear.
Forward, with the breaker's dash,
She plunges on the rock. The crash
Of the dividing bark, the roar
Of waters bursting on the deck,
Are in Anthemion's ear: no more
He hears or sees: but round his neck
Are closely twined the silken rings
Of Rhododaphne's glittering hair,
And round him her bright arms she flings,
And cinctured thus in loveliest bands
The charmèd waves in safety bear
The youth and the enchantress fair,
And leave them on the golden sands.

CANTO VI.

Hast thou, in some safe retreat,
Waked and watched, to hear the roar

Of breakers on the wind-swept shore?
Go forth at morn. The waves, that beat
Still rough and white when blasts are o'er,
May wash, all ghastly, to thy feet
Some victim of the midnight storm.
From that drenched garb and pallid form
Shrink not: but fix thy gaze and see
Thy own congenial destiny.
For him, perhaps, an anxious wife
On some far coast o'erlooks the wave:
A child, unknowing of the strife
Of elements, to whom he gave
His last fond kiss, is at her breast:
The skies are clear, the seas at rest
Before her, and the hour is nigh
Of his return: but black the sky
To him, and fierce the hostile main,
Have been. He will not come again.
But yesterday, and life, and health,
And hope, and love, and power, and wealth,
Were his: to-day, in one brief hour,
Of all his wealth, of all his power,
He saved not, on his shattered deck,
A plank, to waft him from the wreck.
Now turn away, and dry thy tears,
And build long schemes for distant years!
Wreck is not only on the sea.
The warrior dies in victory:
The ruin of his natal roof
O'erwhelms the sleeping man: the hoof
Of his prized steed has struck with fate
The horseman in his own home gate:
The feast and mantling bowl destroy
The sensual in the hour of joy.
The bride from her paternal porch
Comes forth among her maids: the torch,
That led at morn the nuptial choir,
Kindles at night her funeral pyre.
Now turn away, indulge thy dreams,
And build for distant years thy schemes!

On Thracia's coast the morn was gray.
Anthemion, with the opening day,

From deep entrancement on the sands
Stood up. The magic maid was there
Beside him on the shore. Her hands
Still held the golden lyre: her hair
In all its long luxuriance hung
Unringleted, and glittering bright
With briny drops of diamond light:
Her thin wet garments lightly clung
Around her form's rare symmetry.
Like Venus risen from the sea
She seemed: so beautiful: and who
With mortal sight such form could view,
And deem that evil lurked beneath?
Who could approach those starry eyes,
Those dewy coral lips, that breathe
Ambrosial fragrance, and that smile
In which all Love's Elysium lies,
Who this could see, and dream of guile,
And brood on wrong and wrath the while
If there be one, who ne'er has felt
Resolve, and doubt, and anger melt,
Like vernal night-frosts, in one beam
Of Beauty's sun, 'twere vain to deem,
Between the muse and him could be
A link of human sympathy.
  Fain would the youth his lips unclose
In keen reproach for all his woes
And his Calliroë's doom. In vain:
For closer now the magic chain
Of the inextricable spell
Involved him, and his accents fell
Perplexed, confused, inaudible.
And so awhile he stood. At length,
In painful tones, that gathered strength
With feeling's faster flow, he said:
—"What would'st thou with me, fatal maid
That ever thus, by land and sea,
Thy dangerous beauty follows me?"—
  She speaks in gentle accents low,
While dim through tears her bright eyes move:
—"Thou askest what thou well dost know
I love thee, and I seek thy love."—

—"My love! It sleeps in dust for ever
Within my lost Calliroë's tomb:
The smiles of living beauty never
May my soul's darkness re-illumine.
We grew together, like twin-flowers,
Whose opening buds the same dews cherish;
And one is reft, ere noon-tide hours,
Violently; one remains, to perish
By slow decay; as I remain
Even now, to move and breathe in vain.
The late, false love, that worldlings learn,
When hearts are hard, and thoughts are stern,
And feelings dull, and Custom's rule
Omnipotent, that love may cool,
And waste, and change: but this—which flings
Round the young soul its tendril rings,
Strengthening their growth and grasp with years,
Till habits, pleasures, hopes, smiles, tears,
All modes of thinking, feeling, seeing,
Of two congenial spirits, blend
In one inseparable being,—
Deem'st thou this love can change or end?
There is no eddy on the stream,
No bough that light winds bend and toss,
No chequering of the sunny beam
Upon the woodland moss,
No star in evening's sky, no flower
Whose beauty odorous breezes stir,
No sweet bird singing in the bower,
Nay, not the rustling of a leaf,
That does not nurse and feed my grief
By wakening thoughts of her.
All lovely things a place possessed
Of love in my Calliroë's breast:
And from her purer, gentler spirit,
Did mine the love and joy inherit,
Which that blest maid around her threw.
With all I saw, and felt, and knew,
The image of Calliroë grew,
Till all the beauty of the earth
Seemed as to her it owed its birth,
And did but many forms express

Of her reflected loveliness.
The sunshine and the air seemed less
The sources of my life: and how
Was she torn from me? · Earth is now
A waste, where many echoes tell
Only of her I loved—how well
Words have no power to speak:—and thou—
Gather the rose-leaves from the plain
Where faded and defiled they lie,
And close them in their bud again,
And bid them to the morning sky
Spread lovely as at first they were:
Or from the oak the ivy tear,
And wreathe it round another tree
In vital growth: then turn to me,
And bid my spirit cling on thee,
As on my lost Calliroë!"
—"The Genii of the earth, and sea,
And air, and fire, my mandates hear.
Even the dread Power, thy Ladon's fear,
Arcadian Dæmagorgon, knows*
My voice: the ivy or the rose,
Though torn and trampled on the plain,
May rise, unite, and bloom again,

* "The dreaded name of Dæmogorgon" is familiar to every reader, in Milton's enumeration of the Powers of Chaos. Mythological writers in general afford but little information concerning this terrible Divinity. He is incidentally mentioned in several places by Natalis Comes, who says, in treating of Pan, that Pronapides, in his Protocosmus, makes Pan and the three sister Fates the offspring of Dæmogorgon. Boccaccio, in a Latin treatise on the Genealogy of the Gods, gives some account of him on the authority of Theodotion and Pronapides. He was the Genius of the Earth, and the Sovereign Power of the Terrestrial Dæmons. He dwelt originally with Eternity and Chaos, till, becoming weary of inaction, he organized the chaotic elements, and surrounded the earth with the heavens. In addition to Pan and the Fates, his children were Uranus, Titæa, Pytho, Eris, and Erebus. This awful Power was so sacred among the Arcadians, that it was held impious to pronounce his name. The impious, however, who made less scruple about pronouncing it, are said to have found it of great virtue in magical incantations. He has been supposed to be a philosophical emblem of the principle of vegetable life. The silence of mythologists concerning him, can only be attributed to their veneration for his "dreaded name;" a proof of genuine piety which must be pleasing to our contemporary Pagans, for some such there are.

If on his aid I call: thy heart
Alone resists and mocks my art."—
—"Why lov'st thou me, Thessalian maid?
Why hast thou, cruel beauty, torn
Asunder two young hearts, that played
In kindred unison so blest,
As they had filled one single breast
From life's first opening morn?
Why lov'st thou me? The kings of earth
Might kneel to charms and power like thine:
But I, a youth of shepherd birth—
As well the stately mountain-pine
Might coil around the eglantine,
As thou thy radiant being twine
Round one so low, so lost as mine."—
—"Sceptres and crowns, vain signs that move
The souls of slaves, to me are toys.
I need but love: I seek but love:
And long, amid the heartless noise
Of cities, and the woodland peace
Of vales, through all the scenes of Greece
I sought the fondest and the fairest
Of Grecian youths, my love to be:
And such a heart and form thou bearest,
And my soul sprang at once to thee,
Like an arrow to its destiny.
Yet shall my lips no spell repeat,
To bid thy heart responsive beat
To mine: thy love's spontaneous smile,
Nor forced by power, nor won by guile,
I claim: but yet a little while,
And we no more may meet.
For I must find a dreary home,
And thou, where'er thou wilt, shalt roam:
But should one tender thought awake
Of Rhododaphne, seek the cell,
Where she dissolved in tears doth dwell
Of blighted hope, and she will take
The wanderer to her breast, and make
Such flowers of bliss around him blow,
As kings would yield their thrones to know."—

—"It must not be. The air is laden
With sweetness from thy presence born:
Music and light are round thee, maiden,
As round the Virgin Power of Morn:
I feel, I shrink beneath thy beauty:
But love, truth, woe, remembrance, duty,
All point against thee, though arrayed
In charms whose power no heart could shun
That ne'er had loved another maid
Or any but that loveliest one,
Who now, within my bosom's void,
A sad pale shade, by thee destroyed,
Forbids all other love to bind
My soul: thine least of womankind."—
Faltering and faint his accents broke,
As those concluding words he spoke.
No more she said, but sadly smiled,
And took his hand; and like a child
He followed her. All waste and wild,
A pathless moor before them lies.
Beyond, long chains of mountains rise:
Their summits with eternal snow
Are crowned: vast forests wave below,
And stretch, with ample slope and sweep,
Down to the moorlands and the deep.
Human dwelling see they none,
Save one cottage, only one,
Mossy, mildewed, frail, and poor,
Even as human home can be,
Where the forest skirts the moor,
By the inhospitable sea.
There, in tones of melody,
Sweet and clear as Dian's voice
When the rocks and woods rejoice
In her steps the chase impelling,
Rhododaphne, pausing, calls.
Echo answers from the walls:
Mournful response, vaguely telling
Of a long-deserted dwelling.
Twice her lips the call repeat,
Tuneful summons, thrilling sweet.
Still the same sad accents follow,

Cheerless echo, faint and hollow.
Nearer now, with curious gaze,
The youth that lonely cot surveys.
Long grass chokes the path before it,
Twining ivy mantles o'er it,
On the low roof blend together
Beds of moss and stains of weather,
Flowering weeds that train and cluster,
Scaly lichen, stone-crop's lustre,
All confused in radiance mellow,
Red, gray, green, and golden yellow.
Idle splendour! gleaming only
Over ruins rude and lonely,
When the cold hearth-stone is shattered.
When the ember-dust is scattered,
When the grass that chokes the portal
Bends not to the tread of mortal.
The maiden dropped Anthemion's hand,
And forward, with a sudden bound,
She sprung. He saw the door expand,
And close, and all was silence round,
And loneliness, and forth again
She came not. But within this hour,
A burthen to him, and a chain,
Had been her beauty and her power:
But now, thus suddenly forsaken,
In those drear solitudes, though yet
His early love remained unshaken,
He felt within his breast awaken
A sense of something like regret.
But he pursued her not: his love,
His murdered love, such step forbade.
He turned his doubtful feet, to rove
Amid that forest's maze of shade.
Beneath the matted boughs, that made
A noonday twilight, he espied
No trace of man; and far and wide
Through fern and tangled briar he strayed,
Till toil, and thirst, and hunger weighed
His nature down, and cold and drear
Night came, and no relief was near.
But now at once his steps emerge

Upon the forest's moorland verge,
Beside the white and sounding surge.
For in one long self-circling track,
His mazy path had led him back,
To where that cottage, old and lone,
Had stood: but now to him unknown
Was all the scene. 'Mid gardens, fair
With trees and flowers of fragrance rare,
A rich and ample pile was there,
Glittering with myriad lights, that shone
Far-streaming through the dusky air.
With hunger, toil, and weariness,
Outworn, he cannot choose but pass
Tow'rds that fair pile. With gentle stress
He strikes the gate of polished brass.
Loud and long the portal rings,
As back with swift recoil it swings,
Disclosing wide a vaulted hall,
With many columns bright and tall
Encircled. Throned in order round,
Statues of dæmons and of kings
Between the marble columns frowned
With seeming life: each throne beside,
Two humbler statues stood, and raised
Each one a silver lamp, that wide
With many mingling radiance blazed.
High-reared on one surpassing throne,
A brazen image sate alone,
A dwarfish shape of wrinkled brow,
With sceptred hand and crowned head.
No sooner did Anthemion's tread
The echoes of the hall awake,
Then up that image rose, and spake,
As from a trumpet: "What wouldst thou?"
Anthemion, in amaze and dread,
Replied: "With toil and hunger worn,
I seek but food and rest till morn."
The image spake again, and said:
"Enter: fear not: thou art free
To my best hospitality."
Spontaneously, an inner door
Unclosed. Anthemion from the hall

Passed to a room of state, that wore
Aspect of destined festival.
Of fragrant cedar was the floor,
And round the light-pilastered wall
Curtains of crimson and of gold
Hung down in many a gorgeous fold.
Bright lamps, through that apartment gay
Adorned like Cytherëa's bowers
With vases filled with odorous flowers,
Diffused an artificial day.
A banquet's sumptuous order there,
In long array of viands rare,
Fruits, and ambrosial wine, was spread.
A golden boy, in semblance fair
Of actual life, came forth, and led
Anthemion to a couch, beside
That festal table, canopied
With cloth by subtlest Tyrian dyed,
And ministered the feast: the while,
Invisible harps symphonious wreathed
Wild webs of soul-dissolving sound,
And voices, alternating round,
Songs, as of choral maidens, breathed.
  Now to the brim the boy filled up
With sparkling wine a crystal cup.
Anthemion took the cup, and quaffed,
With reckless thirst, the enchanted draught.
That instant came a voice divine,
A maiden voice:—"Now art thou mine!"
  The golden boy is gone. The song
And the symphonious harps no more
Their syren-minstrelsy prolong.
One crimson curtain waves before
His sight, and opens. From its screen,
The nymph of more than earthly mien,
The magic maid of Thessaly,
Came forth, her tresses loosely streaming,
Her eyes with dewy radiance beaming,
Her form all grace and symmetry,
In silken vesture light and free
As if the woof were air, she came,

And took his hand, and called his name.
—"Now art thou mine!" again she cried,
"My love's indissoluble chain
Has found thee in that goblet's tide,
And thou shalt wear my flower again!"
She said, and in Anthemion's breast
She placed the laurel-rose: her arms
She twined around him, and impress
Her lips on his, and fixed on him
Fond looks of passionate love: her charms
With tenfold radiance on his sense
Shone through the studied negligence
Of her light vesture. His eyes swim
With dizziness. The lamps grow dim,
And tremble, and expire. No more.
Darkness is there, and Mystery:
And silence keeps the golden key
Of Beauty's bridal door.

CANTO VII.

First, fairest, best, of powers supernal,
Love waved in heaven his wings of gold,
And from the depths of Night eternal,
Black Erebus, and Chaos old,
Bade light, and life, and beauty rise
Harmonious from the dark disguise
Of elemental discord wild,
Which he had charmed and reconciled.
Love first in social bonds combined
The scattered tribes of humankind,
And bade the wild race cease to roam,
And learn the endearing name of home.
From Love the sister arts began,
That charm, adorn, and soften man.
To Love, the feast, the dance belong,
The temple-rite, the choral song;
All feelings that refine and bless,
All kindness, sweetness, gentleness.
Him men adore, and gods admire,
Of delicacy, grace, desire,

Persuasion, bliss, the bounteous sire
In hopes, and toils, and pains, and fears,
Sole dryer of our human tears;
Chief ornament of heaven, and king
Of earth, to whom the world doth sing
One chorus of accordant pleasure,
Of which he taught and leads the measure.
He kindles in the inmost mind
One lonely flame—for once—for one—
A vestal fire, which, there enshrined,
Lives on, till life itself be done.
All other fires are of the earth,
And transient: but of heavenly birth
Is Love's first flame, which howsoever
Fraud, power, woe, chance, or fate, may sever
From its congenial source, must burn
Unquenched, but in the funeral urn.

And thus Anthemion knew and felt,
As in that palace on the wild,
By dæmon art adorned, he dwelt
With that bright nymph, who ever smiled
Refulgent as the summer morn
On eastern ocean newly born.
Though oft, in Rhododaphne's sight,
A phrensied feeling of delight,
With painful admiration mixed
Of her surpassing beauty, came
Upon him, yet of earthly flame
That passion was. Even as betwixt
The night-clouds transient lightnings play,
Those feelings came and passed away,
And left him lorn. Calliroë ever
Pursued him like a bleeding shade,
Nor all the magic nymph's endeavour
Could from his constant memory sever
The image of that dearer maid.
Yet all that love and art could do
The enchantress did. The pirate-crew
Her power had snatched from death, and pent
Awhile in ocean's bordering caves,
To be her ministers and slaves:

And there, by murmured spells, she sent
On all their shapes phantastic change.
In many an uncouth form and strange,
Grim dwarf, or bony Æthiop tall,
They plied, throughout the enchanted hall,
Their servile ministries, or sate
Gigantic mastiffs in the gate,
Or stalked around the garden-dells
In lion-guise, gaunt sentinels.
And many blooming youths and maids,
A joyous Bacchanalian train,
(That 'mid the rocks and piny shades
Of mountains, through whose wild domain
Œagrian Hebrus, swift and cold,
Impels his waves o'er sands of gold,
Their orgies led) by secret force
Of her far-scattered spells compelled,
With song, and dance, and shout, their course
Tow'rds that enchanted dwelling held.
Oft, 'mid those palace-gardens fair
The beauteous nymph (her radiant hair
With mingled oak and vine-leaves crowned)
Would grasp the thyrsus ivy-bound,
And fold, her festal vest around,
The Bacchic nebris, leading thus
The swift and dizzy thiasus:
And as she moves, in all her charms,
With springing feet and flowing arms,
'Tis strange in one fair shape to see
How many forms of grace can be.
The youths and maids, her beauteous train,
Follow fast in sportive ring,
Some the torch and mystic cane,
Some the vine-bough brandishing;
Some in giddy circlets fleeting,
The Corybantic timbrel beating:
Maids, with silver flasks advancing,
Pour the wine's red-sparkling tide,
Which youths, with heads recumbent dancing,
Catch in goblets as they glide:
All upon the odorous air
Lightly toss their leafy hair,

Ever singing, as they move,
—"Io Bacchus! son of Jove!"—
And oft, the Bacchic fervour ending,
Among these garden-bowers they stray,
Dispersed, where fragrant branches blending
Exclude the sun's meridian ray,
Or on some thymy bank repose,
By which a tingling rivulet flows,
Where birds, on each o'ershadowing spray,
Make music through the live-long day.
The while, in one sequestered cave,
Where roses round the entrance wave,
And jasmin sweet and clustering vine
With flowers and grapes the arch o'ertwine,
Anthemion and the nymph recline,
While in the sunny space, before
The cave, a fountain's lucid store
Its crystal column shoots on high,
And bursts, like showery diamonds flashing,
So falls, and with melodious dashing
Shakes the small pool. A youth stands by,
A tuneful rhapsodist, and sings,
Accordant to his changeful strings,
High strains of ancient poesy.
And oft her golden lyre she takes,
And such transcendent strains awakes,
Such floods of melody as steep
Anthemion's sense in bondage deep
Of passionate admiration: still
Combining with intenser skill
The charm that holds him now, whose bands
May ne'er be loosed by mortal hands.
And oft they rouse with clamorous chase
The forest, urging wide and far
Through glades and dells the sylvan war.
Satyrs and fauns would start around,
And through their ferny dingles bound,
To see that nymph, all life and grace
And radiance, like the huntress-queen,
With sandaled feet and vest of green,
In her soft fingers grasp the spear,
Hang on the track of flying deer,

Shout to the dogs as fast they sweep
Tumultuous down the woodland steep,
And hurl along the tainted air,
The javelin from her streaming hair.
  The bath, the dance, the feast's array,
And sweetest rest, conclude the day.
And 'twere most witching to disclose,
Were there such power in mortal numbers,
How she would charm him to repose,
And gaze upon his troubled slumbers,
With looks of fonder love, than ever
Pale Cynthia on Endymion cast,
While her forsaken chariot passed
O'er Caria's many-winding river.
The love she bore him was a flame
So strong, so total, so intense,
That no desire beside might claim
Dominion in her thought or sense.
The world had nothing to bestow
On her: for wealth and power were hers:
The dæmons of the earth (that know
The beds of gems and fountain-springs
Of undiscovered gold, and where,
In subterranean sepulchres,
The memory of whose place doth bear
No vestige, long-forgotten kings
Sit gaunt on monumental thrones,
With massy pearls and costly stones
Hanging on their half-mouldered bones)
Were slaves to her. The fears and cares
Of feebler mortals—Want, and Woe
His daughter, and their mutual child
Remorseless Crime,—keen Wrath, that tears
The breast of Hate unreconciled,—
Ambition's spectral goad,—Revenge,
That finds consummation food
To nurse anew her hydra brood,—
Shame, Misery's sister,—dread of change,
The bane of wealth and worldly might,—
She knew not: Love alone, like ocean,
Filled up with one unshared emotion
Her soul's capacity: but right

And wrong she recked not of, nor owned
A law beyond her soul's desire;
And from the hour that first enthroned
Anthemion in her heart, the fire,
That burned within her, like the force
Of floods swept with it in its course
All feelings that might barriers prove
To her illimitable love.
  Thus wreathed with ever-varying flowers,
Went by the purple-pinioned hours;
Till once, returning from the wood
And woodland chase, at evening-fall,
Anthemion and the enchantress stood
Within the many-columned hall,
Alone. They looked around them. Where
Are all those youths and maidens fair,
Who followed them but now? On high
She waves her lyre. Its murmurs die
Tremulous. They come not whom she calls.
Why starts she? Wherefore does she throw
Around the youth her arms of snow,
With passion so intense, and weep?
What mean those murmurs, sad and low,
That like sepulchral echoes creep
Along the marble walls?
Her breath is short and quick! and, dim
With tears, her eyes are fixed on him:
Her lips are quivering and apart:
He feels the fluttering of her heart:
Her face is pale. He cannot shun
Her fear's contagion. Tenderly
He kissed her lips in sympathy,
And said:—"What ails thee, lovely one?"—
  Low, trembling, faint, her accents fall:
—"Look round: what seest thou in the hall?"—
Anthemion looked, and made return:
—"The statues, and the lamps that burn:
No more."—"Yet look again, where late
The solitary image sate,
The monarch-dwarf. Dost thou not see
An image there which should not be?"—

Even as she bade he looked again:
From his high throne the dwarf was gone.
Lo! there, as in the Thespian fane,
Uranian Love! His bow was bent:
The arrow to its head was drawn:
His frowning brow was fixed intent
On Rhododaphne. Scarce did rest
Upon that form Anthemion's view,
When, sounding shrill, the arrow flew,
And lodged in Rhododaphne's breast.
It was not Love's own shaft, the giver
Of life and joy and tender flame;
But, borrowed from Apollo's quiver,
The death-directed arrow came.
Long, slow, distinct in each stern word,
A sweet deep-thrilling voice was heard:
—"With impious spells hast thou profaned
My altars; and all-ruling Jove,
Though late, yet certain, has unchained
The vengeance of Uranian Love!"*—
The marble palace burst asunder,
Riven by subterranean thunder.
Sudden clouds around them rolled,
Lucid vapour, fold on fold.
Then Rhododaphne closer prest
Anthemion to her bleeding breast,
As, in his arms upheld, her head
All languid on his neck reclined;
And in the curls that overspread
His cheek, her temple-ringlets twined:
Her dim eyes drew, with fading sight,
From his their last reflected light,
And on his lips, as nature failed,
Her lips their last sweet sighs exhaled.
—"Farewell!"—she said—"another bride
The partner of thy days must be:
But do not hate my memory:

* The late but certain vengeance of the gods, occurs in many forms as a sentence among the classical writers; and is the subject of an interesting dialogue, among the moral works of Plutarch, which concludes with the fable of Thespesius, a very remarkable prototype of the Inferno of Dante.

And build a tomb by Ladon's tide,
To her, who, false in all beside,
Was but too true in loving thee!"—
  The quivering earth beneath them stirred.
In dizzy trance upon her bosom
He fell, as falls a wounded bird
Upon a broken rose's blossom.

  What sounds are in Anthemion's ear?
It is the lark that carols clear,
And gentle waters murmuring near.
He lifts his head: the new-born day
Is round him, and the sun-beams play
On silver eddies. Can it be?
The stream he loved in infancy?
The hills? the Aphrodisian grove?
The fields that knew Calliroë's love?
And those two sister trees, are they
The cedar and the poplar gray,
That shade old Pheidon's door? Alas!
Sad vision now! Does Phantasy
Play with his troubled sense, made dull
By many griefs? He does not dream:
It is his own Arcadian stream,
The fields, the hills: and on the grass,
The dewy grass of Ladon's vale,
Lies Rhododaphne, cold and pale,
But even in death most beautiful;
And there, in mournful silence by her,
Lies on the ground her golden lyre.
  He knelt beside her on the ground:
On her pale face and radiant hair
He fixed his eyes, in sorrow drowned.
That one so gifted and so fair,
All light and music, thus should be
Quenched like a night-star suddenly,
Might move a stranger's tears; but he
Had known her love; such love as yet
Never could heart that knew forget!
He thought not of his wrongs. Alone
Her love and loveliness possest
His memory, and her fond cares, shown

In seeking, nature's empire through,
Devices ever rare and new,
To make him calm and blest.
Two maids had loved him; one, the light
Of his young soul, the morning star
Of life and love; the other, bright
As are the noon-tide skies, when far
The vertic sun's fierce radiance burns:
The world had been too brief to prove
The measure of each single love:
Yet, from this hour, forlorn, bereft,
Compassionless, where'er he turns,
Of all that love on earth is left
No trace but their cinereal urns.
  But Pheidon's door unfolds; and who
Comes forth in beauty? Oh! 'tis she,
Herself, his own Calliroë!
And in that burst of blest surprise,
Like Lethe's self upon his brain
Oblivion of all grief and pain
Descends, and tow'rds her path he flies.
The maiden knew
Her love, and flew
To meet him, and her dear arms threw
Around his neck, and wept for bliss,
And on his lips impressed a kiss
He had not dared to give. The spell
Was broken now, that gave before
Not death, but magic slumber. More
The closing measure needs not tell.
Love, wonder, transport wild and high,
Question that waited not reply,
And answer unrequired, and smiles
Through such sweet tears as bliss beguiles,
Fixed, mutual looks of long delight,
Soft chiding for o'erhasty flight,
And promise never more to roam,
Were theirs. Old Pheidon from his home
Came forth, to share their joy, and bless
Their love, and all was happiness.
  But when the maid Anthemion led
To where her beauteous rival slept

The long last sleep, on earth dispread,
And told her tale, Calliroë wept
Sweet tears for Rhododaphne's doom;
For in her heart a voice was heard:
—"'Twas for Anthemion's love she erred!"—
They built by Ladon's banks a tomb;
And, when the funeral pyre had burned,
With seemly rites they there inurned
The ashes of the enchantress fair;
And sad, sweet verse they traced, to show
That youth, love, beauty, slept below;
And bade the votive marble bear
The name of RHODODAPHNE. There
The laurel-rose luxuriant sprung,
And in its boughs her lyre they hung,
And often, when, at evening hours,
They decked the tomb with mournful flowers,
The lyre upon the twilight breeze
Would pour mysterious symphonies.

THE ROUND TABLE;

OR, KING ARTHUR'S FEAST.

INTRODUCTION.

KING ARTHUR is said to have disappeared after the battle of Camlan, and to have never been seen again; which gave rise to a tradition, that he had been carried away by Merlin, a famous prophet and magician of his time, and would return to his kingdom at some future period.—The Welsh continued to expect him for many hundred years; and it is by no means certain that they have entirely given him up. He is here represented as inhabiting a solitary island, under the influence of the prophet Merlin; by whose magic power he is shown all the kings and queens who have sat on his throne since his death, and giving to them a grand feast, at his old established round table, attended by their principal secretaries, dukes, lords, admirals, generals, poets, and a long train of courtiers. The kings are of course mentioned in the order of succession. The allegory is illustrated as concisely as possible in the notes. So many histories of England being published for the use of young persons, we have only attached the names of the kings, and to such instances as might not be considered sufficiently explanatory.

KING ARTHUR sat down by the lonely sea-coast,
As thin as a lath, and as pale as a ghost:
He looked on the east, and the west, and the south,
With a tear in his eye, and a pipe in his mouth;
And he said to old Merlin, who near him did stand,
Drawing circles, triangles, and squares on the sand,
"Sure nothing more dismal and tedious can be,
Than to sit always smoking and watching the sea:
Say when shall the fates re-establish my reign,
And spread my round-table in Britain again?"

Old Merlin replied: "By my art it appears,
Not in less than three hundred and seventy years;
But in the meantime I am very well able
To spread in this island your ancient round table;
And to grace it with guests of unparalleled splendour,
I'll summon old Pluto forthwith to surrender
All the kings who have sat on your throne, from the day
When from Camlan's destruction I snatched you away."

King Arthur's long face, by these accents restored,
Grew as round as his table, as bright as his sword;
While the wand of old Merlin waved over the ocean,
Soon covered its billows with brilliant commotion;
For ships of all ages and sizes appearing,
Towards the same shore were all rapidly steering,
Came cleaving the billows with sail and with oar,
Yacht, pinnace, sloop, frigate, and seventy-four.

King Arthur scarce spied them afar from the land,
Ere their keels were fixed deep in the yellow sea-sand;
And from under their canopies, golden and gay,
Came kings, queens, and courtiers, in gallant array,
Much musing and marvelling who it might be,
That was smoking his pipe by the side of the sea;
But Merlin stepped forth with a greeting right warm,
And then introduced them in order and form.

The Saxons* came first, the pre-eminence claiming,
With scarce one among them but Alfred worth naming.

* The Saxons invaded England, and dispossessed the Britons. The most famous of the Saxon kings was Alfred.

Full slyly they looked upon Canute* the bold,
And remembered the drubbing he gave them of old:
Sad Harold† came last; and the crown which he wore
Had been broken, and trampled in dust and in gore.

Now the sun in the west had gone down to repose,
When before them at once a pavilion arose;
Where Arthur's round table was royally spread,
And illumined with lamps, purple, yellow, and red.
The smell of roast beef put them all in a foment,
So they scrambled for seats, and were ranged in a moment.

The Conqueror‡ stood up, as they thought to say grace;
But he scowled round the board with a resolute face;
And the company stared, when he swore by the fates,
That a list he would have of their names and estates;§
And lest too much liquor their brains should inspire
To set the pavilion and table on fire,
He hoped they'd acknowledge he counselled right well,
To put out the lights when he tinkled his bell.‖

His speech was cut short by a general dismay;
For William the Second¶ had fainted away,
At the smell of some New Forest Venison** before him;
But a tweak of the nose, Arthur said, would restore him.

But another disturbance compelled him to mark
The pitiful state of poor Henry Beauclerk;††
Who had fallen on the lampreys with ardour so stout,‡‡
That he dropped from his chair in the midst of the rout.
Old Arthur, surprised at a king so voracious,
Thought a saltwater ducking might prove efficacious.

* The Danes, under Canute, conquered the Saxons. The sons of Canute died without children, and the government returned to the Saxon kings.

† The last of the Saxon kings was Harold II. who was killed in the battle of Hastings, when William, Duke of Normandy, gained a decisive victory.

‡ William I. the Conqueror.

§ Doomsday Book.

‖ The curfew.

¶ William II. Rufus.

** Accidentally killed by an arrow while hunting in the New Forest.

†† Henry I. Beauclerk.

‡‡ Died eating lampreys.

Now Stephen,* for whom some bold barons had carved,†
Said, while some could get surfeited, he was half-starved:
For his arms were so pinioned, unfortunate elf!‡
He could hit on no method of helping himself.

But a tumult more furious called Arthur to check it,
'Twixt Henry the Second§ and Thomas-a-Becket.‖
"Turn out," exclaimed Arthur, "that prelate so free,
And from the first rock see him thrown in the sea."
So they hustled out Becket without judge or jury,
Who quickly returned in a terrible fury.
The lords were enraged, and the ladies affrighted;
But his head was soon cracked in the fray he excited;
When in rushed some monks in a great perturbation,
And gave good King Henry a sound flagellation;
Which so coolly he took, that the president swore,
He ne'er saw such a bigoted milksop before.

But Arthur's good humour was quickly restored,
When to lion-heart Richard¶ a bumper he poured;
Whose pilgrim's array told the tale of his toils,
Half-veiling his arms and his Saracen spoils;**
As he sliced up the venison of merry Sherwood,
He told a long story of bold Robin Hood,††
Which gave good King Arthur such hearty delight,
That he vow'd he'd make Robin a round-table knight.
While Merlin to fetch Robin Hood was preparing,
John Lackland‡‡ was blustering, and vapouring, and swearing,

* Stephen, of Bloix.
† Held in subjection by the barons.
‡ And so restricted in his authority, that he had little more than the name of a king.
§ Henry II. Fitz-Empress.
‖ Quarrelled with his minister, Thomas-a-Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was compelled to fly the country; but afterwards returning, was murdered by some followers of the king; for which Henry was forced to do penance, and was whipped by the monks at Becket's tomb.
¶ Richard Cœur-de-Lion.
** Returned in a pilgrim's disguise through Europe from his wars in the Holy Land.
†† In his time lived Robin Hood, the celebrated robber of Sherwood Forest.
‡‡ King John, surnamed Lackland.

And seemed quite determined the roast to be ruling;*
But some stout fellows near him prepared him a cooling;
Who seized him, and held him, nor gave him release,
Till he signed them a bond for preserving the peace.†

While Henry the Third,‡ dull, contemned, and forsaken,
Sat stupidly silent, regaling on Bacon,§
The First of the Edwards || charmed Arthur with tales
Of fighting in Palestine, Scotland, and Wales;¶
But Merlin asserted his angry regards,
Recollecting how Edward had treated the Bards.**
The Second,†† whose days in affliction had run,‡‡
Sat pensive and sad 'twixt his father and son.
But on the Third Edward§§ resplendently glance
The blazons of knighthood, and trophies of France;||||
Beside him his son in black armour appears,
That yet bears the marks of the field of Poictiers.¶¶

From the festival's pomp, and the table's array,
Pale Richard of Bourdeaux*** turned sadly away;
The thought of that time his remembrance appals,
When Famine scowled on him in Pomfret's dark walls.†††

Beside him sat Bolingbroke,‡‡‡ gloomy and stern,
Nor dared his dark eyes on his victim to turn;§§§
The wrinkles of care o'er his features were spread,
And thorns lined the crown that encircled his head.||||||

* Ambitious of absolute power.
† Forced by his barons to sign Magna Charta.
‡ Henry III. of Winchester.
§ A weak and foolish king, in whose reign lived Friar Bacon.
|| Edward I. Longshanks.
¶ Gained many victories.
** Massacred the Welsh Bards.
†† Edward II. of Caernarvon.
‡‡ Murdered by his wife's knowledge in Berkeley Castle.
§§ Edward III.
|||| Conquered France in conjunction with his son, the Black Prince.
¶¶ The battle of Poictiers.
*** Richard II. of Bourdeaux.
††† Killed in Pomfret Castle.
‡‡‡ Henry IV. Bolingbroke.
§§§ Obtained the crown by rebelling against Richard II.
|||||| Was miserable all his reign.

But Harry of Monmouth* some guests had brought in,
Who drank so much liquor, and made such a din,†
(While Arthur full loudly his mirth did disclose
At Falstaff's fat belly and Bardolph's red nose)
That he turned them all out with monarchical pride,
And laid the plumed cap of his revels aside,
And put on the helmet, and breastplate, and shield,
That did such great service on Agincourt's field.§

And now rang the tent with unusual alarms,
For the white and red roses were calling to arms;‖
Confusion and tumult established their reign,
And Arthur stood up, and called silence in vain.

Poor Harry the Sixth,¶ hustled, beaten, and prest,
Had his nosegay of lilies** soon torn from his breast;
And, though Margaret, to shield him, had clasped him around,††
From her arms he was shaken, and hurled to the ground;‡‡
While Edward of York§§ flourished over his head
The rose's pale blossoms, and trampled the red;
Though Warwick strove vainly the ill to repair,
And set fallen Henry again on his chair.

The children‖‖ of Edward stood up in the fray,
But, touched by cruel Richard,¶¶ they vanished away;

* Henry V. of Monmouth.

† Led a very dissolute life while Prince of Wales, and kept a set of drunken companions, to whom Shakspeare has given the names of Falstaff, Bardolph, &c.

‡ Discarded them when he came to be king.

§ And gained great victories in France, particularly the battle of Agincourt.

‖ The civil wars of York and Lancaster, of which respective parties the white and red roses were the emblems.

¶ Henry VI. of Windsor.

** Lost the kingdom of France.

†† Supported by his queen, Margaret.

‡‡ Overcome by the York party, and made a prisoner in the Tower.

§§ Edward IV. raised to the throne by the aid of the Earl of Warwick; who afterwards quarrelled with Edward, and endeavoured to restore Henry, but without success.

‖‖ Edward V. and his brother, the Duke of York, died while children, supposed to have been murdered in the Tower by order of their uncle Richard.

¶¶ Richard III., a cruel and sanguinary tyrant.

Who, knowing none loved him, resolved all should fear him,
And therefore knocked every one down who was near him,
Till him in his turn Harry Richmond* assailed,
And at once, on his downfall, good order prevailed;
And Richmond uplifted, to prove the strife ended,
A wreath where the white and red roses were blended.†

With his Jane, and his Annes, and his Catherines beside,
Sat Henry the Eighth,‡ in true Ottoman pride,
And quaffed off with Wolsey the goblet's red tide;
But over the head of each lady so fair
An axe was impending, that hung by a hair.§

Bold Arthur, whose fancy this king had not won,
Look'd with hope and delight on young Edward‖ his son;
But had scarcely commended his learning and grace,
Ere he found his attention called off¶ to the place
Where the infamous Mary** polluted the feast,
Who sat drinking blood from the skull of a priest.††

But he struggled his horror and rage to repress,
And sought consolation from worthy Queen Bess,‡‡
Who had brought Drake and Raleigh her state to sustain,§§
With American spoils and the trophies of Spain;

* Conquered in the battle of Bosworth by Henry of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII.

† Being himself of the house of Lancaster, married Elizabeth, sister of Edward V., who was of the house of York: thus uniting the two houses, and ending the civil wars.

‡ Henry VIII.

Had six wives—one Jane, two Annes, and three Catherines, in the following order:

1. Catherine of Arragon, whom he divorced.
2. Ann Boleyn, whom he beheaded.
3. Jane Seymour, who died in giving birth to Edward VI.
4. Ann of Cleves, whom he sent back to her parents.
5. Catherine Howard, whom he beheaded.
6. Catherine Parr, who outlived him.

‖ Edward VI., a very promising young prince.

¶ Died in his sixteenth year.

** Mary. Cruel Queen Mary. Daughter of Henry the Eighth.

†† Burned three hundred persons for not being of her opinion in religion.

‡‡ Elizabeth. A wise and fortunate queen.

§§ Her admirals, among whom were Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh, sailed round the world, settled colonies in North America, defeated the Spanish Armada, &c.

While Shakspeare and Spenser,* with song and with fable,
Enchanted King Arthur and all round his table.

Now the First of the James's† complained of the heat,
And seemed ill at ease on his rickety seat;
It proved, when examined (which made them all stare),
A gunpowder barrel instead of a chair.‡
The First of the Charles's§ was clearing the dishes,
Taking more than his share of the loaves and the fishes,‖
Not minding at all what the company said,
When up started Cromwell, and sliced off his head.¶

Charles the Second,** enraged at the villanous deed,
Tried to turn out Old Cromwell, but could not succeed;
But he mastered young Dick, and then cooled his own wrath
In syllabub, trifle, and filigree broth.††

James the Second,‡‡ with looks full of anger and gloom,
Pronounced nothing good but the cookery of Rome;§§
So begged of King Arthur, his dear royal crony,
To make all the company eat macaroni;‖‖
But Arthur bade Mary an orange present,¶¶
At which James grew queasy, and fled from the tent.
So she placed on his seat honest William,*** her spouse,
And with laurel and olive encircled his brows;†††

* In her reign lived many eminent authors, particularly Shakspeare and Spenser.
† James the First.
‡ The gunpowder plot, 5th November, 1605.
§ Charles I.
‖ Overstrained his prerogative; encroached on the liberties of the people, and on the privileges of parliament. The consequence was a civil war and the loss of his head.
¶ The commonwealth succeeded, at the head of which was Oliver Cromwell. He was succeeded by his son Richard, who was displaced by the restoration of Charles II.
** Charles II.
†† A frivolous and dissolute king.
‡‡ James II.
§§ A bigoted Roman Catholic.
‖‖ Used violent measures to establish that religion in England.
¶¶ Was obliged to fly the country; and the crown devolved to his daughter Mary, and her husband, William, Prince of Orange.
*** William III.
††† His reign was distinguished by foreign victories and domestic prosperity.

Wreath of glory and peace, by young Freedom entwined,*
And gave him a key to the lock* of the mind.
Now as Arthur continued the party to scan,
He did not well know what to make of Queen Anne ;†
But Marlborough,‡ he saw, did her credit uplift,
And he heartily laughed at the jokes of Dean Swift.§
Then shook hands with two Georges,‖ who near him were seated,
Who closed in his left, and the circle completed ;
He liked them both well, but he frankly averred,
He expected to prove better pleased with the Third.

PAPER MONEY LYRICS.

[Written in 1825. A few of the Lyrics were published in the *Guide* newspaper in 1837, and the whole published privately in that year.]

Falstaf.—Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.
Shallow.—Ay, marry, Sir John, which I beseech you to let me have home with me.—SHAKSPEARE.

Perez.—Who's that is cheated? Speak again, thou vision.
Cacafogo.—I'll let thee know I am cheated, cheated damnably.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

PREFACE.

THESE "Lyrics" were written in the winter of 1825-26, during the prevalence of an influenza to which the beautiful fabric of paper-credit is periodically subject; which is called commercial panic by citizens, financial crisis by politicians, and day of reckoning by the profane; and which affected all promisers to pay in town and country with one of its most violent epidemic visitations in December, 1825. The "Lyrics" shadow out, in their order, the symptoms of the

* By being the origin of the present form of the English constitution, in the glorious revolution of 1688; and by the life and writings of the philosopher Locke.
† Anne.
‡ Her general, the Duke of Marlborough, gained several great victories in France.
§ Many eminent literary characters flourished in her time, particularly Swift and Pope.
‖ The House of Hanover: George I., George II., George III.

epidemic in its several stages; the infallible nostrums, remedial and preventive, proposed by every variety of that arch class of quacks, who call themselves political economists; the orders, counter-orders, and disorders, at the head of affairs, with respect to joint-stock banks, and the extinction of one-pound notes, inclusive of Scotland, and exclusive of Scotland; till the final patching up of the uncured malady by a series of false palliatives, which only nourished for another eruption the seeds of the original disease. The *tabes tacitis concepta medullis* has again blazed forth in new varieties of its primitive types—broken promises and bursting bubbles. Persons and things are changed, but the substance is the same; and these little ballads are as applicable now as they were twelve years ago. They will be applicable to every time and place, in which public credulity shall have given temporary support to the safe and economical currency, which consists of a series of paper promises, made with the deliberate purpose, that the promise shall always be a payment, and the payment shall always be a promise.

20 July, 1837.

PAN IN TOWN.*

(*Metrum Ithyphallicum cum anacrusi.*)

Falstaff.—If any man will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him.

PAN AND CHORUS OF CITIZENS.

PAN.

THE Country banks are breaking:
The London banks are shaking:
Suspicion is awaking:
E'en quakers now are quaking:
Experience seems to settle,
That paper is not metal,
And promises of payment
Are neither food nor raiment;
Then, since that, one and all, you
Are fellows of no value
For genius, learning, spirit,
Or any kind of merit

* Pan, it may be necessary to tell the citizens, is the author of "Panic Terrors." The Cockney poet, who entitled a poem "The Universal Pan," which began with "Not in the town am I;" a most original demonstration of his universality; has had a good opportunity, since he wrote that poem, of seeing that Pan can be in town sometimes. Perhaps, according to his Mythology, the Pan in town was the Sylvan Pan; a fashionable arrival for the season.

That mortals call substantial,
Excepting the financial,
(Which means the art of robbing
By huckstering and jobbing,
And sharing gulls and gudgeons
Among muckworms and curmudgeons)
Being each a flimsy funny
On the stream of paper money,
All riding by sheet anchors,
Of balances at Bankers;
Look out! for squalls are coming,
That if you stand hum-drumming,
Will burst with vengeance speedy,
And leave you like the needy
Who have felt your clutches greedy,
All beggarly and seedy
And not worth a maravedi.

CHORUS.

Our balances, our balances,
Our balances, our balances:
Our balances we crave for:
Our balances we rave for:
Our balances we rush for:
Our balances we crush for:
Our balances we call for:
Our balances we bawl for:
Our balances we run for:
Our balances we dun for:
Our balances we pour for:
Our balances we roar for:
Our balances we shout for:
Our balances we rout for:
Our balances, our balances,
We bellow all about for.

OBADIAH NINE-EYES.*

The mighty men of Gad, yea,
Are all upon the pad, yea,

* The Nine-eyes, or Lamprey, is distinguished for its power of suction.

Bellowing with lungs all brazen,
Even like the bulls of Basan;
With carnal noise and shout, yea,
They compass me about, yea;
I am full of tribulation
For the sinful generation;
I shrink from the abiding
Of the wrath of their back-sliding;
Lest my feet should be up-tripp-ed,
And my outward man be stripp-ed,
And my pockets be out-clean-ed
Of the fruits which I have glean-ed.

CHORUS.

Our balances, our balances,
Our balances, our balances,
Pay—pay—pay—pay—
Without delay—
Our balances, our balances.

MAC FUNGUS.

A weel sirs, what's the matter?
An' hegh sirs, what's the clatter?
Ye dinna ken,
Ye seely men.
Y'ur fortunes ne'er were better.
There's too much population,
An' too much cultivation,
An' too much circulation,
That's a' that ails the nation.
Ye're only out o' halth, sirs,
Wi' a plathora o' walth, sirs,
Instead of glourin' hither,
Ye'd batter, I conjacture,
Just hoot awa' thegither,
To hear our braw chiel lacture:
His ecoonoomic science
Wad silence a' your clanking,
An' teach you some reliance,
On the preenciples o' banking.

CHORUS.

Our balances, our balances,
Our balances, our balances.

SIR ROGER REDNOSE (*Banker*).

Be quiet, lads, and steady,
  Suspend this idle racket,
Your balances are ready,
  Each wrapped in separate packet,
All ticketed and docketed,
And ready to be pocketed.

FIRST CITIZEN.

As of cash you've such a heap, sir,
My balance you may keep, sir;
Have troubled you I shouldn't,
  Except in the belief
That you couldn't pay or wouldn't. [*Exit.*

SIR ROGER REDNOSE.

Now there's a pretty thief.

(*A scroll appears over a door.*)

"Tick, Nick, Tick, Trick, and Company,
  Are deeply grieved to say,
They are under the necessity
  Of suspending for the day."

SECOND CITIZEN.

This evil I portended.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Now all my hopes are ended.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

I'm quite aground.

FIFTH CITIZEN.

I'm all astound.

SIXTH CITIZEN.

Would they were all suspended.

CHORUS.

Our balances, our balances,
Our balances, our balances,
Pay, pay, pay, pay,
Without delay,
Lest ere to-morrow morning
To pot you go;
Tick, Nick, and Co.
Have given us all a warning.

SIR FLIMSY KITE.

Sirs, we must stop;
We shut up shop,
Though assets here are plenty.
When up we're wound,
For every pound
We'll pay you shillings twenty.

SEVENTH CITIZEN.

What assets, sir, I pray you?

SIR FLIMSY KITE.

Sir, quite enough to pay you.

EIGHTH CITIZEN.

May it please you to say what, sir?

SIR FLIMSY KITE.

Good bills a monstrous lot, sir;
And Spanish Bonds a store, sir;
And Mining Shares still more, sir;
Columbian Scrip, and Chilian;
And Poyais half a million:
And what will make you sleek, sir,
Fine picking from the Greek, sir.

NINTH CITIZEN.

I think it will appear, sir,
The greatest Greek is here, sir.

SENTIMENTAL COCKNEY.

Oh how can Plutus deal so
By his devout adorer?

NERVOUS COCKNEY.

This hubbub makes me feel so.

FANCY COCKNEY.

Now this I call a floorer.

NEWSPAPER MAN.

The respectable old firm,
(We have much concern in saying),
Kite, Grubbings, and Muckworm,
Have been forced to leave off paying.

BYSTANDER.

The loser and the winner,
The dupe and the impostor,
May now both go to dinner
With Humphrey, Duke of Glo'ster.

LAWYER.

That we the fruits may pocket,
Let's go and strike a docket.

CHORUS (*Da Capo*).

Our balances, our balances,
Our balances, our balances.

SIR ROGER REDNOSE.

Some are gone to-day
More will go to-morrow:
But I will stay and pay,
And neither beg nor borrow,
Tick and Kite,
That looked so bright,
Like champagne froth have flown, sirs;
But I can tell
They both *worked well*
While *well was let alone, sirs.*

THE THREE LITTLE MEN.

"Base is the slave that pays."—PISTOL.

THERE were Three Little Men,
And they made a Little Pen,
And they said, "Little Pen, you must flow, flow, flow,
And write our names away
Under promises to pay,
Which how we are to keep we do not know."

Then said the Little Pen:—
"My pretty Little Men,
If you wish your pretty promises to pass, pass, pass,
You must make a little flash,
And parade a little cash,
And you're sure of every neighbour that's an ass, ass, ass."

Then said the Little Three,
"If wiseacres there be,
They are not the sort of folks for me, me, me.
Let us have but all the fools
And the wise ones and their rules,
May just go to the devil and be d—, d—, d—."

Then the Little Men so gay,
Wrote their promises to pay,
And lived for many moons royally, ly, ly,
Till there came a stormy day,
And they vanished all away,
Leaving many shoals of gudgeons high and dry, dry, dry.

They who sought the Little Men,
Only found the Little Pen,
Which they instantly proceeded to condemn, demn, demn;
"But," said the Little Pen,
"Use me like the Little Men,
And I'll make you as good money as I made for them."

The seekers with long faces,
Returned upon their traces,
They carried in the van the Little Pen, Pen, Pen;
And they hung it on the wall
Of their reverend Town-hall,
As an eloquent memorial of the Little Men.

PROŒMIUM OF AN EPIC

WHICH WILL SHORTLY APPEAR IN QUARTO, UNDER THE TITLE OF

"FLY-BY-NIGHT."

By R— S—, Esq.,* Poet Laureate.

"His promises were, as he once was, mighty;
And his performance, as he is now, nothing."—HEN. VIII.

How troublesome is day!
It calls us from our sleep away;
It bids us from our pleasant dreams awake,
And sends us forth to keep or break
Our promises to pay.
How troublesome is day!

Now listen to my lay;
Much have I said,
Which few have heard or read,
And much have I to say,
Which hear ye while ye may.
Come listen to my lay,
Come, for ye know me, as a man
Who always praises, as he can,
All promisers to pay.
So they and I on terms agree,
And they but keep their faith with me,
Whate'er their deeds to others be,
They may to the minutest particle
Command my fingers for an ode or article.

Come listen while I strike the Epic string,
And, as a changeful song I sing,

* Robert Southey.

Before my eyes
Bid changeful Proteus rise,
Turning his coat and skin in countless forms and dyes.

Come listen to my lay,
While I the wild and wondrous tale array,
How Fly-by-Night went down,
And set a bank up in a country town;
How like a king his head he reared;
And how the Coast of Cash he cleared;
And how one night he disappeared,
When many a scoffer jibed and jeered;
And many an old man rent his beard;
And many a young man cursed and railed;
And many a woman wept and wailed;
And many a mighty heart was quailed;
And many a wretch was caged and gaoled:
Because great Fly-by-Night had failed.
And many a miserable sinner
Went without his Sunday dinner,
Because he had not metal bright,
And waved in vain before the butcher's sight,
The promises of Fly-by-Night.
And little Jackey Horner
Sate sulking in the corner,
And in default of Christmas pie
Whereon his little thumb to try,
He put his finger in his eye,
And blubbered long and lustily.

Come listen to my lay,
And ye shall say,
That never tale of errant knight,
Or captive damsel bright,
Demon, or elf, or goblin sprite,
Fierce crusade, or feudal fight,
Or cloistral phantom all in white,
Or castle on accessless height,
Upreared by necromantic might,
Was half so full of rare delight,
As this whereof I now prolong,
The memory in immortal song—
The wild and wondrous tale of Fly-by-Night.

A MOOD OF MY OWN MIND,

OCCURRING DURING A GALE OF WIND AT MIDNIGHT, WHILE I WAS WRITING A PAPER ON THE CURRENCY, BY THE LIGHT OF TWO MOULD CANDLES.

By W. W., Esq.,* Distributor of Stamps.

"Quid distent æra lupinis?"—Hor.

Much grieved am I in spirit by the news of this day's post,
Which tells me of the devil to pay with the paper money host:
'Tis feared that out of all their mass of promises to pay,
The devil alone will get his due: he'll take them at his day.

I have a pleasant little nook secured from colds and damps,
From whence to paper money men I serve out many stamps;
From thence a fair per-centage gilds my dwelling in the glen;
And therefore do I sympathize with the paper money men.

I muse, I muse, for much this news my spirit doth perplex,
But whilst I muse I can't refuse a pint of double X,
Which Mrs W. brings to me, which she herself did brew,
Oh! doubly sweet is double X from Mistress double U.

The storm is on the mountain side, the wind is all around;
It sweeps across the lake and vale, it makes a mighty sound;
A rushing sound, that makes me think of what I've heard at sea,
"The devil in a gale of wind is as busy as a bee."

I fear the devil is busy now with the paper money men:
I listen to the tempest's roar through mountain pass and glen;
I hear amid the eddying blast a sound among the hills,
Which to my fancy seems the sound of bursting paper mills.

* William Wordsworth.

A money-grinding paper mill blows up with such a sound,
As shakes the green geese from their nests for many miles around;
Oh woe to him who seeks the mill pronouncing sternly "Pay!"
A spell like "open sesame" which evil sprites obey.

The word of power up-blows the mill, the miller disappears:
The shattered fragments fall in showers about the intruder's ears;
And leave no trace to mark the place of what appeared so great,
But shreds of rags, and ends of quills, and bits of copper-plate.

I love the paper money, and the paper money men;
My hundred, if they go to pot, I fear would sink to ten;
The country squires would cry "Retrench!" and then I might no doubt,
Be sent about my business; yea, even right about.

I hold the paper money men say truly, when they say
They ought to pay their promises, with promises to pay;
And he is an unrighteous judge, who says they shall or may,
Be made to keep their promises in any other way.

The paper money goes about, by one, and two, and five,
A circulation like the blood, that keeps the land alive:
It pays the rent of country squires, and makes them think they thrive,
When else they might be lighting fires to smoke the loyal hive.

The paper money goes about: it works extremely well:
I find it buys me everything that people have to sell:
Bread, beef, and breeches, coals and wine, and all good things in store,
The paper money buys for me: and what could gold do more?

The promise works extremely well, so that it be but broken:
'Tis not a promise to be kept, but a solemn type and token,
A type of value gone abroad on travel long ago;
And how it's to come back again, God knows, I do not know.

If ignorant impatience makes the people run for gold,
Whatever's left that paper bought must be put up and sold;
If so, perhaps they'll put up me as a purchase of the Crown;
I fear I shan't fetch sixpence, but I'm sure to be knock'd down.

The promise is not to be kept, *that* point is very clear;
'Twas proved so by a Scotch adept who dined with me last year,
I wish, instead of viands rare, which were but thrown away,
I had dined him on a bill of fare, to be eaten at Doomsday.

God save the paper money and the paper money men!
God save them all from those who call to have their gold again;
God send they may be always safe against a reckoning day;
And then God send me plenty of their promises to pay!

LOVE AND THE FLIMSIES.

By T. M.,* Esq.

Ο δ' Ερως, χιτωνα δησας
Υπερ ανχενος ΠΑΠΥΡΩι.—Anacr.

Little Cupid one day on a sunbeam was floating,
Above a green vale where a paper mill played;
And he hovered in ether, delightedly noting
The whirl and the splash that the water-wheel made.

The air was all filled with the scent of the roses,
Round the miller's veranda that clustered and twined;
And he thought if the sky were all made up of noses,
This spot of the earth would be most to its mind.

And forth came the miller, a Quaker in verity,
Rigid of limb and complacent of face,
And behind him a Scotchman was singing "Prosperity,"
And picking his pocket with infinite grace.

* Thomas Moore.

And "Walth and prosparity," "Walth and prosparity,"
His bonny Scotch burthen arose on the air,
To a song all in praise of that primitive charity,
Which begins with sweet home and which terminates there.

But sudden a tumult arose from a distance,
And in rushed a rabble with steel and with stone,
And ere the scared miller could call for assistance,
The mill to a million of atoms was blown.

Scarce mounted the fragments in ether to hurtle,
When the Quaker was vanished, no eye had seen where;
And the Scotchman thrown flat on his back, like a turtle,
Was sprawling and bawling, with heels in the air.

Little Cupid continued to hover and flutter,
Pursuing the fragments that floated on high,
As light as the fly that is christened from butter,
Till he gathered his hands full and flew to the sky.

"Oh, mother," he cried, as he showed them to Venus,
"What are these little talismans cyphered—One—One?
If you think them worth having, we'll share them between us,
Though their smell is like, none of the newest, poor John."

"My darling," says Venus, "away from you throw them,
They're a sort of fool's gold among mortals 'tis true;
But we want them not here, though I think you might know them,
Since on earth they so often have bought and sold you."

THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

By S. T. C., Esq.,* Professor of Mysticism.

ΣΚΙΑΣ ΟΝΑΡ.—Pindar.

In a bowl to sea went wise men three,
On a brilliant night of June:
They carried a net, and their hearts were set
On fishing up the moon.

The sea was calm, the air was balm,
Not a breath stirred low or high,
And the moon, I trow, lay as bright below,
And as round as in the sky.

The wise men with the current went,
Nor paddle nor oar had they,
And still as the grave they went on the wave,
That they might not disturb their prey.

Far, far at sea, were the wise men three,
When their fishing-net they threw;
And at the throw, the moon below
In a thousand fragments flew.

The sea was bright with a dancing light
Of a million million gleams,
Which the broken moon shot forth as soon
As the net disturbed her beams.

They drew in their net: it was empty and wet,
And they had lost their pain,
Soon ceased the play of each dancing ray,
And the image was round again.

Three times they threw, three times they drew,
And all the while were mute;
And evermore their wonder grew,
Till they could not but dispute.

* Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Their silence they broke, and each one spoke
Full long, and loud, and clear;
A man at sea their voices three
Full three leagues off might hear.

The three wise men got home again
To their children and their wives:
But, touching their trip, and their net's vain dip,
They disputed all their lives.

The wise men three could never agree,
Why they missed the promised boon;
They agreed alone that their net they had thrown,
And they had not caught the moon.

I have thought myself pale o'er this ancient tale,
And its sense I could not ken;
But now I see that the wise men three
Were paper money men.

"Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub,"
Is a mystic burthen old,
Which I've pondered about till my fire went out,
And I could not sleep for cold.

I now divine each mystic sign,
Which robbed me oft of sleep,
Three men in a bowl, who went to troll,
For the moon in the midnight deep.

Three men were they who science drank
From Scottish fountains free;
The cash they sank in the Gotham bank,
Was the moon beneath the sea.

The breaking of the imaged moon,
At the fishing-net's first splash,
Was the breaking of the bank as soon
As the wise men claimed their cash.

The dispute which lasted all their lives,
Was the economic strife,

Which the son's son's son of every one
Will maintain through all his life.

The son's son's sons will baffled be,
As were their sires of old;
But they'll only agree, like the wise men three,
That they could not get their gold.

And they'll build systems dark and deep,
And systems broad and high;
But two of three will never agree
About the reason why.

And he who at this day will seek
The Economic Club,
Will find at least three sages there,
As ready as any that ever were,
To go to sea in a tub.

CHORUS OF BUBBLE BUYERS.

"When these practisers come to the last decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies *in fumo*. Poor wretches! I rather pity their folly and indiscretion, than their loss of time and money: for these may be restored by industry: but to be a fool born is a disease incurable."—BEN JONSON'S *Volpone*.

Oh! where are the hopes we have met in the morning,
As we hustled and bustled around Capel Court?
When we laughed at the croakers that bade us take warning,
Who once were our scorn, and now make us their sport.

Oh! where are the regions where well-paid inspectors
Found metals omnigenous streaked and embossed?
So kindly bought for us by honest directors,
Who charged us but three times as much as they cost.

Oh! where are the riches that bubbled like fountains,
In places we neither could utter nor spell,
A thousand miles inland, 'mid untrodden mountains,
Where silver and gold grew like heath and blue-bell?

Oh! where are the lakes overflowing with treasure?
The gold-dust that rolled in each torrent and stream?
The mines that held water by cubic-mile measure,
So easily pumped up by portable steam?

That water our prospects a damp could not throw on;
We had only a million-horse power to prepare,
Make a thousand-mile road for the engine to go on,
And send coals from Newcastle to boil it when there.

Oh! where are the bridges to span the Atlantic?
Oh! where is the gas to illumine the poles?
They came to our visions; that makes us half-frantic:
They came to our pockets; that touches our souls.

Oh! there is the seat of most exquisite feeling:
The first pair of nerves to the pocket doth dive:
A wound in our hearts would be no time in healing,
But a wound in our pockets how can we survive?

Now curst be the projects, and curst the projectors,
And curst be the bubbles before us that rolled,
Which, bursting, have left us like desolate spectres,
Bewailing our bodies of paper and gold.

For what is a man but his coat and his breeches,
His plate and his linen, his land and his house?
Oh! we had been men had we won our mock riches,
But now we are ghosts, each as poor as a mouse.

But shades as we are, we, with shadowy bubbles,
When the midnight bell tolls, will through Capel Court glide,
And the dream of the Jew shall be turmoils and troubles,
When he sees each pale ghost on its bubble astride.

And the lecturing Scots that upheld the delusion,
By prating of paper, and wealth, and free trade,
Shall see us by night, to their awe and confusion,
Grim phantoms of wrath that shall never be laid.

A BORDER BALLAD.

BY AN ENCHANTER UNKNOWN.*

"The Scot, to rival realms a mighty bar,
Here fixed his mountain home: a wide domain,
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain:
But what the niggard ground of wealth denied,
From fields more blest his fearless arm supplied."
LEYDEN.

The Scotts, Kerrs, and Murrays, and Deloraines all,
The Hughies o' Hawdon, and Wills-o'-the-Wall,
The Willimondswicks, and the hard-riding Dicks,
Are staunch to the last to their old border tricks;
Wine flows not from heath, and bread grinds not from stone,
They must reeve for their living, or life they'll have none.

When the Southron's strong arm with the steel and the law,
Had tamed the moss-troopers, so bonny and braw;
Though spiders wove webs in the rusty sword-hilt,
In the niche of the hall which their forefathers built;
Yet with sly paper-credit and promise to pay,
They still drove the trade which the wise call convey.†

They whitewashed the front of their old border fort;
They widened its loop-holes, and opened its court;
They put in sash-windows where none were before,
And they wrote the word "BANK" o'er the new-painted door;
The cross-bow and matchlock aside they did lay,
And they shot the proud Southron with promise to pay.

* Sir Walter Scott.
† Steal! odious is the word—*convey* the wise it call.—*Pistol.*

They shot him from far, and they shot him from near,
And they laid him as flat as their fathers laid deer:
Their fathers were heroes, though some called them thieves
When they ransacked their dwellings, and drove off their beeves;
But craft undermined what force battered in vain,
And the pride of the Southron was stretched on the plain.

Now joy to the Hughies and Willies so bold!
The Southron, like Dickon, is bought and is sold;
To his goods and his chattels, his house and his land,
Their promise to pay is as Harlequin's wand:
A touch and a word, and pass, presto, begone,
The Southron has lost, and the Willies have won.

The Hughies and Willies may lead a glad life:
They reap without sowing, they win without strife:
The Bruce and the Wallace were sturdy and fierce,
But where Scotch steel was broken Scotch paper can pierce;
And the true meed of conquest our minstrels shall fix,
On the promise to pay of our Willimondswicks.

ST. PETER OF SCOTLAND.

"Si bene calculum ponas, ubique naufragium est."
PETRONIUS ARBITER.

ST. PETER of Scotland set sail with a crew
Of philosophers, picked from the Bluecap Review:
His boat was of paper, old rags were her freight,
And her bottom was sheathed with a spruce copper-plate.

Her mast was a quill, and to catch the fair gale
The broad gray goose feather was spread for a sale;
So he ploughed his blithe way through the surge and the spray,
And the name of his boat was the *Promise-to-Pay.*

And swiftly and gaily she went on her track,
As if she could never be taken a-back,
As if in her progress there never could be
A chop of the wind or a swell of the sea.

She was but a fair-weather vessel, in sooth,
For winds that were gentle, and waves that were smooth;
She was built not for storm, she was armed not for strife,
But in her St. Peter risked fortune and life.

His fortune, 'tis true, was but bundles of rag,
That no pedlar, not Scotch, would have put in his bag;
The worth of his life none could know but the few
Who insured it on sailing from Sweet Edinbroo."

St. Peter seemed daft, and he laughed and he quaffed;
But an ill-boding wave struck his vessel right aft:
It stove in his quarters and swamped his frail boat,
Which sunk with an eddy and left him afloat.

He clung to his goose-quill and floated all night,
And he landed at daybreak in pitiful plight;
And he preached a discourse when he reached the good town,
To prove that his vessel should not have gone down.

The nautical science he took for his guide
Allowed no such force as the wind or the tide:
None but blockheads could think such a science o'erthrown,
By the breath of a gale which ought not to have blown.

LAMENT OF SCOTCH ECONOMISTS

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE ONE-POUND NOTES.

Do not halloo before you are out of the wood.
CASTLEREAGH, *of blessed memory.*

Oh hone-a-rie! Oh hone-a-rie!
The pride of paper's reign is o'er,
And fall'n the flower of credit's tree:
We ne'er shall see a flimsy more.

Oh! sprung from great I-will-not-pay,
The chief that never feared a dun,
How hopeful was thy ne'er-come-day,
How comely thy symbolic ONE!

The country loons with wonder saw
The magic type perform its rounds,
Transforming many a man of straw
To men of many thousand pounds.

For northern lads blithe days were those;
They wanted neither beef nor ale,
Surprised their toes with shoes and hose,
And made Scotch broo' of English cail.

Oh! Johnny Groat, we little thought,
Tow'rds thee our noses e'er would point;
But flimsies burned, and cash returned,
Will put said noses out of joint.

Improvements vast will then be past:
The march of mind will backward lead;
For how can mind be left behind,
When we march back across the Tweed?

Scotch logic floats on one-pound notes:
When rags are cash our shirts are ore:
What else would go to scare the crow,
Becomes a myriad pounds and more.

A scarecrow's suit would furnish forth
A good Scotch bank's whole stock in trade:
The wig, for coinage nothing worth,
Might "surplus capital" be made.

Oh! happy land, by Scotchmen taught!
Thy fate was then indeed divine,
When every scarecrow's pole was thought
A true Real del Monte mine.

Oh mystic ONE, that turned out NONE,
When senseless panic pressed thee hard!
Who thee could hold and call out "Gold!"
Would he had feathered been and tarred.

Thy little fly-wheel kept in play
The mighty money-grinding mill;
When thou art rashly torn away,
The whole machine will stand stock still.

The host of promisers to pay
That fill their jugs on credit's hill,
Will each roll down and crack his crown,
As certainly as Jack and Jill.

And we, God knows, may doff our hose
And sell our shoes for what they're worth,
And trudge again with naked toes
Back to our land of Nod, the north.

For, should we strain our lecturing throats,
We might to walls and doors discuss:
When John Bull sees through one-pound notes,
'Tis very clear he'll see through us.

That rare hotch-potch, the College Scotch,
Reared by our art in London town,
Will be at best a standing jest,
At least until it tumbles down.

Of those day-dreams, our free-trade schemes,
That laid in sippets goslings green,
The world will think less brain than drink
In skulls that hatched them must have been.

Then farewell, shirts, and breeks, and coats,
Cloth, linen, cambric, silk, and lawn!
Farewell! with you, dear one-pound notes,
Mac Banquo's occupation's gone.

The man who thrives with tens and fives
Must have some coin, and none have we!
Roast beef, adieu! come, barley broo'!
Oh hone-a-rie! Oh hone-a-rie!

CALEDONIAN WAR WHOOP.

By the Coat of our House, which is an ass rampant, I am ready to fight under this banner.

SHADWELL'S *Humourists.*

I.

CHORUS OF WRITERS TO THE SIGNET.

Eh, laird! Eh, laird! an' ha' ye haird,
That we're to hae nae ae poond nots?
Ye weel may say the Hooses tway
Wad play the de'il wi' a' the Scots.
Ha' they nae fears when Scotland's tears
Flow fast as ony burnie, oh!
But they shall find we've a' one mind,
The mind of one attorney, oh!

II.

De'il take us a' if we can ca'
To mind the day wherein we got
The idle croons o' seely loons
In ony medium but a not.
De'il take us as we hop' to be
Wi' spoils o' clients bonny, ho!
If e'er we look to touch a fee
When there's nae paper money, oh!

III.

Solo—SIR MALACHI MALAGROWTHER.

Quoth Hudibras—Friend Ralph, thou hast
(Hunt's blacking shines on Hyde park wall)
OUTRUN THE CONSTABLE at last,
For gold will still be lord of all.
The ups and downs of paper poun's
Have made the English weary, oh!
And 'tis their will old Scotland's mill
Shall e'en gae Tapsalteerie, oh!

IV.

Old Scotland brags, she kens of rags
  Far more than all the world beside:
Her ancient mint with naught else in't,
  Is all her wealth, and power, and pride.
Her ancient flag is all a rag,
  So oft in battle bloody, oh!
Now well I think her blood is ink,
  And rags her soul and body, oh!

V.

Beneath that rig, our ancient flag,
  We'll draw for rags our old claymore:
Our arrows still, with gray goose quill
  Well fledged and tipped, in showers we'll pour:
Our ink we'll shed, both black and red,
  In strokes, and points, and dashes, oh!
Ere laws purloin our native coin,
  And turn it all to ashes, oh!

VI.

The poorest rats of all the earth,
  Were ragged Scots in days of yore,
Till paper coining's happy birth,
  Made cash of all the rags they wore;
Though but the shade of smoke, 'tis plain,
  Said cash is Scotland's glory, oh!
To make it real rags again
  Would be a tragic story, oh!

VII.

What Scot would tack in herring smack,
  His living from the deep to snatch,
Without a ragman at his back
  To take per-centage on his catch?
Who thinks that gold a place would hold
  On Scotland's soil a minute, oh!
Unless of rag we make a bag
  That's full with nothing in it, oh!

VIII.

Our Charley lad we bought and sold,
But we've no Charley now to sell:
Unless the de'il should rain up gold,
Where Scots can get it, who can tell?
The English loons have silver spoons,
And golden watches bonnie, oh!
But we'll have nought that's worth a groat,
Without our paper money, oh!

IX.

GRAND CHORUS OF SCOTCHMEN.

Then up claymore and down with gun,
And up with promises to pay,
And down with every Saxon's son,
That threatens us with reckoning day.
To promise aye, and never pay,
We've sworn by Scotland's fiddle, oh!
Who calls a Scot "to cash his not"
We'll cut him through the middle, oh!

CHORUS OF SCOTCH ECONOMISTS,

ON A PROSPECT OF SCOTCH BANKS IN ENGLAND.

To the air of *The Campbells are coming.*

Quickly. He pay? Alack! he is poor.
Falstaff. Look on his face. What call you rich? Let him coin his face.

THE braw lads are coming—Oho! Oho!
The braw lads are coming—Oho! Oho!
The highways they're treadin'
From bonnie Dun-Edin,
With cousins by dozens—Oho! Oho!

No shoon have the braw lads—Oh no! Oh no!
No hose have the braw lads—Oh no! Oh no!
No breeks for the wearing,
No shirts for the airing,
No coin for the bearing—Oh no! Oh no!

Each leaves a braw lassie—Oho ! Oho !
Each face is all brassy—Oho ! Oho !
They are bound for soft places,
Where coining their faces
Will mend their lean cases—Oho ! Oho !

The English they'll settle—Oho ! Oho !
They'll harry their metal—Oho ! Oho !
They'll coin muckle paper,
They'll make a great vapour,
To their fiddle we'll caper—Oho ! Oho !

Come riddle my riddle—Oho ! Oho !
The cat and the fiddle—Oho ! Oho !
Sing high diddle diddle,
It is the Scotch fiddle,
Then lead down the middle—Oho ! Oho !

The cat is the miller—Oho ! Oho !
Grinds paper to siller—Oho ! Oho !
He plays the Scotch fiddle,
Sing high diddle diddle,
We've riddled the riddle—Oho ! Oho !

The English we'll saddle—Oho ! Oho !
We'll ride them a-straddle—Oho ! Oho !
They beat us in battle,
When money would rattle,
But now they're our cattle—Oho ! Oho !

In parley metallic—Oho ! Oho !
They bothered our Gaelic—Oho ! Oho !
But with sly disputation,
And rag circulation,
We've mastered their nation—Oho ! Oho !

Come, Johnny Bull, hither—Oho ! Oho !
We'll make you quite lither—Oho ! Oho !
Come dance for your betters
A hornpipe in fetters,
We'll teach you your letters—Oho ! Oho !

Come, sing as we've said it—Oho ! Oho !
Sing "Free trade and credit"—Oho ! Oho !

Sing "Scotch education,"
And "O'er-population,"
And "Wealth of the nation"—Oho! Oho!

Then scrape the Scotch fiddle—Oho! Oho!
Here's John in the middle—Oho! Oho!
There's nothing so bonny
As Scotch paper money,
Now dance away, Johnny—Oho! Oho!

YE KITE-FLYERS OF SCOTLAND.

BY T. C.*

Quel ch'io vi debbo posso di parole
Pagare in parte, e d'opera d'inchiostro.—ARIOSTO.

YE kite-flyers of Scotland,
Who live from home at ease;
Who raise the wind, from year to year,
In a long and strong trade breeze:
Your paper-kites let loose again
On all the winds that blow;
Through the shout of the rout
Lay the English ragmen low;
Though the shout for gold be fierce and bold,
And the English ragmen low.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall peep from every leaf;
For the midnight was their noon of fame,
And their prize was living beef.
Where Deloraine on Musgrave fell,
Your paper kites shall show,
That a way to convey
Better far than theirs you know,
When you launch your kites upon the wind
And raise the wind to blow.

* Thomas Campbell.

Caledonia needs no bullion,
No coin in iron case;
Her treasure is a bunch of rags
And the brass upon her face;
With pellets from her paper mills
She makes the Southrons trow,
That to pay her sole way
Is by promising to owe,
By making promises to pay
When she only means to owe.

The meteor rag of Scotland
Shall float aloft like scum,
Till credit's o'erstrained line shall crack,
And the day of reckoning come:
Then, then, ye Scottish kite-flyers,
Your hone-a-rie must flow,
While you drink your own ink
With your old friend Nick below,
While you burn your bills and singe your quills
In his bonny fire below.

CHORUS OF NORTHUMBRIANS

ON THE PROHIBITION OF SCOTCH ONE-POUND NOTES IN ENGLAND.

MARCH, march, Make-rags of Borrowdale,*
Whether ye promise to bearer or order;
March, march, Take-rag and Bawbee-tail,†
All the Scotch flimsies must over the border:

* Not the Cumberland Borrodaile, but the genuine ancient name of that district of Scotland, whatever it be called now, from which was issued the first promise to pay, that was made with the express purpose of being broken.

† Scotice for Tag-rag and Bob-tail: "a highly respectable old firm." A paper kite with a bawbee at its tail is perhaps a better emblem of the safe and economical currency of Scotland than Mr. Canning's mountain of paper irrigated by a rivulet of gold.

Vainly you snarl anent
New Act of Parliament,
Bidding you vanish from dairy and "lauder;"*
Dogs, you have had your day,
Down tail and slink away;
You'll pick no more bones on this side of the border.

Hence to the hills where your fathers stole cattle;
Hence to the glens where they skulked from the law;
Hence to the moors where they vanished from battle,
Crying, "De'il tak the hindmost," and "Charlie's awa'."
Metal is clanking here;
Off with your banking gear;
Off, ere you're paid "to Old Harry or order:"
England shall many a day
Wish you'd been far away,
Long ere your kite's-wings flew over the border.

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Pay-day's the word, lads, and gold is the law,
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale;
Tagdale, and Ragdale, and Bobdale, and a':
Person or purse, they say;
Purse you have none to pay;
Your persons who'll deal with, except the Recorder?
Yet, to retrieve your freaks,
You can just leave your breeks;
You'll want them no more when you're over the border.

High on a pole in the vernal sun's baskings,
When April has summoned your ragships away,
We'll hoist up a pair of your best galligaskins,
Entwined with young thistles to usher in May
Types of Scotch "copital,"
They shall o'ertop-it-all,
Stripped off from bearer and brushed into order;
Then if you tarry, rogues,
Nettles you'll get for brogues,
And to the Rogue's March be drummed o'er the border.

* Scoticé for larder.

MARGERY DAW.

Agite : inspicite : aurum est. Profecto, spectatores, Comicum.
Verum ad hanc rem agundam Philippum est.
Plautus in Pœnulo.

CHORUS OF PAPER MONEY MAKERS.

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Spent all her gold and made money of straw.

Margery Daw was our prototype fair :
She built the first bank ever heard of :
Her treasury ripened and dried in the air,
And governments hung on the word of
Margery Daw, Margery Daw,
Who spent all her gold and made money of straw.

Mother Goose was a blue of exceeding *éclat*,
She wielded a pen, not a thimble :
She made a fine ode about Margery Daw,
Which was but a mystical symbol :
"See-saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed and lay upon straw."

Margery borrowed the little folks' gold,
And lent it the great folks to fight with :
They shot it abroad over woodland and wold,
Till things began not to go right with
Margery Daw, Margery Daw,
Who spent all her gold and made money of straw.

The little folks roared for their gold back again,
And Margery trembled with terror ;
She called for relief to the land's mighty men,
And they said she must pay for her error ;
"See-saw, look to your straw :
We've nothing to say to you, Margery Daw."

Margery Daw was alarmed for her straw:
Her wishes this speech didn't suit with,
"Oho! mighty men!" said Margery then,
"You'll get no more money to shoot with;
See-saw, pile up the straw;
Bring me a flambeau," said Margery Daw.

They looked very bold, but they very soon saw
That their coffers began to look drossy;
So they made it a law that fair Margery's straw,
Should be gold both in *esse* and *posse*.
"See-saw, Margery's straw,
Is golden by nature, and gold by the law."

Margery Daw struck the sky with her head,
And strode o'er the earth like a goddess;
And the sword of the conqueror yielded like lead,
When it smote upon Margery's bodice.
See-saw, plenty of straw
Will make us all glorious as Margery Daw.

The conqueror fell, and the mighty men saw
That they seemed to be safer and stronger;
And then they turned round upon Margery Daw,
Saying, "Straw shall be metal no longer.
See-saw, Margery Daw,
Get your gold back again, chop up your straw."

Margery wearied her eloquent lips:
They had never received her so coldly:
A-kimbo they stood, with their hands on their hips,
And their right feet put forward most boldly:
"See-saw, Margery Daw,
Get your gold back again, chop up your straw."

Margery put forth her powerful hand,
She seized on the straw all around her;
And up rose a flame at her word of command,
Like the furnace of any brass-founder.
"See-saw, Margery Daw
Wants her gold back again: flames to the straw."

The omnipotent straw, that had been the world's law,
Was soon only cinder and ember:
Such a blaze was ne'er seen round Guy Faux on a green,
On the night of the fifth of November.
"See-saw, pile up the straw,
There's a brave bonfire," said Margery Daw.

Down fell, as beneath mighty Juggernaut's car,
The small fry of straw-money makers,
The tumult of ruin, from near and from far,
Once more made the mighty men Quakers:
"See-saw, Margery Daw,
Off with the gold again: give us more straw."

The Jews made a project for Margery Daw,
She thought it too ticklish for trying;
But they sent her a Scotchman exceedingly braw,
To prove 'twas as easy as lying:
"See-saw, Margery Daw,
A wee bit o' gold and a mickle of straw."

Margery heard the Mac Puzzlehead preach,
And she was no whit a logician,
She knew little more than the eight parts of speech,
Though she wrote with amazing precision
"Margery Daw," "Margery Daw,"
The prettiest writing the world ever saw.

Margery scattered her treasures abroad,
And who was so glorious as she then?
He who was backward in Margery's laud,
Mac Puzzlehead proved, was a Heathen.
See-saw, gold in the straw,
Who was so glorious as Margery Daw?

Up started the small fry of straw money men,
Who seemed to have fallen for ever;
They scattered their straw o'er the nation again,
And chorused as yet they had never:
"See-saw, plenty of straw,
Will make us all glorious as Margery Daw."

Margery's glory was darkened afresh,
The great men again stood a-kimbo ;
She feared she was caught in Mac Puzzlehead's mesh,
Who had argued her gold out of limbo.
"See-saw, pile up the straw,
Bring me a flambeau," said Margery Daw.

Again in her anger she darkened the air
With the smoke of a vast conflagration,
And again to the earth in dismay and despair,
Fell the heroes of straw circulation.
"See-saw, Margery Daw
Owes you no courtesy : burn your own straw."

Around and about came a glad rabble rout,
The flames from a distance discerning ;
And shouting they saw, in the midst of the straw,
Mac Puzzlehead's effigy burning.
"See-saw, pile up the straw,
Roast the Mac Puzzlehead, Margery Daw."

But then to the sky rose a terrible cry,
A long and a loud lamentation ;
Aud Margery's halls rang with wailings and calls
That filled her with deep consternation :
"Straw, straw, give us some straw ;
Straw, or we perish, sweet Margery Daw."

And what happened then? Oh, what happened then?
Oh ! where is the rest of the story?
And what was devised by the land's mighty men,
To renovate Margery's glory?
Oh, there is a flaw in the volume of straw,
That tells the true story of Margery Daw.

But we find if we pore ancient manuscripts o'er
With deep antiquarian endeavour,
That Margery's straw became metal once more,*
And she was as glorious as ever.
See-saw, plenty of straw
Will make us all glorious as Margery Daw.

* "If it be not now, yet it will come : THE READINESS IS ALL."
—*Hamlet.*

RICH AND POOR;

OR, SAINT AND SINNER.

This is a correct copy of a little poem which has been often printed, and not quite accurately. It first appeared, many years ago, in the "Globe" and "Traveller," and was suggested by a speech in which Mr. Wilberforce, replying to an observation of Dr. Lushington, that "the Society for the Suppresion of Vice meddled with the poor alone," said that "the offences of the poor came more under observation than those of the rich."—T. L. P.

THE poor man's sins are glaring;
In the face of ghostly warning
He is caught in the fact
Of an overt act—
Buying greens on Sunday morning.

The rich man's sins are hidden
In the pomp of wealth and station;
And escape the sight
Of the children of light,
Who are wise in their generation.

The rich man has a kitchen,
And cooks to dress his dinner;
The poor who would roast
To the baker's must post,
And thus becomes a sinner.

The rich man has a cellar,
And a ready butler by him;
The poor must steer
For his pint of beer
Where the saint can't choose but spy him.

The rich man's painted windows
Hide the concerts of the quality;
The poor can but share
A crack'd fiddle in the air,
Which offends all sound morality.

The rich man is invisible
In the crowd of his gay society;
But the poor man's delight
Is a sore in the sight,
And a stench in the nose of piety.

The rich man has a carriage
Where no rude eye can flout him;
The poor man's bane
Is a third class train,
With the day-light all about him.

The rich man goes out yachting.
Where sanctity can't pursue him;
The poor goes afloat
In a fourpenny boat,
Where the bishop groans to view him.

THE FATE OF A BROOM.

AN ANTICIPATION.

These lines were published in the "Examiner" of August, 1831. They were then called an anticipation. They may now be fairly entitled a prophecy fulfilled.—T. L. P., 1837.

LO! in Corruption's lumber-room,
The remnants of a wondrous broom,
That walking, talking, oft was seen,
Making stout promise to sweep clean,
But evermore, at every push,
Proved but a stump without a brush.
Upon its handle-top, a sconce,
Like Brahma's looked four ways at once:
Pouring on king, lords, church, and rabble,
Long floods of favour-currying gabble;
From four-fold mouth-piece always spinning
Projects of plausible beginning,

Whereof said sconce did ne'er intend
That any one should have an end;
Yet still, by shifts and quaint inventions,
Got credit for its good intentions,
Adding no trifle to the store
Wherewith the Devil paves his floor.
Found out at last, worn bare and scrubbish,
And thrown aside with other rubbish,
We'll e'en hand o'er the enchanted stick,
As a choice present for Old Nick,
To sweep, beyond the Stygian lake,
The pavement it has helped to make.

BYP AND NOP.

Promotion BY PURCHASE *and by* NO PURCHASE; *or a Dialogue between Captain A. and Colonel Q.*

QUOTH Byp to Nop, "I made my hop
By paying for promotion:"—
Quoth Nop to Byp, "I made my skip
By aid of *petticoatian.*"

Quoth Nop to Byp, "You'll never trip
Ascending steps of Gold by:"—
Quoth Byp to Nop, "You'll never drop
With such a tail to hold by."

[N.B. Byp, for by purchase, and Nop, for no purchase, are the common official abbreviations in all returns of promotions, and ring the changes through long columns of Parliamentary papers.]

THE LEGEND OF MANOR HALL.

[Published in 1861 (Bentley's Ballads)].

OLD Farmer Wall, of Manor Hall,
To market drove his wain:
Along the road it went well stowed
With sacks of golden grain.

His station he took, but in vain did he look
For a customer all the morn,
Though the farmers all, save Farmer Wall,
They sold off all their corn.

Then home he went, sore discontent,
And many an oath he swore,
And he kicked up rows with his children and spouse,
When they met him at the door.

Next market-day, he drove away
To the town his loaded wain:
The farmers all, save Farmer Wall,
They sold off all their grain.

No bidder he found, and he stood astound
At the close of the market-day,
When the market was done, and the chapmen were gone,
Each man his several way.

He stalked by his load, along the road;
His face with wrath was red:
His arms he tossed, like a goodman crossed
In seeking his daily bread.

His face was red, and fierce was his tread,
And with lusty voice cried he:
"My corn I'll sell to the devil of hell,
If he'll my chapman be."

These words he spoke, just under an oak,
Seven hundred winters old;
And he straight was aware of a man sitting there,
On the roots and grassy mould.

The roots rose high, o'er the greensward dry,
And the grass around was green,
Save just the space of the stranger's place,
Where it seemed as fire had been.

All scorched was the spot, as gypsy pot
Had swung and bubbled there:
The grass was marred, the roots were charred,
And the ivy stems were bare.

The stranger up sprung: to the farmer he flung
A loud and friendly hail,
And he said, "I see well, thou hast corn to sell,
And I'll buy it on the nail."

The twain in a trice agreed on the price;
The stranger his earnest paid,
And with horses and wain, to come for the grain,
His own appointment made.

The farmer cracked his whip, and tracked
His way right merrily on:
He struck up a song, as he trudged along,
For joy that his job was done.

His children fair he danced in the air;
His heart with joy was big;
He kissed his wife; he seized a knife;
He slew a sucking-pig.

The faggots burned, the porkling turned
And crackled before the fire;
And an odour arose, that was sweet in the nose
Of a passing ghostly friar.

He tirled at the pin, he entered in,
He sate down at the board;
The pig he blessed, when he saw it well dressed,
And the humming ale outpoured.

The friar laughed, the friar quaffed,
He chirped like a bird in May;
The farmer told, how his corn he had sold,
As he journeyed home that day.

The friar he quaffed, but no longer he laughed,
He changed from red to pale:
"Oh, hapless elf! 'tis the fiend himself,
To whom thou hast made thy sale."

The friar he quaffed, he took a deep draught;
He crossed himself amain;
"Oh, slave of pelf, 'tis the devil himself,
To whom thou hast sold thy grain!

"And, sure as the day, he'll fetch thee away,
With the corn which thou hast sold,
If thou let him pay o'er one tester more
Than thy settled price in gold."

The farmer gave vent to a loud lament,
The wife to a long outcry;
Their relish for pig and ale was flown;
The friar alone picked every bone,
And drained the flagon dry.

The friar was gone: the morning dawn
Appeared, and the stranger's wain
Came to the hour, with six-horse power,
To fetch the purchased grain.

The horses were black: on their dewy track,
Light steam from the ground up-curled;
Long wreaths of smoke from their nostrils broke,
And their tails like torches whirled!

More dark and grim, in face and limb,
Seemed the stranger than before,
As his empty wain, with steeds thrice twain,
Drew up to the farmer's door.

On the stranger's face was a sly grimace,
As he seized the sacks of grain,
And, one by one, till left were none,
He tossed them on the wain.

And slyly he leered, as his hand upreared
A purse of costly mould,
Where bright and fresh, through a silver mesh,
Shone forth the glistering gold.

The farmer held out his right hand stout,
And drew it back with dread;
For in fancy he heard each warning word
The supping friar had said.

His eye was set on the silver net;
His thoughts were in fearful strife;
When, sudden as fate, the glittering bait
Was snatched by his loving wife.

And, swift as thought, the stranger caught
The farmer his waist around,
And at once the twain, and the loaded wain,
Sank through the rifted ground.

The gable-end wall of Manor Hall
Fell in ruins on the place;
That stone-heap old the tale has told
To each succeeding race.

The wife gave a cry that rent the sky,
At her goodman's downward flight;
But she held the purse fast, and a glance she cast
To see that all was right.

'Twas the fiend's full pay for her goodman gray,
And the gold was good and true;
Which made her declare that "his dealings were fair,
To give the devil his due."

She wore the black pall for Farmer Wall,
From her fond embraces riven:
But she won the vows of a younger spouse,
With the gold which the fiend had given.

Now, farmers beware, what oaths you swear,
When you cannot sell your corn;
Lest to bid and buy, a stranger be nigh,
With hidden tail and horn.

And with good heed, the moral a-read,
Which is of this tale the pith,
If your corn you sell to the fiend of hell,
You may sell yourself therewith.

And if by mishap, you fall in the trap,—
  Would you bring the fiend to shame,
Lest the tempting prize should dazzle her eyes,
  Lock up your frugal dame.

NEWARK ABBEY,

On the Wey, near Chertsey, Surrey.

[Written in 1842: with a reminiscence of August, 1807;

Published in *Fraser* in 1860.]

I GAZE where August's sunbeam falls
  Along these gray and lonely walls,
  Till in its light absorbed appears
The lapse of five-and-thirty years.
  If change there be, I trace it not
In all this consecrated spot:
No new imprint of Ruin's march
On roofless wall and frameless arch:
The woods, the hills, the fields, the stream,
Are basking in the selfsame beam:
The fall, that turns the unseen mill,
As then it murmured, murmurs still.
It seems as if in one were cast
The present and the imaged past;
Spanning, as with a bridge sublime,
That fearful lapse of human time;
That gulf, unfathomably spread
Between the living and the dead.
  For all too well my spirit feels
The only change this scene reveals.
The sunbeams play, the breezes stir,
Unseen, unfelt, unheard by her,
Who, on that long-past August day,
Beheld with me these ruins gray.
  Whatever span the fates allow,
Ere I shall be as she is now,
Still, in my bosom's inmost cell,
Shall that deep-treasured memory dwell;

That, more than language can express,
Pure miracle of loveliness,
Whose voice so sweet, whose eyes so bright,
Were my soul's music, and its light,
In those blest days when life was new,
And hope was false, but love was true.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF JULIA,

LORD BROUGHTON'S ELDEST DAUGHTER, 1849.

ACCEPT, bright Spirit, reft in life's best bloom,
This votive wreath to thy untimely tomb,
Formed to adorn all scenes, and charm in all,
The fire-side circle and the courtly hall;
Thy friends to gladden, and thy home to bless;
Fair form thou hadst, and grace, and graciousness;
A mind that sought, a tongue that spoke, the truth,
And thought matured beneath the smile of youth.
Dear, dear young friend, ingenuous, cordial heart!
And can it be that thou shouldst first depart?
That age should sorrow o'er thy youthful shrine?
It owns more near, more sacred griefs, than mine,
Yet, 'midst the many who thy loss deplore,
Few loved thee better, and few mourn thee more.

A WHITEBAIT DINNER AT LOVEGROVE'S,

AT BLACKWALL, JULY, 1851.

ΚΩΜΟΣ 'ΙΧΘΥΟΦΑΓΟΣ.

Ἤμεθα μὲν πρόπαν ἦμαρ, ἐς ἠέλιον καταδύντα,
Ὥρῃ περ θερίνῃ, ὅτε μαίνετο Σείριος ἀστὴρ,
Πρὸς Μέλανος Τείχους, Ταμέσας αὐταῖσι παρ' ὄχθαις,
Δώμασιν 'Αλσοφίλοιο, τραπέξας εὖ στορέσαντος,
Δαινύμενοι λῴστους ἁλὸς ἰχθῦς καὶ ποταμοῖο,
Πέρκας τε, τρίγλας τε, καὶ ἐγχέλυας σάλαράς τε.

Καὶ λευκὸν δέλεαρ, ἐρατεινῆς δαιτὸς ἄγαλμα·
Τοῖς τ' ἐπὶ, εἴδατα πολλὰ κρέων, πιάρ τ' ἐλάφοιο,
Ὄρτυγας ἐίς τε τέλος, κρυστάλλους τ' ἀγλαοκάρπους·
Πίνοντές τ' οἶνον, Χαμπαίγνιοι ὃν φέρον ἀγροὶ,
Ἢ Ῥήνου σκόπελοι, ἢ νήσων δῖα Μάδειρα.
Ἦμος δ' ἠέλιος κατέδυ, καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἦλθε,
Δὴ τόπε γ' ἀνστάντες, ὅσοι ἀνστάμεναι δυνάμεσθα,
Σπείσαντές τε Μαράσχοινον Βρομίῳ τε καὶ Ἑρμῇ,
Οἴκαδε ἱέμενοι, μέγα εἰςανεβήσαμεν ἄστυ,
Δίφροις ἀτμοφόροισι, σιδηρείῃ τε κελεύθῳ.

Sedebamus quidem per totum diem, usque ad solem occidentem,
Tempestate utique æstiva, quum furebat Canicula stella,
Apud Nigrum Murum, Thamesæ ad ipsas ripas,
Ædibus Nemoramantis, mensas qui bene instraverat,
Epulantes optimos maris pisces et flumenis,
Percusque, mullosque, atque anguillas, salarasque,
Et albam escam, jucundæ dapis summum decus:
His et insuper, fercula multa carnium et pinguedinem cervi,
Coturnices et in fine, glaciesque eximiis-frugibus-inclytas:
Bibentesque vinum, Champægnii quod tulerunt agri,
Vel Rheni scopuli, vel insularum divina, Madeira.
Quando autem sol occidit, et crepusculum advenit,
Tum denique pedibus-insistentes, quicumque pedibus-insistere poteramus,
Libantesque Maraschœnum Baccho-Frementi et Mercurio,
Domum festinantes, magnam rediimus in urbem,
Curribus vaporiferis, ferreaque via.

FISH FEAST.

All day we sat, until the sun went down—
'Twas summer, and the Dog-star scorched the town—
At fam'd Blackwall, O Thames! upon thy shore,
Where Lovegrove's tables groan beneath their store;
We feasted full on every famous dish,
Dress'd many ways, of sea and river fish—
Perch, mullet, eels, and salmon, all were there,
And whitebait, daintiest of our fishy fare;
Then meat of many kinds, and venison last,
Quails, fruits, and ices, crowned the rich repast.
Thy fields, Champagne, supplied us with our wine,
Madeira's Island, and the rocks of Rhine.

The sun was set, and twilight veiled the land:
Then all stood up,—all who had strength to stand,
And pouring down, of Maraschino, fit
Libations to the gods of wine and wit,
In steam-wing'd chariots, and on iron roads,
Sought the great city, and our own abodes.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF FORTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.*

[Written in 1858.]

THE convolvulus twines round the stems of its bower,
And spreads its young blossoms to morning's first ray:
But the noon has scarce past, when it folds up its flower,
Which opens no more to the splendour of day.

So twine round the heart, in the light of life's morning,
Love's coils of green promise and bright purple bloom:
The noontide goes by, and the colours adorning,
Its unfulfilled dreamings, are wrapt up in gloom.

But press the fresh flower, while its charms are yet glowing,
Its colour and form through long years will remain:
And treasured in memory, thus love is still showing
The outlines of hope, which else blossomed in vain.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

[Date unknown.]

MY thoughts by night are often filled
With visions false as fair:
For in the past alone I build
My castles in the air.

I dwell not now on what may be:
Night shadows o'er the scene:
But still my fancy wanders free
Through that which might have been.

* These lines were sent with some pressed convolvulus to Mrs. Jenkins.

MIDNIGHT.

[No date.]

OH, clear are thy waters, thou beautiful stream!
And sweet is the sound of thy flowing;
And bright are thy banks in the silver moon beam,
While the zephyrs of midnight are blowing.
The hawthorn is blooming thy channel along,
And breezes are waving the willow,
And no sound of life but the nightingale's song
Floats o'er thy murmuring billow.

Oh, sweet scene of solitude! dearer to me
Than the city's fantastical splendour!
From the haunts of the crowd I have hasten'd to thee,
Nor sigh for joys I surrender.
From the noise of the throng, from the mirth of the dance,
What solace can misery borrow?
Can riot the care-wounded bosom entrance,
Or still the pulsation of sorrow?

TIME.

[Date unknown.]

Passan vostri trionfi e vostre pompe;
Passan le signorie, passano i regni.
Cose 'l tempo trionfa i nomi e'l mondo.—PETRARCA.

WHENCE is the stream of Time? What source supplies
Its everlasting flow? What gifted hand
Shall raise the veil by dark Oblivion spread,
And trace it to its spring? What searching eye
Shall pierce the mists that veil its onward course,
And read the future destiny of man?
The past is dimly seen: the coming hour
Is dark, inscrutable to human sight:

The present is our own; but, while we speak,
We cease from its possession, and resign
The stage we tread on, to another race,
As vain, and gay, and mortal as ourselves.
And why should man be vain? He breathes to-day,
To-morrow he is not: the laboured stone
Preserves awhile the name of him that was:
Time strikes the marble column to the ground,
And sinks in dust the sculptured monument.
Yet man is vain, and, with exulting thought,
Rears the proud dome and spacious colonnade,
Plants the wide forest, bids the garden bloom
Where frowned the desert, excavates the earth,
And, gathering up the treasures of her springs,
Rolls the full stream through flow'r-enamelled banks,
Where once the heather struck its roots in sand.
With joy he hails, with transitory joy,
His new creations: his insatiate pride
Exults in splendour which he calls his own.
As if possessions could be called our own,
Which, in a point of ever-varying time,
By force, by fraud, by purchase, or by death,
Will change their lords, and pass to other hands.
Then since to none perpetual use is given,
And heir to heir, as wave to wave, succeeds,
How vain the pride of wealth! how vain the boast
Of fields, plantations, parks, and palaces,
If death invades alike, with ruthless arm,
The peasant's cottage, and the regal tower,
Unawed by pomp, inflexible by gold!

Death comes to all. His cold and sapless hand
Waves o'er the world, and beckons us away.
Who shall resist the summons? Child of earth!
While yet the blood runs dancing through thy veins,
Impelled by joy and youth's meridian heat,
Twere wise, at times, to change the crowded haunts
Of human splendour, for the woodland realms
Of solitude, and mark, with heedful ear,
The hollow voice of the autumnal wind,
That warns thee of thy own mortality.

Death comes to all. Not earth's collected wealth,
Golcondian diamonds and Peruvian gold,
Can gain from him the respite of an hour.
He wrests his treasure from the miser's grasp,
Dims the pale rose on beauty's fading cheeks,
Tears the proud diadem from kingly brows,
And breaks the warrior's adamantine shield.

Man yields to death; and man's sublimest works
Must yield at length to Time. The proud one thinks
Of life's uncertain tenure, and laments
His transitory greatness. While he boasts
His noble blood, from ancient kings derived,
And views with careless and disdainful eye
The humble and the poor, he shrinks in vain
From anxious thoughts, that teach his sickening heart,
That he is like the beings he contemns,
The creature of an hour; that when a few,
Few years have past, that little spot of earth,
That dark and narrow bed, which all must press,
Will level all distinction. Then he bids
The marble structure rise, to guard awhile,
A little while, his fading memory.
Thou lord of thousands! Time is lord of thee:
Thy wealth, thy glory, and thy name are his.
And may protract the blow, but cannot bar
His certain course, nor shield his destined prey.
The wind and rain assail thy sumptuous domes:
They sink, and are forgotten. All that is
Must one day cease to be. The chiefs and kings,
That awe the nations with their pomp and power,
Shall slumber with the chiefs and kings of old:
And Time shall leave no monumental stone,
To tell the spot of their eternal rest.

CHORAL ODE.

[Date unknown.]

Ὅστις τον πλεονος μερους.
SOPHOCLES: *Œdipus at Colonas.*

ALAS! that thirst of wealth and power
Should pass the bounds by wisdom laid,
And shun contentment's mountain-bower,
To chase a false and fleeting shade!
The torrid orb of summer shrouds
Its head in darker, stormier clouds
Than quenched its vernal glow;
And streams, that meet the expanding sea,
Resign the peace and purity
That marked their infant flow.

Go seek what joys, serene and deep,
The paths of wealth and power supply!
The eyes no balmy slumbers steep:
The lips own no satiety,
Till, where unpitying Pluto dwells,
And where the turbid Styx impels
Its circling waves along,
The pale ghost treads the flowerless shore,
And hears the unblest sisters pour
Their loveless, lyreless song.

Man's happiest lot is *not to be:*
And, when we tread life's thorny steep,
Most blest are they, who, earliest free,
Descend to death's eternal sleep.
From wisdom far, and peace, and truth,
Imprudence leads the steps of youth,
Where ceaseless evils spring:
Toil, frantic passion, deadly strife,
Revenge, and murder's secret knife,
And envy's scorpion sting.

Age comes, unloved, unsocial age,
Exposed to fate's severest shock,

As to the ocean-tempest's rage
The bleak and billow-beaten rock.
There ills on ills commingling press,
Morose, unjoying helplessness,
And pain, and slow disease:
As, when the storm of winter raves,
The wild winds rush from all their caves,
To swell the northern seas.

"OH, NOSE OF WAX! TRUE SYMBOL OF THE MIND."

[Date unknown.]

OH, nose of wax! true symbol of the mind
Which fate and fortune mould in all mankind
(Even as the hand moulds thee) to foul or fair—
Thee good John Bull for his device shall bear,
While Sawney Scot the ductile mass shall mould,
Bestowing paper and receiving gold.
Thy image shrined in studious state severe,
Shall grace the pile which Brougham and Campbell rear:
Thy name to those scholastic bowers shall pass
And rival Oxford's ancient nose of brass.

A GOODLYE BALLADE OF LITTLE JOHN:

SHEWINGE HOW HE RAYSED A DYVELL, AND COULDE NOTTE LAYE HYMME.

[Date unknown.]

FYTTE THE FIRST.

LITTLE John he sat in a lonely hall,
Mid spoils of the Church of old:
And he saw a shadowing on the wall,
That made his blood run cold.

He saw the dawn of a coming day,
Dim-glimmering through the gloom;
He saw the coronet pass away
From the ancient halls where it then held sway,
And the mitre it's place resume.

He saw, the while, through the holy pile
The incense vapour spread;
He saw the poor, at the Abbey door,
Receiving their daily bread.

He saw on the wall the shadows cast
Of sacred sisters three:
He blessed them not, as they flitted past:
But above them all he hated the last,
For that was Charitie.

Now down from its shelf a book he bore,
And characters he drew,
And a spell he muttered o'er and o'er,
Till before him cleft was the marble floor,
And a murky fiend came through.

"Now take thee a torch in thy red right hand,"
Little John to the fiend he saith:
"And let it serve as a signal brand,
To rouse the rabble, throughout the land,
Against the Catholic Faith."

Straight through the porch, with brandished torch,
The fiend went joyously out:
And a posse of parsons, established by law,
Sprang up, when the lurid flame they saw,
To head the rabble rout.

And braw Scots Presbyters nimbly sped
In the train of the muckle black de'il;
And, as the wild infection spread,
The Protestant hydra's every head,
Sent forth a yell of zeal.

And pell-mell went all forms of dissent,
Each beating its scriptural drum;
Wesleyans and Whitfieldites followed as friends,
And whatever in onion Iarian ends,
Et omne quod exit in hum.

And in bonfires burned ten thousand Guys,
With caricatures of the pious and wise,
'Mid shouts of goblin glee,
And such a clamour rent the skies,
That all buried lunatics seemed to rise,
And hold a Jubilee.

FYTTE THE SECOND.

The devil gave the rabble scope
And they left him not in the lurch:
But they went beyond the summoner's hope;
For they quickly got tired of bawling "No Pope!"
And bellowed, "No State Church!"

"Ho!" quoth Little John, "this must not be:
The devil leads all amiss:
He works for himself, and not for me:
And straightway back I'll bid him flee
To the bottomless abyss."

Again he took down his book from the wall,
And pondered words of might:
He muttered a speech, and he scribbled a scrawl:
But the only answer to his call
Was a glimpse, at the uttermost end of the hall,
Of the devil taking a sight.

And louder and louder grew the clang
As the rabble raged without:
The door was beaten with many a bang;
And the vaulted roof re-echoing rang
To the tumult and the shout.

The fiendish shade, on the wall portrayed,
Threw somersaults fast and free,
And flourished his tail like a brandished flail,
As busy as if it were blowing a gale,
And his task were on the sea.

And up he toss't his huge pitchfork,
As visioned shrines uprose;
And right and left he went to work,
Till full over Durham, and Oxford, and York,
He stood with a menacing pose.

The rabble roar was hushed awhile,
As the hurricane rests in its sweep;
And all throughout the ample pile
Reigned silence dread and deep.

Then a thrilling voice cried: "Little John,
A little spell will do,
When there is mischief to be done,
To raise me up and set me on;
For I, of my own free will, am won
To carry such spiritings through.

"But when I am riding the tempest's wing,
And towers and spires have blazed,
'Tis no small conjuror's art to sing,
Or say, a spell to check the swing
Of the demons he has raised."

FAREWELL TO MEIRION.

[No date.]

MEIRION, farewell! thy sylvan shades,
Thy mossy rocks and bright cascades,
Thy tangled glens and dingles wild,
Might well detain the Muses' child.
But can the son of science find,
In thy fair realm, one kindred mind,
One soul sublime, by feeling taught,
To wake the genuine pulse of thought,
One heart by nature formed to prove
True friendship and unvarying love?
No—Bacchus reels through all thy fields,
Her brand fanatic frenzy wields,
And ignorance with falsehood dwells,
And folly shakes her jingling bells.

Meirion, farewell—and ne'er again
My steps shall press thy mountain reign,
Nor long on thee my memory rest,
Fair as thou art—unloved, unblessed.
And ne'er may parting stranger's hand
Wave a fond blessing on thy land.
Long as disgusted virtue flies
From folly, drunkenness, and lies:
Long as insulted science shuns
The steps of thy degraded sons;
Long as the northern tempest roars
Round their inhospitable doors.

"OH BLEST ARE THEY, AND THEY ALONE."

[No date.]

OH blest are they, and they alone,
To fame to wealth to power unknown;
Whose lives in one perpetual tenor glide,
Nor feel one influence of malignant fate:
For when the gods on mortals frown
They pour no single vengeance down,
But scatter ruin vast and wide
On all the race they hate.
Then ill on ill succeeding still,
With unrelaxing fury pours,
As wave on wave the breakers rave
Tumultuous on the wreck-strown shores,
When northern tempests sweep
The wild and wintry deep,
Uprending from its depths the sable sand,
Which blackening eddies whirl,
And crested surges hurl
Against the rocky bulwarks of the land,
While to the tumult, deepening round,
The repercussive caves resound.

In solitary pride,
By Dirce's murmuring side,
The giant oak has stretched its ample shade,

And waved its tresses of imperial might ;
Now low in dust its blackened boughs are laid
Its dark root withers in the depth of night.
Nor hoarded gold, nor pomp of martial power
Can check necessity's supreme control,
That cleaves unerringly the rock-built tower,
And whelms the flying bark where shoreless oceans roll.

GL' INGANNATI.

THE DECEIVED.

A COMEDY

Performed at Siena in 1531.

[Published in 1862.]

PREFACE BY T. L. PEACOCK.

MR. COLLIER, in his *Annals of the Stage*,* published in 1831, gives an account of a Diary, in which he found recorded a performance of Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*. "This Diary," he says, "I was fortunate enough to meet with among the Harleian MSS. in the Museum. It was kept by an individual, whose name is nowhere given, but who seems to have been a barrister, and consequently a member of one of the Inns of Court. The dates, which are inserted with much particularity, extend from January, 1600-1, to April, 1603; and when I state, that it includes original and unpublished anecdotes of Shakspeare, Spenser, Tarleton, Ben Jonson, Marston, Sir John Davis, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others, it will not be disputed that it is a very valuable and remarkable source of information. . . .

"The period when Shakspeare wrote his *Twelfth Night, or, What You Will*, has been much disputed among the commentators. Tyrwhitt was inclined to fix it in 1614, and Malone was for some years of the same opinion: but he afterwards changed the date he had adopted to 1607. Chalmers thought he found circumstances in the play to justify him in naming 1613; but what I am about to state affords a striking, and, at the same time, a rarely occurring and convincing proof, how little these conjectures merit confidence. That comedy was unquestionably written before 1602, for in February of that year it was an established play, and so much liked, that it was chosen for performance at the Reader's Feast, on Candlemas Day, at the Inn of Court, to which the author of this Diary belonged—most likely the Middle Temple, which, at that date, was famous for its costly entertainments. After reading the following quotation, it is utterly impossible, although the name of the poet be not mentioned, to feel a moment's doubt as to the identity of the play there described and the production of Shakspeare:—

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* Vol. i. pp. 327, 328.

"'Feb. 2, 1601-2.

"'At our feast we had a play called *Twelve Night, or, What You Will*, much like the *Comedy of Errors*, or *Menechmi in Plautus*, but most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*. A good practice in it, to make the steward believe his lady widdowe* was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter, as from his lady, in general termes, telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparaile, &c., and then, when he came to practise, making him believe they took him to be mad.'

"Should the Italian comedy, called *Inganni*, turn up, we shall probably find in it the actual original of *Twelfth Night*, which it has been hitherto supposed was founded upon the story of Apollonius and Silla, in Barnabe Riche's *Farewell to Military Profession*, twice printed, viz.: in 1583 and 1606."

Riche's *Farewell* was reprinted by the Shakspeare Society in 1846. The editor, after alluding to Bandello's tale of Nicuola and Lattantio, and Belleforest's French version of that tale, says: "It seems more likely that Riche resorted to Bandello; but it is possible that this novel was one of those which had been dramatized before Riche wrote, and if this were the case, it would establish the new and important fact, that a play on the same story as *Twelfth Night*, had been produced before 1581.

"Two Italian comedies, upon very similar incidents, one called *Inganni*, and the other *Ingannati*, were certainly then in existence, and may have formed the groundwork of a drama, anterior to Shakspeare, in our own language. The names given by Riche to the various personages are not those which occur in Bandello, Belleforest, or the Italian comedies: neither are they the same as any used by Shakspeare. Riche perhaps obtained them from the old English drama."

If a play on the same subject as *Twelfth Night* had been produced before 1581, it could scarcely have escaped the notice of the writer of the Diary. As to the two comedies, *Gl' Inganni* and *Gl' Ingannati*, the latter was first in time, and claims to be strictly original.

The *Ingannati* was performed in Siena in 1531; the *Inganni* at Milan in 1547.† The first has most resemblance to *Twelfth Night*, and was probably in the mind of the author of the Diary, though he called it *Inganni*. That he could make a slight mistake as to what was before him, is evident from his calling Olivia a widow.

I first became acquainted with the *Inganni* in the French version of Pierre de Larivey, under the title of *Les Tromperies*, 1611. This French comedy had become very scarce; but it has been republished

* Olivia is not a widow; but the misprision is of no moment.

† *Gl' Inganni, Comedia del Signor N. S.* [*Sechi*], *recitata in Milano l' anno* 1547, *dinanzi alla Maestà del Re Filippo. In Fiorenza, appresso i Giunti*, 1562.*

Charles V., before leaving Spain in 1543, had given the title of King of Spain to his son Philip (Philip II.).

* This is the oldest edition I have seen referred to. There are editions in the British Museum of 1566, 1582, 1587, 1602, 1615.

in the *Ancien Théâtre Français* of the *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*.* I have since read the original in the British Museum.

The scene of the *Inganni* was laid in Italy. Larivey transferred it to France. I give the Italian argument.

Anselmo, a merchant of Genoa, who traded with the Levant, went on a voyage to Syria, taking with him his wife and his twin children, Fortunato and Ginevra, aged four years, whom, for the convenience of the sea passage, he dressed precisely alike, so that the girl passed for a boy. On the voyage they were captured by Corsairs. Anselmo was taken into Natolia, where he remained in slavery fourteen years. Fortunato was several times sold, but ultimately in Naples, where the scene is laid, and where he is serving Dorotea, a lady no better than she should be. The mother and Ginevra, after various adventures, were purchased, also in Naples, by Messer Massimo Caracciioli. The mother had deemed it prudent to continue the male apparel of her daughter, and through her the brother and sister had been made known to each other. The mother had died six years previously to the opening of the comedy. Ginevra had taken the name of Roberto. Massimo has a son named Gostanzo, and a daughter named Portia. Portia is in love with the supposed Roberto, and Gostanzo with Dorotea, who returns his attachment, but her mother, Gilletta, a rapacious and tyrannical woman, forbids him the house, after she has extorted from him all the money he could dispose of. Ginevra, persecuted by the love of Portia, smuggles her brother Fortunato into the house, and, when occasion serves, substitutes him for herself. At the opening of the play, Portia is on the point of increasing the population of Naples. Ginevra is in double grief, fearing the anger of Massimo, and suffering under her own love for Gostanzo, seeing his love for Dorotea. In despair, she discovers herself to Gostanzo, who transfers his love to her, and Anselmo arrives, abundantly rich, in time to appease the wrath of Massimo, and unite Gostanzo to Ginevra, and Fortunato to Portia.

In all this, what little there is of resemblance to *Twelfth Night*, is taken, as will be presently seen, and not changed for the better, from the *Ingannati*.

Much of this comedy is borrowed, in parts closely translated, from the *Asinaria* of Plautus. Cleacreta, the mother; Philenium, the daughter; Argyrippus, the lover; are reproduced in Gilletta, Dorotea, and Gostanzo. So are the old physician and his wife reproductions of the old man Demaenetus, and his wife Artemona. The scenes of

* The comedies of Larivey, nine in number, all taken from the Italian, are all reprinted in this collection. *Les Tromperies* is the ninth. The editor, M. Viollet Le Duc, says: "Les six premières comédies de Larivey obtinrent un grand succès, constaté par plusieurs éditions. Les trois dernières n'ont été imprimées qu'une fois, ce qui s'explique par la mort de l'auteur, et surtout par cette circonstance, que ces trois pièces n'avoient pas comme les premières, l'attrait de la nouveauté. Ce volume n'ayant eu qu'une seule édition, est devenue très rare, et se paie au poids de l'or dans les ventes publiques."—*Tome* v. p. xx.

the *Asinaria*, between Cleasreta and Argyrippus, act i., scene 3; Cleasreta and Philenium, act iii., scene 1; the portion of act iii., scene 3, which is between Argyrippus and Philenium; the concluding scene, in which Artemona carries off Demaenetus from the house of Cleasreta, act v., scene 2; are copied in the *Inganni*, in the scenes between Gostanzo and Gilletta, act i., scene 1; between Gilletta and Dorotea, act ii., scene 2; between Gostanzo and Dorotea, act ii., scene 5; and in the concluding scene, in which the physician's wife carrries off her husband from the house of Gilletta, act v., scene 10.

There is also a captain of the Bobadil order, who is imposed on and fleeced by Gilletta and Dorotea, and afterwards, finding the house barred against him, besieges it, as Terence's Thraso does the house of Thais,* and is as easily repulsed. There are other gatherings from the Latin drama. The comedy, in short, though very entertaining, has no originality.

It seems strange that the *Inganni* should have remained undiscovered by Shaksperian critics: but the cause which concealed the *Ingannati* from their researches, is somewhat curious. It appears with the title *Comedia del Sacrificio degli Intronati*. The *Sacrificio* is a series of songs to music, in which various characters, who have suffered from "the pangs of despised love," renounce love, and each in succession sacrifices on an altar some gift or memorial of his unkind or faithless mistress. This prelude, which has no relation whatever to the comedy, being concluded, the comedy follows, with its own proper title, *Gl' Ingannati*.

There are many editions of this comedy. The earliest of which I have yet found a record, is of 1537. It is not probable that this was the first. There were others of 1538, 1550, 1554, 1562, 1563, 1569, 1586. Four of these are in the British Museum; and one, *In Venetia*, without date. And it was included in collections; one, containing all the comedies of the Intronati, 1611; another, with four other comedies and notes by Ruscelli, which I find mentioned without the date. The title of an edition in my possession, is, *Comedia del Sacrificio de gli Intronati, Celebrato ne i giuochi d' un Carnovale in Siena, l'Anno* MDXXXI. Sotto il Sodo,† dignissimo Archintronato. Di nuovo corretta e ristampata. In Venetia, appresso Francesco Rampazetto, MDLXII.‡

* *Thraso.* Hancine ego ut contumeliam tam insignem in me accipiam Gnatho?
Mori me satius est. Simalio, Donax, Syrisce, sequimini.
Primum sedeis expugnabo.—*Eunuchus*, actus iv., scena 7.

Le Capitaine. Ha ciel! qu'il me faille endurer un tel affront! . . . . Allons chercher le capitaine Tailbras, le capitaine Brisecuisse, Brafort, Cachemaille, Pinçargent, Grippetout, et mes autres amis; puis retournons faire bravade à ces poltronnes.—*Les Tromperies*, acte iv., scène 2. This version is better than the corresponding Italian.

† Marcantonio Piccolomini.

‡ There was a French translation of *Gl' Ingannati*, under the title of *Les Abusez*, Charles Estienne; of which there appear to have been three editions: Lyons, 1543; Paris, 1549 and 1558.

Gl' Intronati, the Thunder-stricken, was an Academy in Siena, which distinguished itself at that period by dramatic productions. The Italian academies gave themselves fantastical names, *I Caliginosi, I Dubbiosi, I Chimerici: The Dark, the Doubtful, the Chimerical*, and so forth. Their members assumed conformable appellations. *L' Amor Costante*, a comedy performed at Siena, before the Emperor Charles V., in 1536,* is given in the title as by *Signor Stordita*,† *Intronato: Master Stunned of the Thunder-stricken.* This comedy is introduced by a dialogue, between the Prologue and a Spaniard, in the course of which the Spaniard inquires—

Who is the author of the comedy? Is it the most divine Pietro Aretino?‡

Prologue. The author is a member of an academy, which has been in Siena many years.

Spaniard. What is the name of this academy?

Prologue. The academy of the *Intronati.*

Spaniard. The *Intronati?* The fame of this academy has spread through all parts of Spain; and its name has gone so far, that it has reached the ears of the emperor. How rejoiced should I be if I could belong to this academy! And if you would have me bound to you for the whole time of my life, place me among you.

Prologue. If you are disposed to observe our rules, I will gladly exert myself on your behalf.

Spaniard. What are the rules?

Prologue. Few and simple. To seek knowledge and wisdom: to take the world as it comes: to be the affectionate and devoted slave of these ladies:§ and, for the love of them, to make now and then a comedy, or some other work, to show our implicit submission.

Spaniard. These rules are greatly to my mind; and if I can obtain the favour of being placed in the academy, I will most faithfully observe them all.

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* In a Venetian reprint before me, the date of the first performance is given as 1531; but the play has many historical indications which determine the time. One will suffice. The action passes in the pontificate of Paul III., and two years after the death of Clement VII., who died in 1534.

† Alessandro Piccolomini.

‡ Pietro Aretino had produced two of his five comedies before 1536.

§ The *Intronati* were especially devoted to the service of the ladies. The Prologue of the *Ingannati* addresses the ladies only. "Io vi veggio fin di quà, NOBILISSIME DONNE, meravigliare di vedermivi così dinanzi, in questo habito, ed insieme di questo apparecchio, come se noi havessimo a fare qualche comedia."

I see you, even from hence, MOST NOBLE LADIES, wonder at seeing me thus before you, in this dress, and also at these preparations, as if we were about to produce some comedy.

The prologues of other comedies of the period address the spectators generally.

Renouard in the *Bibliothèque d'un Amateur* (Paris, 1819, tome iii. pp. 109—119), gives a list of Italian dramas in his possession, which he introduces with the following notice:—

"Le XVIe siècle produisit une multitude innombrable de pièces dramatiques italiennes, qui actuellement se lisent peu: beaucoup d'entre elles continuent cependant à être recherchées des Italiens, soit pour la pureté du style, qualité par laquelle beaucoup se distinguent, soit même pour leur bizarrerie, et souvent pour la seule rareté des exemplaires. Ne voulant point ici faire collection de ce genre de pièces, on a seulement choisi parmi celles que l'on a crues recommandables par aucune de ces diverses causes, et l'on n'a admis aucun exemplaire qui ne soit de parfaite conservation."

The list of dramas includes twenty comedies of the sixteenth century; two of which are the *Ingannati* and *Ingannsi*, the former with the usual title page, *Comedia del Sacrificio*, without date. The *Ingannsi* is given as *nuovamente ristampata. In Fiorenza*, 1568.

To return to the *Ingannati*. The Prologue says: "The fable is new: never before seen nor read: nor drawn from any other source than the industrious brains of the Academicians of the *Intronati*."

This, therefore, we may fairly assume to be the original source, from which all other versions of the elements of the story are drawn; the elements being these:

A girl assumes male apparel, and enters as a page into the service of a man, with whom she either previously is, or subsequently becomes, in love. He employs her as a messenger to a lady, who will not listen to his suit. The lady falls in love with the supposed page, and, under the influence of a mistake, marries the girl's twin brother. The lover transfers his affection to the damsel, who has served him in disguise.

I propose to translate the scenes in which these four characters are principally concerned, and to give a connecting outline of the rest.

The original has no stage directions, and the scenes have no indications of place. I have inserted some stage directions, and have indicated the places of the action, on what appeared to me probable grounds.

The house of Virginio is too far from the house of Gherardo to be shown in the same street. This is apparent from several passages, especially from act iv., scene 7, where Virginio asks Gherardo to take in his supposed daughter, because he cannot take her to his own house without her being seen in male apparel by all the city.

The house of Gherardo is near the hotels.

The house of Flaminio is in a distinct locality from both. It is clearly not under observation from either.

I have, therefore, marked three changes of scene:

A street, with two hotels, and the house of Gherardo.

A street, with the house of Flaminio.

A street, with the house of Virginio.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GHERARDO FOIANI, *an old man, father of Isabella.*
VIRGINIO BELLENZINI, *an old man, father of Lelia and Fabrizio.*
FLAMINIO DE' CARANDINI, *in love with Isabella.*
FABRIZIO, *son of Virginio.*
MESSER PIERO, *a pedant, tutor of Fabrizio.*
L'AGIATO, } *rival hotel-keepers.*
FRUELLA, }
GIGLIO, *a Spaniard.*
SPELA, *servant of Gherardo.*
SCATIZZA, *servant of Virginio.*
CRIVELLO, *servant of Flaminio.*
STRAGUALCIA, *servant of Fabrizio.*

LELIA, *daughter of Virginio, disguised as a page, under the name of Fabio.*
ISABELLA, *daughter of Gherardo.*
CLEMENTIA, *nurse of Lelia.*
PANQUELLA, *housekeeper to Gherardo.*
CITTINA, *a girl, daughter of Clementia.*

The Scene is in Modena.

ACT I.

Scene I.—*A Street, with the house of* VIRGINIO.

VIRGINIO *and* GHERARDO.

VIRGINIO is an old merchant, who has two children, a son and a daughter, Fabrizio and Lelia. He has lost his property and his son in the sack of Rome, May, 1527, when his daughter had just finished her thirteenth year. The comedy being performed in the Carnival of 1531, the girl is in her seventeenth year. Another old man, Gherardo, who is wealthy, wishes to marry her, and the father assents, provided the maiden is willing. Gherardo thinks that the father's will ought to be sufficient, and that it only rests with him to make his daughter do as he pleases.

Scene II.

VIRGINIO *and* CLEMENTIA.

Virginio, having shortly before gone on business to Bologna, in company with a Messer Buonaparte and others, had left Lelia in a convent with her Aunt Camilla, and now, in

the intention of her marriage, desires Lelia's nurse, Clementia, to go to the convent to bring her home. Clementia must first go to mass.

Scene III.—*A Street, with the house of* Flaminio.

Lelia, *afterwards* Clementia.

Lelia (*in male apparel*). It is great boldness in me, that, knowing the licentious customs of these wild youths of Modena, I should venture abroad alone at this early hour. What would become of me, if any one of them should suspect my sex? But the cause is my love for the cruel and ungrateful Flaminio. Oh, what a fate is mine! I love one who hates me. I serve one who does not know me: and, for more bitter grief, I aid him in his love for another, without any other hope than that of satiating my eyes with his sight. Thus far all has gone well: but now, how can I do? My father has returned. Flaminio has come to live in the town. I can scarcely hope to continue here without being discovered: and if it should be so, my reputation will be blighted for ever, and I shall become the fable of the city. Therefore I have come forth at this hour to consult my nurse, whom, from the window, I have seen coming this way. But I will first see if she knows me in this dress.

[Clementia *enters.*

Clementia. In good faith, Flaminio must be returned to Modena: for I see his door open. Oh! if Lelia knew it, it would appear to her a thousand years till she came back to her father's house. But who is this young coxcomb that keeps crossing before me, backward and forward? What do you mean by it? Take yourself off, or I will show you how I like such chaps.

Lelia. Good-morning, good mother.

Clementia. I seem to know this boy. Tell me, where can I have seen you?

Lelia. You pretend not to know me, eh? Come a little nearer: nearer still: on this side. Now?

Clementia. Is it possible? Can you be Lelia? Oh, misery of my life! What can this mean, my child?

Lelia. Oh! if you cry out in this way, I must go.

Clementia. Is this the honour you do to your father, to your house, to yourself, to me, who have brought you up? Come in instantly. You shall not be seen in this dress.

Lelia. Pray have a little patience.

Clementia. Are you not ashamed to be seen so?

Lelia. Am I the first? I have seen women in Rome go in this way by hundreds.

Clementia. They must be no better than they should be.

Lelia. By no means.

Clementia. Why do you go so? Why have you left the convent? Oh! if your father knew it, he would kill you.

Lelia. He would end my affliction. Do you think I value life?

Clementia. But why do you go so? Tell me.

Lelia. Listen, and you shall hear. You will then know how great is my affliction, why I have left the convent, why I go thus attired, and what I wish you to do in the matter. But step more aside, lest any one should pass who may recognize me, seeing me talking with you.

Clementia. You destroy me with impatience.

Lelia. You know that after the miserable sack of Rome, my father, having lost everything, and with his property my brother Fabrizio, in order not to be alone in his house, took me from the service of the Signora Marchesana, with whom he had placed me, and, constrained by necessity, we returned to our house in Modena to live on the little that remained to us here. You know, also, that my father, having been considered a friend of the Count Guido Rangon,* was not well looked on by many.

Clementia. Why do you tell me what I know better than you? I know, too, for what reason you left the city, to live at our farm of Pontanile, and that I went with you.

Lelia. You know, also, how bitter were my feelings at that time: not only remote from all thoughts of love, but almost from all human thought, considering that, having been a captive among soldiers, I could not, however purely and becomingly I might live, escape malicious observations. And you know how often you scolded me for my melancholy, and exhorted me to lead a more cheerful life.

Clementia. If I know it, why do you tell it me? Go on.

Lelia. Because it is necessary to remind you of all this, that you may understand what follows. It happened at this

* This count makes a conspicuous figure in Guicciardini's History.

time that Flaminio Carandini, from having been attached to the same party as ourselves, formed an intimate friendship with my father, came daily to our house, began to admire me secretly, then took to sighing and casting down his eyes. By degrees I took increasing pleasure in his manners and conversation, not, however, even dreaming of love. But his continuous visits, and sighs, and signs of admiration at last made me aware that he was not a little taken with me, and I, who had never felt love before, deeming him worthy of my dearest thoughts, became in love with him so strongly that I had no longer any delight but in seeing him.

Clementia. Much of this I also knew.

Lelia. You know, too, that when the Spanish soldiers left Rome my father went there, to see if any of our property remained, but, still more, to see if he could learn any news of my brother. He sent me to Mirandola, to stay till his return, with my Aunt Giovanna. With what grief I separated myself from my dear Flaminio you may well say, who so often dried my tears. I remained a year at Mirandola, and on my father's return I came back to Modena, more than ever enamoured of him who was my first love, and thinking still that he loved me as before.

Clementia. Oh, insanity! How many Modenese have you found constant in the love of one for a year? One month to one, another month to another, is the extent of their devotion.

Lelia. I met him, and he scarcely remembered me, more than if he had never seen me. But the worst of it is, that he has set his heart on Isabella, the daughter of Gherardo Foiani, who is not only very beautiful, but the only child of her father, if the crazy old fellow does not marry again.

Clementia. He thinks himself certain of having you, and says that your father has promised you to him. But all this does not explain to me why you have left the convent, and go about in male apparel.

Lelia. The old fellow certainly shall not have me. But my father, after his return from Rome, having business at Bologna, placed me, as I would not return to Mirandola, in the convent with my cousin Amabile de' Cortesi. I found, that among these reverend mothers and sisters, love was the principal subject of conversation. I therefore felt emboldened to open my heart to Amabile. She pitied me, and

found means to bring Flaminio, who was then living out of the town, in a palazzo near the convent, several times, to speak with her and with others, where I, concealed behind curtains, might feast my eyes with seeing him, and my ears with hearing him. One day, I heard him lamenting the death of a page, whose good service he highly praised, saying how glad he should be if he could find such another. It immediately occurred to me, that I would try to supply the vacant place, and consulting with Sister Amabile, she encouraged me, instructed me how to proceed, and fitted me with some new clothes, which she had had made, in order that she might, as others do, go out in disguise about her own affairs. So one morning early, I left the convent in this attire, and went to Flaminio's palazzo. There I waited till Flaminio came out: and, Fortune be praised, he no sooner saw me, than he asked me, most courteously, what I wanted, and whence I came.

Clementia. Is it possible that you did not fall dead with shame?

Lelia. Far from it, indeed. Love bore me up. I answered frankly, that I was from Rome, and that being poor, I was seeking service. He examined me several times from head to foot so earnestly, that I was almost afraid he would know me. He then said, that if I pleased to stay with him, he would receive me willingly, and treat me well; and I answered, that I would gladly do so.

Clementia. And what good do you expect from this mad proceeding?

Lelia. The good of seeing him, hearing him, talking with him, learning his secrets, seeing his companions, and being sure that if he is not mine, he is not another's.

Clementia. In what way do you serve him?

Lelia. As his page, in all honesty. And in this fortnight that I have served him, I have become so much in favour, that I almost think appearing in my true dress would revive his love.

Clementia. What will people say when this shall be known?

Lelia. Who will know it, if you do not tell it? Now, what I want you to do is this: that, as my father returned yesterday, and may perhaps send for me, you would prevent his doing so for four or five days, and at the end of that time

I will return. You may say that I have gone to Roverino with Sister Amabile.

Clementia. And why all this?

Lelia. Flaminio, as I have already told you, is enamoured of Isabella Foiani; and he often sends me to her with letters and messages. She, taking me for a young man, has fallen madly in love with me, and makes me the most passionate advances. I pretend that I will not love her, unless she can so manage as to bring Flaminio's pursuit of her to an end; and I hope that in three or four days he will be brought to give her up.

Clementia. Your father has sent me for you, and I insist on your coming to my house, and I will send for your clothes. If you do not come with me, I will tell your father all about you.

Lelia. Then I will go where neither you nor he shall ever [illegible] me again. I can say no more now, for I hear Flaminio [illegible] me. Expect me at your house in an hour. Remember, [illegible] I call myself Fabio degl' Alberini. I come, Signor [illegible] Clementia.

Clementia (alone). In good faith, she has seen Gherardo [illegible], and has run away. I must not tell her father for [illegible] present, and she must not remain where she is. I will [illegible] till I see her again.

respecting her; by which he is so bewildered, that he does not know what to say to Virginio.

ACT II.

Scene I.—*The Street, with the house of* Flaminio.

Lelia (*as* Fabio) *and* Flaminio.

Flaminio. It is a strange thing, Fabio, that I have not yet been able to extract a kind answer from this cruel, this ungrateful Isabella, and yet her always receiving you graciously, and giving you willing audience, makes me think that she does not altogether hate me. Assuredly, I never did anything, that I know, to displease her; and you may judge, from her conversation, if she has any cause to complain of me. Repeat to me what she said yesterday, when you went to her with that letter.

Lelia. I have repeated it to you twenty times.

Flaminio. Oh, repeat it to me once more. What can it matter to you?

Lelia. It matters to me this, that it is disagreeable to you, and is, therefore, painful to me, as your servant, who seek only to please you; and perhaps these answers may give you ill-will towards me.

Flaminio. No, my dear Fabio; I love you as a brother: I know you wish well to me, and I will never be wanting to you, as time shall show. But repeat to me what she said.

Lelia. Have I not told you? That the greatest pleasure you can do her is to let her alone; to think no more of her, because she has fixed her heart elsewhere: that she has no eyes to look on you; that you lose your time in following her, and will find yourself at last with your hands full of wind.

Flaminio. And does it appear to you, Fabio, that she says these things from her heart, or, rather, that she has taken some offence with me? For at one time she showed me favour, and I cannot believe that she wishes me ill, while she accepts my letters and my messages. I am disposed to follow her till death. Do you not think me in the right, Fabio?

Lelia. No, signor.

Flaminio. Why?

Lelia. Because, if I were in your place, I should expect her to receive my service as a grace and an honour. To a

young man like you, noble, virtuous, elegant, handsome, can ladies worthy of you be wanting? Do as I would do, sir: leave her; and attach yourself to some one who will love you as you deserve. Such will be easily found, and perhaps as handsome as she is. Have you never yet found one in this country who loved you?

Flaminio. Indeed I have, and especially one, who is named Lelia, and of whom, I have often thought, I see a striking likeness in you: the most beautiful, the most accomplished, the most courteous young person in this town: who would think herself happy, if I would show her even a little favour: rich, and well received at court. We were lovers nearly a year, and she showed me a thousand favours: but she went to Mirandola, and my fate made me enamoured of Isabella, who has been as cruel to me as Lelia was gracious.

Lelia. Master, you deserve to suffer. If you do not value one who loves you, it is fitting that one you love should not value you.

Flaminio. What do you mean?

Lelia. If you first loved this poor girl, and if she loved and still loves you, why have you abandoned her to follow another? Ah, Signor Flaminio! you do a great wrong, a greater than I know if God can pardon.

Flaminio. You are a child, Fabio. You do not know the force of love. I cannot help myself. I must love and adore Isabella. I cannot, may not, will not think of any but her. Therefore go to her again: speak with her: and try to draw dexterously from her, what is the cause that she will not see me.

Lelia. You will lose your time.

Flaminio. It pleases me so to lose it.

Lelia. You will do nothing.

Flaminio. Patience.

Lelia. Pray let her go.

Flaminio. I cannot. Go, as I bid you.

Lelia. I will go, but—

Flaminio. Return with the answer immediately. Meanwhile I will go in.

Lelia. When time serves, I will not fail.

Flaminio. Do this, and it will be well for you.

Scene II.

LELIA *and* PASQUELLA.

Lelia. He has gone in good time, for here is Pasquella coming to look for me. [LELIA *retires.*

Pasquella. I do not think there is in the world a greater trouble, or a greater annoyance, than to serve a young woman like my mistress, who has neither mother nor sisters to look after her, and who has fallen all at once into such a passion of love, that she has no rest night or day, but runs about the house, now up stairs, now down, now to one window, now to another, as if she had quicksilver in her feet. Oh! I have been young, and I have been in love: but I gave myself some repose. At least, if she had fallen in love with a man of note, and of fitting years: but she has taken to doting on a boy, who, I think, could scarcely tie the points of his doublet, if he had not some one to help him: and every day, and all day, she sends me to look for him, as if I had nothing to do at home. But here he is, happily. Good-day to you, Fabio. I was seeking you, my charmer.

Lelia. And a thousand crowns to you, Pasquella. How does your fair mistress?

Pasquella. And how can you suppose she does? Wastes away in tears and lamentations, that all this morning you have not been to her house.

Lelia. She would not have me there before daybreak. I have something to do at home. I have a master to serve.

Pasquella. Your master always wishes you to go there: and my mistress entreats you to come, for her father is not at home, and she has something of consequence to tell you.

Lelia. Tell her she must get rid of Flaminio, or I shall ruin myself by obeying her.

Pasquella. Come, and tell her so yourself.

Lelia. I have something else to do, I tell you.

Pasquella. It is but to go, and return as soon as you please.

Lelia. I will not come. Go, and tell her so.

Pasquella. You will not?

Lelia. No, I say. Do you not hear? No. No. No.

Pasquella. In good faith, in good truth, Fabio, Fabio, you are too proud: you are young: you do not know your own good: this favour will not last always; you will not always

have such rosy cheeks, such ruby lips: when your beard grows, you will not be the pretty pet you are now. Then you will repent your folly. How many are there in this city, that would think the love of Isabella the choicest gift of heaven!

Lelia. Then let her give it to them: and leave alone me, who do not care for it.

Pasquella. Oh, heaven! how true is it, that boys have no brains. Oh, dear, dear Fabio, pray come, and come soon, or she will send me for you again, and will not believe that I have delivered her message.

Lelia. Well, Pasquella, go home. I did but jest. I will come.

Pasquella. When, my jewel?

Lelia. Soon.

Pasquella. How soon?

Lelia. Immediately: go.

Pasquella. I shall expect you at the door.

Lelia. Yes, yes.

Pasquella. If you do not come, I shall be very angry.

Scene III.—*A Street, with two hotels and the house of* GHERARDO.

GIGLIO (*a Spaniard*) *and* PASQUELLA.

Giglio, who is in love with Isabella, and longs for an opportunity of speaking to her without witnesses, tries to cajole Pasquella into admitting him to the house,* and promises her a rosary, with which he is to return in the evening. She does not intend to admit him, but thinks to trick him out of the rosary. He does not intend to give her the rosary, but thinks to delude her by the promise of it.

Scene IV.—*The Street, with the house of* FLAMINIO.

FLAMINIO, CRIVELLO, *and* SCATIZZA.

Flaminio. You have not been to look for Fabio, and he does not come. I do not know what to think of his delay.

* Por mia vida, que esta es la Vieia biene avventurada, que tiene la mas hermosa moza d' esta tierra per sua ama. O se le puodiesse io ablar dos parablas sin testiges. . . . Quiero veer se puode con alguna lisenia, pararme tal con esta vieia ellacca ob alcatieta que me aga al canzar alge con ella.

Crivello. I was going, and you called me back. How am I to blame?

Flaminio. Go now, and if he is still in the house of Isabella, wait till he comes out, and send him home instantly.

Crivello. How shall I know if he is there or not? You would not have me knock and inquire?

Flaminio. I have not a servant worth his salt, but Fabio. Heaven grant me favour to reward him. What are you muttering, blockhead? Is it not true?

Crivello. What would you have me say? Of course, I say, yes. Fabio is good: Fabio is handsome: Fabio serves well: Fabio with you: Fabio with your lady: Fabio does everything: Fabio is everything. But—

Flaminio. What do you mean by but?

Crivello. He is too much trusted: he is a stranger, and one day he may disappear, with something worth taking.

Flaminio. I wish you others were as trustworthy. Yonder is Scatizza. Ask him if he has seen Fabio: and come to me at the bank of the Porini.

The scene terminates with a few words between Crivello and Scatizza.

Scene V.—Spela soliloquizes on the folly of Gherardo, who had sent him to buy a bottle of perfume; and some young men in the shop, understanding for whom it was wanted, had told him he had better buy a bottle of assafœtida.

Scene VI.—*The Street, with the hotels and the house of* GHERARDO.

GRIVELLO, SCATIZZA, LELIA, *and* ISABELLA.

Crivello and Scatizza are talking of keeping Carnival at the expense of their masters, when Gherardo's door opens, and they stand back. Lelia and Isabella enter from the house of Gherardo.

Lelia. Remember what you have promised me.

Isabella. And do you remember to return to me. One word more.

Lelia. What more?

Isabella. Listen.

Lelia. I attend.

Isabella. No one is here.

Lelia. Not a living soul.

Isabella. Come nearer. I wish——

Lelia. What do you wish?

Isabella. I wish that you would return after dinner, when my father will be out.

Lelia. I will; but if my master passes this way, close the window, and retire.

Isabella. If I do not, may you never love me.

Lelia. Adieu. Now return into the house.

Isabella. I would have a favour from you.

Lelia. What?

Isabella. Come a little within.

Lelia. We shall be seen.

Scatizza (*apart*). She has kissed him.

Crivello (*apart*). I had rather have lost an hundred crowns than not have seen this kiss. What will my master do when he knows it?

Scatizza (*apart*). Oh, the devil! You won't tell him?

Isabella. Pardon me. Your too great beauty, and the too great love I bear you, have impelled me to this. You will think it scarcely becoming the modesty of a maid; but, God knows, I could not resist.

Lelia. I need no excuses, signora. I know too well what extreme love has led me to.

Isabella. To what?

Lelia. To deceiving my master, which is not well.

Isabella. Ill fortune come to him.

Lelia. It is late. I must go home. Remain in peace.

Isabella. I give myself to you.

Lelia. I am yours. (*Isabella goes in.*) I am sorry for her, and wish I were well out of this intrigue. I will consult my nurse, Clementia; but here comes Flaminio.

Crivello (*apart*). Scatizza, my master told me to go to him at the bank of the Porini. I will carry him this good news. If he does not believe me, I shall call you to witness.

Scatizza. I will not fail you; but if you will take my advice, you will keep quiet, and you will always have this rod in pickle for Fabio, to make him do as you please.

Crivello. I tell you I hate him. He has ruined me.

Scatizza. Take your own way.

Scene VII.—*The Street, with the house of* FLAMINIO.

FLAMINIO *and* LELIA.

Flaminio. Is it possible that I can be so far out of myself, have so little self-esteem, as to love, in her own despite, one who hates me, despises me, will not even condescend to look at me? Am I so vile, of so little account, that I cannot free myself from this shame, this torment? But here is Fabio. Well, what have you done?

Lelia. Nothing.

Flaminio. Why have you been so long away?

Lelia. I have delayed, because I waited to speak with Isabella.

Flaminio. And why have you not spoken to her?

Lelia. She would not listen to me; and if you would act in my way, you would take another course; for, by all that I can so far understand, she is most obstinately resolved to do nothing to please you.

Flaminio. Why, even now, as I passed her house, she rose and disappeared from the window, with as much anger and fury as if she had seen some hideous and horrible thing.

Lelia. Let her go, I tell you. Is it possible that, in all this city, there is no other who merits your love as much as she does!

Flaminio. I would it were not so. I fear this has been the cause of all my misfortune; for I loved very warmly that Lelia Bellenzini, of whom I have spoken; and I fear Isabella thinks this love still lasts, and on that account will not see me; but I will give Isabella to understand that I love Lelia no longer; rather that I hate her, and cannot bear to hear her named, and will pledge my faith never to go where she may be. Tell Isabella this as strongly as you can.

Lelia. Oh, me!

Flaminio. What has come over you? What do you feel?

Lelia. Oh, me!

Flaminio. Lean on me. Have you any pain?

Lelia. Suddenly. In the heart.

Flaminio. Go in. Apply warm cloths to your side. I will follow immediately, and, if necessary, will send for a doctor to feel your pulse and prescribe a remedy. Give me your arm. You are pale and cold. Lean on me. Gently—gently.

(*Leads her into the house, and returns.*) To what are we subject! I would not, for all I am worth, that anything should happen to him, for there never was in the world a more diligent and well-mannered servant, nor one more cordially attached to his master. [FLAMINIO *goes off, and* LELIA *returns.*

Lelia. Oh, wretched Lelia! Now you have heard from the mouth of this ungrateful Flaminio, how well he loves you. Why do you lose your time in following one so false and so cruel? All your former love, your favours, and your prayers, were thrown away. Now your stratagems are unavailing. Oh, me, unhappy! Refused, rejected, spurned, hated! Why do I serve him, who repels me? Why do I ask him, who denies me? Why do I follow him, who flies me? Why do I love him, who hates me? Ah, Flaminio! Nothing pleases him but Isabella. He desires nothing but Isabella. Let him have her. Let him hold her. I must leave him, or I shall die. I will serve him no longer in this dress. I will never again come in his way, since he holds me in such deadly hatred. I will go to Clementia, who expects me, and with her I will determine on the course of my future life.

Scene VIII.

FLAMINIO *and* CRIVELLO.

Crivello. And if it is not so, cut out my tongue, and hang me up by the neck.

Flaminio. How long since?

Crivello. When you sent me to look for him.

Flaminio. Tell me again how it was, for he denies having been able to speak with her.

Crivello. You will do well to make him confess it. I tell you, that, watching about the house to see if he were there, I saw him come out; and as he was going away, Isabella called him back into the doorway. They looked round, to see if any one were near, and not seeing any one, they kissed together.

Flaminio. How was it that they did not see you?

Crivello. I was ensconced in the opposite portico.

Flaminio. How then did you see them?

Crivello. By peeping in the nick of time, when they saw nothing but each other.

Flaminio. And he kissed her?

Crivello. I do not know whether he kissed her, or she kissed him; but I am sure that one kissed the other.

Flaminio. Be sure that you saw clearly, and do not come by-and-by to say that it seemed so; for this is a great matter that you tell me of. How did you see it?

Crivello. Watching with open eyes, and having nothing to do but to see.

Flaminio. If this be true, you have killed me.

Crivello. This is true. She called him back, she went up to him: she embraced him; she kissed him. If this is to kill you, you are dead.

Flaminio. It is no wonder that the traitor denied having been there. I know now, why he counselled me to give her up: that he might have her himself. If I do not take such vengeance, as shall be a warning to all traitorous servants, may I never be esteemed a man. But I will not believe you, without better evidence. You are ill-disposed to Fabio, and wish to get rid of him; but, by the eternal heaven, I will make you tell the truth, or I will kill you. You saw them kissing?

Crivello. I did.

Flaminio. He kissed her?

Crivello. Or she him. Or both.

Flaminio. How often?

Crivello. Twice.

Flaminio. Where?

Crivello. In the entry of her house.

Flaminio. You lie in your throat. You said in the doorway.

Crivello. Just inside the doorway.

Flaminio. Tell the truth.

Crivello. I am very sorry to have told it.

Flaminio. It was true?

Crivello. Yes; and I have a witness.

Flaminio. Who?

Crivello. Virginio's man, Scatizza.

Flaminio. Did he see it?

Crivello. As I did.

Flaminio. And if he does not confess it?

Crivello. Kill me.

Flaminio. I will.

Crivello. And if he does confess it?

Flaminio. I will kill both.

Crivello. Oh, the devil! What for?

Flaminio. Not you. Isabella and Fabio.

Crivello. And burn down the house, with Pasquella and every one in it.

Flaminio. Let us look for Scatizza. I will pay them. I will take such revenge as all this land shall ring of.

ACT III.

Scene I.—*The Street, with the hotels and the house of* Gherardo.

Messer Piero, Fabrizio, *and* Stragualcia.

Messer Piero, who had been before in Modena, points out some of its remarkable places to Fabrizio, who had been taken from it too young to remember it. Stragualcia is a hungry fellow, who is clamorous for his dinner.

Scene II.

L' Agiato, Fruella, Piero, Fabrizio, *and* Stragualcia.

L' Agiato and Fruella, two rival hotel-keepers, dispute the favour of the new comers.

L' Agiato. Oh, signors, this is the hotel; lodge at the Looking-glass—at the Looking-glass.

Fruella. Welcome, signors: I have lodged you before. Do you not remember your Fruella? The only hotel for gentlemen of your degree.

L' Agiato. You shall have good apartments, a good fire, excellent beds, white crisp sheets; everything you can ask for.

Fruella. I will give you the best wine of Lombardy: partridges, home-made sausages, pigeons, pullets; and whatever else you may desire.

L' Agiato. I will give you veal sweetbreads, Bologna sausages, mountain wine, all sorts of delicate fare.

Fruella. I will give you fewer delicacies, and more substantials. You will live at a fixed rate. At the Looking-Glass you will be charged even for candles.

Stragualcia. Master, let us put up here. This seems best.

L' Agiato. If you wish to live well, lodge at the Looking-

Glass. You would not have it said that you lodged at the Fool.*

Fruella. My Fool is a hundred thousand times better than your Looking-Glass.

Messer Piero. Speculum prudentiam significat, juxta illud nostri Catonis, Nosce teipsum.† You understand, Fabrizio.

Fabrizio. I understand.

Fruella. See who has most guests, you or I.

L' Agiato. See who has most men of note.

Fruella. See where they are best treated.

L' Agiato. See where there are most delicacies.

Stragualcia. Delicacies, delicacies, delicacies! Give me substance. Delicacies are for the Florentines.

L' Agiato. All these lodge with me.

Fruella. They did; but for the last three years they have come to me.

L' Agiato. My man, give me the trunk, it seems to gall your shoulder.

Stragualcia. Never mind my shoulder, I want to fill my stomach.

Fruella. Here is a couple of coupons, just ready. These are for you.

Stragualcia. They will do for a first course.

L' Agiato. Look at this ham.

Messer Piero. Not bad.

Fruella. Who understands wine?

Stragualcia. I do; better than the French.

Fruella. See if this pleases you. If not, you may try ten other sorts.

Stragualcia. Fruella, you are the prince of hosts. Taste this, master. This is good. Carry in the trunk.

Messer Piero. Wait a little. What have you to say?

L' Agiato. I say, that gentlemen do not care for heavy meats, but for what is light, good, and delicate.

Stragualcia. This would be an excellent *provedore* for a hospital.

Messer Piero. Do not be uncivil. What will you give us?

L' Agiato. You have only to command.

Fruella. Where there is plenty, a man may eat little or

* In the sense of *fou*, not of *sot*.

† The Looking-Glass signifies prudence, according to the saying of our Cato: "Know yourself."

much as he pleases; but where there is little, and the appetite grows with eating, he can only finish his dinner with bread.

Stragualcia. You are wiser than the statutes. I have never seen a landlord so much to my mind.

Fruella. Go into the kitchen, brother; there you will see.

*Messer Piero. Omnis repletio mala, panis autem pessima.**

Stragualcia (*aside*). Paltry pedant! One of these days I must crack his skull.

L' Agiato. Come in, gentlemen. It is not good to stand in the cold.

Fabrizio. We are not so chilly.

Fruella. You must know, gentlemen, this hotel of the Looking-Glass used to be the best hotel in Lombardy; but since I have opened this of the Fool, it does not lodge ten persons in a year, and my sign has a greater reputation throughout the world than any other hostelry whatever. The French come here in flocks, and all the Germans, that pass this way.

L' Agiato. This is not true. The Germans go to the Pig.

Fruella. The Milanese come here; the Parmesans; the Placentians.

L' Agiato. The Venetians come to me; the Genoese; the Florentines.

Messer Piero. Where do the Neapolitans lodge?

Fruella. With me.

L' Agiato. The greater part of them lodge at the Cupid.

Fruella. Many with me.

Fabrizio. Where does the Duke of Malfi?

Fruella. Sometimes at my house, sometimes at his, sometimes at the Sword, sometimes at the Cupid; accordingly as he finds most room for his suite.

Messer Piero. Where do the Romans lodge, as we are from Rome?

L' Agiato. With me.

Fruella. It is not true: He does not lodge a Roman in a year, except two or three old cardinals, who keep to him from habit. All the rest come to the Fool.

Stragualcia. I would not go from hence, without being dragged away. Master, there are so many pots and pipkins about the fire, so many soups, so many sauces, so many spits, turning with partridges and capons, such an odour of stews

* All repletion is bad, but that of bread is the worst.

and ragouts, such a display of pies and tarts, that, if the whole court of Rome were coming here to keep carnival, there would be enough, and to spare.

Fabrizio. Have you been drinking?

Stragualcia. Oh! and such wine.

*Messer Piero. Variorum ciborum commistio pessimam generat digestionem.**

Stragualcia. Rus asinorum, buorum castronorum pecoronibus† —the devil take all pedants. Let us go in here, master.

Fabrizio. Where do the Spaniards lodge?

Fruella. I do not trouble myself about them. They go to the Hook. But what need more? No person of note arrives in Modena, but comes to lodge with me, except the Sienese, who, being all one with the Modenese, no sooner set foot in the city, but they find an hundred friends, who take them to their houses: otherwise, great lords and good companions, gentle and simple, all come to the Fool.

L' Agiato. I say that great doctors, learned brothers, academicians, virtuosi, all come to the Looking-Glass.

Fruella. And I say, that no one, who takes up his quarters at the Looking-Glass, has been there many days before he walks out and comes to me.

Fabrizio. Messer Piero, what shall we do?

Messer Piero. Etiam atque etiam cogitandum.‡

Stragualcia (aside). I can scarcely keep my hands off him.

Messer Piero. I think, Fabrizio, we have not much money.

Stragualcia. Master, I have just seen the host's daughter, as beautiful as an angel.

Messer Piero. Well, let us fix here. Your father, if we find him, will pay the reckoning.

Stragualcia. I will go into the kitchen, taste what is there, drink two or three cups of wine, fall asleep by a good fire, and the devil take economy.

L' Agiato. Remember, Fruella. You have played me too many tricks. One day we must try which head is the hardest.

Fruella. Whenever you please. I am ready to crack your skull.

* The mixture of various foods causes the worst possible digestion.
† Mock Latin.
‡ It is to be thought of again and again.

Scene III.—*The Street, with the house of* VIRGINIO.

VIRGINIO *and* CLEMENTIA.

Virginio. These are the customs which you have taught her. This is the honour which she does me. Have I for this escaped so many misfortunes, to see my property without an heir, my house broken up, my daughter dishonoured: to become the fable of the city: not to dare to lift up my head: to be pointed at by boys: to be laughed at by old men: to be put into a comedy by the Intronati: to be made an example in novels: to be an eternal scandal in the mouths of the ladies of this land? For if one knows it, in three hours all the city knows it. Disgraced, unhappy, miserable father! I have lived too long. What can I think of? What can I do?

Clementia. You will do well to make as little noise as you can, and to take the quietest steps you can to bring your daughter home, before the town is aware of the matter. But I wish that Sister Novellante Ciancini had as much breath in her body as I have faith in my mind, that Lelia goes dressed as a man. Do not encourage their evil speaking. They wish her to be a nun, that they may inherit your property.

Virginio. Sister Novellante has spoken truth. She has told me, moreover, that Lelia is living as a page with a gentleman of this city, and that he does not know that she is not a boy.

Clementia. I do not believe it.

Virginio. Neither do I, that he does not know that she is not a boy.

Clementia. That is not what I mean.

Virginio. It is what I mean. But what could I expect, when I entrusted her bringing up to you?

Clementia. Rather, what could you expect, when you wanted to marry her to a man old enough to be her grandfather?

Virginio. If I find her, I will drag her home by the hair.

Clementia. You will take your disgrace from your bosom, to display it on your head.

Virginio. I have a description of her dress: I shall find her: let that suffice.

Clementia. Take your own way. I will lose no more time in washing a coal.

Scene IV.—*The Street, with the hotels and the house of* GHERARDO.

FABRIZIO *and* FRUELLA.

Fabrizio. While my two servants are sleeping, I will walk about to see the city. When they rise, tell them to come towards the piazza.

Fruella. Assuredly, young gentleman, if I had not seen you put on these clothes, I should have taken you for the page of a gentleman in this town, who dresses like you, in white,* and is so like you that he appears yourself.

Fabrizio. Perhaps I may have a brother.

Fruella. It may be so.

Fabrizio. Tell my tutor to inquire for he knows whom.

Fruella. Trust to me.

Scene V.

FABRIZIO *and* PASQUELLA.

Pasquella. In good faith, there he is. I was afraid of having to search the city before I should find you. My mistress says you must come to her as soon as you can, for a matter of great importance to both of you.

Fabrizio. Who is your mistress?

Pasquella. As if you did not know.

Fabrizio. I do not know either her or you.

Pasquella. Oh, my Fabio.

Fabrizio. That is not my name. You are under some mistake.

Pasquella. Oh, no, Fabio. You know, there are few girls in this country so rich and so beautiful, and I wish you would come to conclusions with her: for, going backwards and forwards day after day, taking words and giving words

* Viola, in assuming male apparel, copies the dress of her brother:—

"He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass: even such and so
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament;
For him I imitate."—*Twelfth Night*, act iii. scene 4.

only, sets folks talking, with no profit to you, and little honour to her.

Fabrizio (*aside*). What can this mean? Either the woman is mad, or she takes me for somebody else. But I will see what will come of it. Let us go, then.

Pasquella. Oh! I think I hear people in the house. Stop a moment. I will see if Isabella is alone, and will make a sign to you if the coast is clear.

Fabrizio. I will see the end of this mystery. Perhaps it is a scheme to get money of me: but I am, as it were, a pupil of the Spaniards, and am more likely to get a crown from them, than they are to get a carlin from me. I will stand aside a little, to see who goes into or out of the house, and judge what sort of lady she may be.

Scene VI.

GHERARDO, VIRGINIO, *and* PASQUELLA.

Gherardo. Pardon me. If this is so, I renounce her. If Lelia has done this, it must be, not merely because she will not have me, but because she has taken somebody else.

Virginio. Do not believe it, Gherardo. I pray you, do not spoil what has been done.

Gherardo. And I pray you to say no more about it.

Virginio. Surely you will not be wanting to your word.

Gherardo. Yes, where there has been a wanting in deed. Besides, you do not know if you can recover her. You are selling the bird in the bush. I heard your talk with Clementia.

Virginio. If I do not recover her, I cannot give her to you. But if I do recover her, will you not have her? And that immediately?

Gherardo. Virginio, I had the most honourable wife in Modena. And I have a daughter who is a dove. How can I bring into my house one who has run away from her father, and gone heaven knows where in masculine apparel? Whom should I find to marry my daughter?

Virginio. After a few days nothing will be thought of it. And I do not think any one knows it, except ourselves.

Gherardo. The whole town will be full of it.

Virginio. No, no.

Gherardo. How long is it since she ran away?

Virginio. Yesterday, or this morning.

Gherardo. Who knows that she is still in Modena?

Virginio. I know it.

Gherardo. Find her, and we will talk it over again.

Virginio. Do you promise to take her?

Gherardo. I will see.

Virginio. Say, yes.

Gherardo. I will not say yes: but—

Virginio. Come, say it freely.

Gherardo. Softly. What are you doing here, Pasquella? What is Isabella about?

Pasquella. Kneeling before her altar.

Gherardo. Blessings on her. A daughter who is always at her devotions is something to be proud of.

Pasquella. Ay, indeed. She fasts on all fast-days, and says the prayers of the day like a little saint.

Gherardo. She resembles that blessed soul of her mother.

Virginio. Oh, Gherardo! Gherardo! this is she, of whom we have been speaking. She seems to be hiding or running away, for having seen me. Let us go up to her.

Gherardo. Take care not to mistake. Perhaps it is not she?

Virginio. Who would not know her? And have I not all the signs which Sister Novellante gave me?

Pasquella. Things are going ill. I will take myself off.

Scene VII.

VIRGINIO, GHERARDO, *and* FABRIZIO.

Virginio. So, my fine miss, do you think this is a befitting dress for you? This is the honour you do to my house. This is the content you give to a poor old man. Would I had been dead before you were born, for you were only born to disgrace me: to bury me alive. And you, Gherardo, what say you of your betrothed? Is she not a credit to you?

Gherardo. She is no betrothed of mine.

Virginio. Impudent minx! What would become of you, if this good man should reject you for a wife? But he overlooks your follies, and is willing to take you.

Gherardo. Softly, softly.

Virginio. Go indoors, hussy.

Fabrizio. Old man, have you no sons, friends, or relations in this city whose duty it is to take care of you?

Virginio. What an answer! Why do you ask this?

Fabrizio. Because I wonder that, having so much need of a doctor, you are allowed to go about, when you ought to be locked up, and in a strait-waistcoat.

Virginio. You ought to be locked up, and shall be, if I do not kill you on the spot, as I have a mind to do.

Fabrizio. You insult me, because, perhaps, you think me a foreigner; but I am a Modenese, and of as good a family as you.

Virginio (*taking* GHERARDO *aside*). Gherardo, take her into your house. Do not let her be seen in this fashion.

Gherardo. No, no; take her home.

Virginio. Listen a little, and keep an eye on her, that she does not run away. [*They talk apart.*

Fabrizio. I have seen madmen before now, but such a madman as this old fellow I never saw going at large. What a comical insanity, to fancy that young men are girls! I would not for a thousand crowns have missed this drollery, to make a story for evenings in carnival. They are coming this way. I will humour their foolery, and see what will come of it.

Virginio. Come here.

Fabrizio. What do you want?

Virginio. You are a sad hussy.

Fabrizio. Do not be abusive: for I shall not stand it.

Virginio. Brazen face.

Fabrizio. Ho! ho! ho!

Gherardo. Let him speak. Do you not see that he is angry? Do as he bids.

Fabrizio. What is his anger to me? What is he to me, or you either?

Virginio. You will kill me before my time.

Fabrizio. It is high time to die, when you have fallen into dotage. You have lived too long already.

Gherardo. Do not speak so, dear daughter, dear sister.

Fabrizio. Here is a pretty pair of doves! both crazy with one conceit. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Virginio. Do you laugh at me, impudence?

Fabrizio. How can I help laughing at you, brainless old goose?

Gherardo. I am afraid this poor girl has lost her wits.

Virginio. I thought so at first, when I saw with how little patience she received me. Pray take her into your house. I

cannot take her to my own, without making myself the sight of the city.

Fabrizio. About what are these brothers of Melchisedech laying together the heads of their second babyhood?

Virginio. Let us coax her indoors; and as soon as she is within, lock her up in a chamber with your daughter.

Gherardo. Be it so.

Virginio. Come, my girl, I will not longer be angry with you. I pardon everything. Only behave well for the future.

Fabrizio. Thank you.

Gherardo. Behave as good daughters do.

Fabrizio. The other chimes in with the same tune.

Gherardo. Go in, then, like a good girl.

Virginio. Go in, my daughter.

Gherardo. This house is your own. You are to be my wife.

Fabrizio. Your wife and his daughter? Ha! ha! ha!

Gherardo. My daughter will be glad of your company.

Fabrizio. Your daughter, eh? Very good. I will go in.

Virginio. Gherardo, now that we have her safe, lock her up with your daughter, while I send for her clothes.

Gherardo. Pasquella, call Isabella, and bring the key of her room.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—*Scene continues.*

MESSER PIERO *and* STRAGUALCIA.

Messer Piero. You ought to have fifty bastinadoes, to teach you to keep him company when he goes out, and not to get drunk and sleep, as you have done, and let him go about alone.

Stragualcia. And you ought to be loaded with birch and broom, sulphur, pitch, and gunpowder, and set on fire, to teach you not to be what you are.

Messer Piero. Sot, sot.

Stragualcia. Pedant, pedant.

Messer Piero. Let me find your master.

Stragualcia. Let me find his father.

Messer Piero. What can you say of me to his father?

Stragualcia. And what can you say of me?

Messer Piero. That you are a knave, a rogue, a rascal, a sluggard, a coward, a drunkard. That is what I can say.

Stragualcia. And I can say that you are a thief, a gambler, a slanderer, a cheat, a sharper, a boaster, a blockhead, an impostor, an ignoramus, a traitor, a profligate. That is what I can say.

Messer Piero. Well, we are both known.

Stragualcia. True.

Messer Piero. No more words. I will not place myself on a footing with you.

Stragualcia. Oh! to be sure; you have all the nobility of the Maremma. I am better born than you. What are you, but the son of a muleteer? This upstart, because he can say *cujus masculini*, thinks he may set his foot on every man's neck.

Messer Piero. Naked and poor go'st thou, Philosophy.* To what have poor letters come? Into the mouth of an ass.

Stragualcia. You will be the ass presently. I will lay a load of wood on your shoulders.

Messer Piero. Furor fit læsa sæpius sapientia.† For the sake of your own shoulders, let me alone, base groom, poltroon, arch-poltroon.

Stragualcia. Pedant, pedant, arch-pedant. What can be said worse than pedant? Can there be a viler, baser, more rubbishy race? They go about puffed up like bladders because they are called *Messer* This, *Maestro* That. . . .

[STRAGUALCIA *ends with several terms of untranslatable abuse.*

Messer Piero. Tractant fabrilia fabri.‡ You speak like what you are. Either you shall leave this service, or I will.

Stragualcia. Who would you have in his house, and at his table, except my young master, who is better than bread?

Messer Piero. Many would be glad of me. No more words. Go to the hotel, take care of your master's property. By-and-by we will have a reckoning.

Stragualcia. Yes, we will have a reckoning, and you shall pay it.

Messer Piero. Fruella told me Fabrizio was gone towards the Piazza. I will follow him. [*Exit.*

Stragualcia. If I did not now and then make head against this fellow, there would be no living with him. He has no more valour than a rabbit. When I brave him, he is soon

* Povera e nuda vai, Filosofia.—*Petrarca*, p. 1, s. 7.

† Wisdom frequently injured becomes fury.

‡ Workmen speak according to their art.

silenced: but if I were once to knock under to him, he would lead me the life of a galley-slave.

Scene II.

GHERARDO, VIRGINIO, *and* MESSER PIERO.

Gherardo. I will endow her as you desire; and if you do not find your son, you will add a thousand golden florins.

Virginio. Be it so.

Messer Piero. I am much deceived, or I have seen this gentleman before.

Virginio. What are you looking at, good sir?

Messer Piero. Certainly, this is my old master. Do you know in this town one Signor Vincenzio Bellenzini?

Virginio. I know him well. He has no better friend than I am.

Messer Piero. Assuredly, you are he. *Salve, patronorum optime.**

Virginio. Are you Messer Pietro de' Pagliaricci, my son's tutor?

Messer Piero. I am, indeed.

Virginio. Oh, my son! Woe is me! What news do you bring me of him? Where did you leave him? Where did he die? For dead he must be, or I should not have been so long without hearing from him. Those traitors murdered him—those Jews, those dogs. Oh, my son! my greatest blessing in the world! Tell me of him, dear master.

Messer Piero. Do not weep, sir, for heaven's sake. Your son is alive and well.

Gherardo. If this is true, I lose the thousand florins. Take care, Virginio, that this man is not a cheat.

Messer Piero. Parcius ista viris tamen objicienda memento.†

Virginio. Tell me something, master.

Messer Piero. Your son, in the sack of Rome, was a prisoner of one Captain Orteca.

Gherardo. So he begins his fable.

Messer Piero. And because the captain had two comrades, who might claim their share, he sent us secretly to Siena: then, fearing that the Sienese, who are great friends of right

* Hail! best of masters.

† Remember, that such things must be more sparingly objected to men.

and justice, and most affectionately attached to this city, might take him and set him at liberty, he took us to a castle of the Signor di Piombino, set our ransom at a thousand ducats, and made us write for that amount.

Virginio. Was my son ill-treated?

Messer Piero. No, certainly; they treated him like a gentleman. We received no answers to our letters.

Virginio. Go on.

Messer Piero. Now, being conducted with the Spanish camp to Corregia, this captain was killed, and the Court took his property, and set us at liberty.

Virginio. And where is my son?

Messer Piero. Nearer than you suppose.

Virginio. In Modena?

Messer Piero. At the hotel of the Fool.

Gherardo. The thousand florins are gone; but it suffices to have her. I am rich enough without them.

Virginio. I die with impatience to embrace him. Come, master.

Messer Piero. But what of Lelia?

Virginio. She has grown into a fine young woman. Has my son advanced in learning?

Messer Piero. He has not lost his time, *ut licuit per tot casus, per tot discrimina rerum.**

Virginio. Call him out. Say nothing to him. Let me see if he will know me.

Messer Piero. He went out a little while since. I will see if he has returned.

Scene III.

VIRGINIO, GHERARDO, MESSER PIERO, *and* STRAGUALCIA, *afterwards* FRUELLA.

Messer Piero. Stragualcia, oh! Stragualcia, has Fabrizio returned?

Stragualcia. Not yet.

Messer Piero. Come here. Speak to your old master. This is Signor Virginio.

Stragualcia. Has your anger passed away?

Messer Piero. You know I am never long angry with you.

* As far as it was available, through so many accidents and disastrous chances.

Stragualcia. All's well, then. Is this our master's father?

Messer Piero. It is.

Stragualcia. Oh! worthy master. You are just found in time to pay our bill at the Fool.

Messer Piero. This has been a good servant to your son.

Stragualcia. Has been only?

Messer Piero. And still is.

Virginio. I shall take care of all who have been faithful companions to my son.

Stragualcia. You can take care of me with little trouble.

Virginio. Demand.

Stragualcia. Settle me as a waiter with this host, who is the best companion in the world, the best provided, the most knowing, one that better understands the necessities of a foreign guest than any host I have ever seen. For my part, I do not think there is any other paradise on earth.

Gherardo. He has a reputation for treating well.

Virginio. Have you breakfasted?

Stragualcia. A little.

Virginio. What have you eaten?

Stragualcia. A brace of partridges, six thrushes, a capon, a little veal, with only two jugs of wine.*

Virginio. Fruella, give him whatever he wants, and leave the payment to me.

Stragualcia. Fruella, first bring a little wine for these gentlemen.

Messer Piero. They do not need it.

Stragualcia. They will not refuse. You must drink too, Master.

Messer Piero. To make peace with you, I am content.

Stragualcia. Signor Virginio, you have reason to thank the Master, who loves your son better than his own eyes.

Virginio. Heaven be bountiful to him.

Stragualcia. It concerns you first, and heaven after. Drink, gentlemen.

Gherardo. Not now.

* The reader may be reminded of Massinger's *Justice Greedy*:—

"*Overreach.* Hungry again! Did you not devour this morning
A shield of brawn and a barrel of Colchester oysters?
"*Greedy.* Why, that was, sir, only to scour my stomach—
A kind of a preparative."

New Way to Pay Old Debts, act iv., scene 1.

Stragualcia. Pray then, go in till Fabrizio returns. And let us sup here this evening.

Gherardo. I must leave you for a while. I have some business at home.

Virginio. Take care that Lelia does not get away.

Gherardo. This is what I am going for.

Virginio. She is yours. I give her to you. Arrange the matter to your mind.

Scene IV.—*The Street, with the house of* VIRGINIO.

GHERARDO, LELIA, *and* CLEMENTIA.

Gherardo. One cannot have all things one's own way. Patience. But how is this? Here is Lelia. That careless Pasquella has let her escape.

Lelia. Does it not appear to you, Clementia, that Fortune makes me her sport?

Clementia. Be of good cheer. I will find some means to content you. But come in, and change your dress. You must not be seen so.

Gherardo. I will salute her, however, and understand how she has got out. Good day to you, Lelia, my sweet spouse. Who opened the door to you? Pasquella, eh? I am glad you have gone to your nurse's house; but your being seen in this dress does little honour to you or to me.

Lelia. To whom are you speaking? What Lelia? I am not Lelia.

Gherardo. Oh! a little while ago, when your father and I locked you up with my daughter Isabella, did you not confess that you were Lelia? And now, you think I do not know you. Go, my dear wife, and change your dress.

Lelia. God send you as much of a wife, as I have fancy for you as a husband. [*Goes in.*

Clementia. Go home, Gherardo. All women have their child's play,* some in one way, some in another. This is a very innocent one. Still these little amusements are not to be talked of.

Gherardo. No one shall know it from me. But how did she escape from my house, where I had locked her up with Isabella?

Clementia. Locked up whom?

Gherardo. Lelia; this Lelia.

* *Cittolezze (zitellezze)*, equivalent to *fanciullaggini*.

Clementia. You are mistaken. She has not parted from me to-day; and for pastime she put on these clothes, as girls will do, and asked me if she did not look well in them?

Gherardo. You want to make me see double. I tell you I locked her up with Isabella.

Clementia. Whence come you now?

Gherardo. From the hotel of the Fool.

Clementia. Did you drink?

Gherardo. A little.

Clementia. Now go to bed, and sleep it off.

Gherardo. Let me see Lelia for a moment before I go, that I may give her a piece of good news.

Clementia. What news?

Gherardo. Her brother has returned safe and sound, and her father is waiting for him at the hotel.

Clementia. Fabrizio?

Gherardo. Fabrizio.

Clementia. I hasten to tell her.

Gherardo. And I to blow up Pasquella, for letting her escape.

Scene V.—*The Street, with the hotels and the house of* GHERARDO.

PASQUELLA, *alone.*

Pasquella, who had only known Lelia as Fabio, and did not know what the two old men had meant, by calling the supposed Lelia, whom they had delivered to her charge, a girl, has nevertheless obeyed orders, in locking up Fabrizio with Isabella, and now, in an untranslatable soliloquy, narrates that the two captives had contracted matrimony by their own ritual.

Scene VI.

PASQUELLA *and* GIGLIO.

Pasquella, seeing Giglio coming, retires within the court-yard, through the grated door of which the dialogue is carried on. Giglio wishes to obtain admission to Gherardo's house, without giving Pasquella the rosary he had promised her. He shows it to her, and withholds giving it, on pretence that it wants repairs. She, on the other hand, wishes to get the

rosary, and give him nothing in return. She pretends to doubt if it is a true rosary, and prevails on him to let her count the beads. She then cries out, that the fowls are loose, and that she cannot open the door till she has got them in. Giglio declares that he sees no fowls; that she is imposing on him. She laughs at him: he expostulates, implores, threatens to break down the door, to set fire to the house, to burn everything in it, herself included. In the midst of his wrath, he sees Gherardo approaching, and runs away.

Scene VII.

PASQUELLA *and* GHERARDO.

Gherardo. What were you doing at the gate, with that Spaniard?

Pasquella. He was making a great noise about a rosary. I could not make out what he wanted.

Gherardo. Oh! you have executed your trust well. I could find in my heart to break your bones.

Pasquella. For what?

Gherardo. Because you have let Lelia escape. I told you to keep her locked in.

Pasquella. She is locked in.

Gherardo. I admire your impudence. She is not.

Pasquella. I say she is.

Gherardo. I have just left her with her nurse Clementia.

Pasquella. And I have just left her, where you ordered her to be kept.

Gherardo. Perhaps she came back before me.

Pasquella. She never went away. The chamber has been kept locked.

Gherardo. Where is the key?

Pasquella. Here it is.

Gherardo. Give it me. If she is not there you shall pay for it.

Pasquella. And if she is there will you pay for it?

Gherardo. I will. You shall have a handsome present.

Scene VIII.

PASQUELLA, FLAMINIO; *afterwards* GHERARDO.

Flaminio. Pasquella, how long is it since my Fabio was here?

Pasquella. Why?

Flaminio. Because he is a traitor, and I will punish him; and because Isabella has left me for him. Fine honour to a lady of her position, to fall in love with a page.

Pasquella. Oh, do not say so. All the favours she has shown him are only for love of you.

Flaminio. Tell her she will repent; and as for him, I carry this dagger for him.

Pasquella. While the dog barks, the wolf feeds.

Flaminio. You will see. [*Exit.*

Gherardo. Oh me! to what have I come! oh traitor, Virginio! oh heaven! what shall I do?

Pasquella. What is the matter, master?

Gherardo. What is he that is with my daughter?

Pasquella. He? Why, you told me it was Virginio's daughter.

Gherardo has discovered the clandestine marriage, and gives vent to his rage in untranslatable terms.

Scene IX.

GHERARDO, VIRGINIO, *and* MESSER PIERO.

Messer Piero. I wonder he has not returned to the hotel. I do not know what to think of it.

Gherardo. Ho! ho! Virginio! this is a pretty outrage that you have put on me. Do you think I shall submit to it?

Virginio. What are you roaring about?

Gherardo. Do you take me for a sheep, you cheat, you thief, you traitor? But the governor shall hear of it.

Virginio. Have you lost your senses? Or, what is the matter?

Gherardo. Robber.

Virginio. I have too much patience.

Gherardo. Liar.

Virginio. You lie in your own throat.

Gherardo. Forger.

Messer Piero. Ah, gentlemen! what madness is this?

Gherardo. Let me come at him.

Messer Piero. What is between this gentleman and you?

Virginio. He wanted to marry my daughter, and I left her in his charge. I am afraid he has abused my confidence, and invents a pretext for breaking off.

Gherardo. The villain has ruined me. I will cut him to pieces. [VIRGINIO *goes off.**

Messer Piero. Pray let us understand the case.

Gherardo. The miscreant has run away. Come in with me, and you shall know the whole affair.

Messer Piero. I go in with you, on your faith?

Gherardo. On my faith, solemnly.

ACT V.

Scene I.—*Scene continues.*

VIRGINIO, STRAGUALCIA, SCATIZZA; *afterwards, at intervals,* MESSER PIERO, GHERARDO, *and* FABRIZIO.

Virginio. Follow me, all; and you, Stragualcia.

Stragualcia. With or without arms? I have no arms.

Virginio. Take in the hotel something that will serve. I fear this madman may have killed my poor daughter.

Stragualcia. This spit is a good weapon. I will run him through and all his followers, like so many thrushes.

Scatizza. What are these flasks for?

Stragualcia. To refresh the soldiers, if they should fall back in the first skirmish.

Virginio. The door opens. They have laid some ambuscade.

Messer Piero. Leave me to settle the matter, Signor Gherardo.

Stragualcia. See, master, the tutor has rebelled, and sides with the enemy. There is no faith in this class of fellows. Shall I spit him first, and count one?

Messer Piero. Why these arms, my master?

Virginio. What has become of my daughter?

Messer Piero. I have found Fabrizio.

Virginio. Where?

Messer Piero. Here, within. And he has taken a beautiful wife.

Virginio. A wife? And who?

Messer Piero. The daughter of Gherardo.

Virginio. Gherardo! It was but now he wanted to kill me.

Messer Piero. Rem omnem a principio audies.† Come forth, Signor Gherardo.

* To return with arms and followers.

† You shall hear the whole affair from the beginning.

Gherardo. Lay down these arms, and come in. It is matter for laughter.

Virginio. Can I do it safely?

Messer Piero. Safely, on my assurance.

Virginio. Then do you all go home, and lay down your arms.

Messer Piero. Fabrizio, come to your father.

Virginio. Is not this Lelia?

Messer Piero. No, this is Fabrizio.

Virginio. Oh, my son, how much I have mourned for you?

Fabrizio. Oh, dear father, so long desired!

Gherardo. Come in, and you shall know all. I can further tell you that your daughter is in the house of her nurse, Clementia.

Virginio. How thankful I am to Heaven.

Scene II.—*The Street, with the houses of* VIRGINIO *and* CLEMENTIA.

FLAMINIO *and* CRIVELLO; *afterwards* CLEMENTIA.

Crivello. I have seen him in the house of Clementia with these eyes, and heard him with these ears.

Flaminio. Are you sure it was Fabio?

Crivello. Do you think I do not know him?

Flaminio. Let us go in, and if I find him——

Crivello. You will spoil all. Have patience, till he comes out.

Flaminio. Not heaven itself could make me have patience. [*Knocks at the door.*

Clementia. Who is there?

Flaminio. A friend. Come down for a while.

Clementia. Oh, Signor Flaminio, what do you want with me?

Flaminio. Open, and I will tell you.

Clementia. Wait till I come down.

Flaminio. As soon as she opens the door, go in, and if you find him, call me.

Crivello. Leave it to me.

Clementia. Now what have you to say, Signor Flaminio?

Flaminio. What are you doing in your house with my page?

Clementia. What page? How? Are you going into my house by force? (*Pushing back* CRIVELLO.)

Flaminio. Clementia, by the body of Bacchus! if you do not restore him——

Clementia. Whom?

Flaminio. My boy, who has fled into your house.

Clementia. There is no boy in my house.

Flaminio. Clementia, you have always been friendly to me, and I to you; but this is a matter of too great moment——

Clementia. What fury is this? Pause a little, Flaminio. Give time for your anger to pass away.

Flaminio. I say, restore me Fabio.

Clementia. Oh! not so much rage. By my faith, if I were a young woman, and pleased you, I would have nothing to say to you. What of Isabella?

Flaminio. I wish she were quartered.

Clementia. Oh, that cannot be true.

Flaminio. If that is not true, she has made me see what is true.

Clementia. You young men deserve all the ill that can befall you. You are the most ungrateful creatures on earth.

Flaminio. This cannot be said of me. No man more abhors ingratitude than I do.

Clementia. I do not say it for you; but there is in this city a young woman, who, thinking herself beloved by a cavalier of your condition, became so much in love with him, that she seemed to see nothing in the world but him.

Flaminio. He was a happy man to inspire such a passion.

Clementia. It so happened that her father sent this poor girl away from Modena, and most bitterly she wept on her departure, fearing that he would soon forget her, and turn to another; which he did immediately.

Flaminio. This could not be a cavalier. He was a traitor.

Clementia. Listen. Worse follows. The poor girl, returning after a few months, and finding that her lover loved another, and that this other did not return his love, abandoned her home, placed her honour in peril, and, in masculine attire, engaged herself to her false lover as a servant.

Flaminio. Did this happen in Modena? I had rather be this fortunate lover than lord of Milan.

Clementia. And this lover, not knowing her, employed her as a messenger to his new flame, and she, to please him, submitted to this painful duty.

Flaminio. Oh! virtuous damsel; oh! firm love: a thing

truly to be put in example to all coming time. Oh! that such a chance had happened to me.

Clementia. You would not leave Isabella!

Flaminio. I would leave her, or any one thing else, for such a blessing. Tell me, who is she?

Clementia. Tell me, first, what would you do, if the case were your own?

Flaminio. I swear to you, by the light of heaven, may I never more hold up my head among honourable men, if I would not rather take her for a wife, even if she had no beauty, nor wealth, nor birth, than the daughter of the Duke of Ferrara.

Clementia. This you swear.

Flaminio. This I swear, and this I would do.

Clementia. You are witness.

Crivello. I am.

Clementia. Fabio, come down.

Scene III.

CLEMENTIA, FLAMINIO, CRIVELLO, LELIA *in female dress, afterwards* PASQUELLA.

Clementia. This, Signor Flaminio, is your Fabio; and this, at the same time, is the constant, loving girl of whom I told you. Do you recognize him? Do you recognize her? Do you now see the worth of the love which you rejected?

Flaminio. There cannot be on earth a more charming deceit than this. Is it possible that I can have been so blind as not to have known her?

Pasquella. Clementia, Virginio desires that you will come to our house. He has given a wife to his son Fabrizio, who has just returned, and you are wanted to put everything in order.

Clementia. A wife? and whom?

Pasquella. Isabella, the daughter of my master Gherardo.

Flaminio. The daughter of Gherardo Foiani?

Pasquella. The same. I saw the ring put on the bride's finger.

Flaminio. When was this?

Pasquella. Just now. And I was sent off immediately to call Clementia.

Clementia. Say, I will come almost directly.

Lelia. Oh, heaven! all this together is enough to make me die of joy.

Pasquella. And I was to ask, if Lelia is here. Gherardo has said she is.

Clementia. Yes; and they want to marry her to the old phantom of your master, who ought to be ashamed of himself.

Flaminio. Marry her to Gherardo!

Clementia. See, if the poor girl is unfortunate.

Flaminio. May he have as much of life as he will have of her. I think, Clementia, this is certainly the will of heaven, which has had pity no less on this virtuous girl than on me; and therefore, Lelia, I desire no other wise than you, and I vow to you most solemnly, that if I have not you, I will never have any.

Lelia. Flaminio, you are my lord. I have shown my heart in what I have done.

Flaminio. You have, indeed, shown it well. And forgive me if I have caused you affliction; for I am most repentant, and aware of my error.

Lelia. Your pleasure, Flaminio, has always been mine. I should have found my own happiness in promoting yours.

Flaminio. Clementia, I dread some accident. I would not lose time, but marry her instantly, if she is content.

Lelia. Most content.

Clementia. Marry, then, and return here. In the meantime, I will inform Virginio, and wish bad night to Gherardo.

Scene IV.—*The Street, with the hotels and the house of* GHERARDO.

PASQUELLA *and* GIGLIO.

Pasquella again befools the Spaniard, who goes off, vowing that this is the last time that she shall impose on him.

Scene V.—*The Street, with the houses of* VIRGINIO *and* CLEMENTIA.

CITTINA.

Flaminio and Lelia have been married, and have returned to Clementia's house. Cittina comes out from it, and delivers an untranslatable soliloquy.

Scene VI.—*The Street, with the hotels and the house of* GHERARDO.

ISABELLA *and* FABRIZIO, *afterwards* CLEMENTIA.

Isabella. I most certainly thought that you were the page of a gentleman of this city. He resembles you so much, that he must surely be your brother.

Fabrizio. I have been mistaken for another more than once to-day.

Isabella. Here is your nurse, Clementia.

Clementia. This must be he who is so like Lelia. Oh! my dear child, Fabrizio, how is it with you?

Fabrizio. All well, my dear nurse. And how is it with Lelia?

Clementia. Well, well; but come in. I have much to say to you all.

Scene VII.

VIRGINIO *and* CLEMENTIA.

Virginio. I am so delighted to have recovered my son, that I am content with everything.

Clementia. It was the will of heaven that she should not be married to that withered old stick, Gherardo. But let us go into the hotel,* and complete our preparations.

[*They go into the hotel.*

STRAGUALCIA.

Spectators, do not expect that any of these characters will reappear. If you will come to supper with us, I will expect you at the Fool; but bring money, for there entertainment is not gratis. If you will not come (and you seem to say, "No!"), show us that you have been satisfied here; and you, Intronati, give signs of rejoicing.

* It would seem that the nuptial feast is to be held at the Fool. Stragualcia had previously said, "Let us sup here this evening."—Act iv., scene 3.

AELIA LAELIA CRISPIS.

AN ATTEMPT TO SOLVE THE ÆNIGMA.

MANY learned men have offered explanations of this ænigma. None of these explanations have been found satisfactory. If that which I have to offer should meet with acceptance, it will appear that my erudite predecessors have overlooked the obvious in seeking for the recondite.

About two hundred years ago, a marble was found near Bologna, with the following inscription:—

D. M.
AELIA . LAELIA . CRISPIS .
NEC . VIR . NEC . MULIER . NEC . ANDROGYNA .
NEC . PUELLA . NEC . JUVENIS . NEC . ANUS .
NEC . CASTA . NEC . MERETRIX . NEC . PUDICA .
SED . OMNIA .
SUBLATA .
NEQUE . FAME . NEQUE . FERRO . NEQUE . VENENO .
SED . OMNIBUS .
NEC . COELO . NEC . AQUIS . NEC . TERRIS .
SED . UBIQUE . JACET .
LUCIUS . AGATHO . PRISCUS .
NEC . MARITUS . NEC . AMATOR . NEC NECESSARIUS .
NEQUE . MOERENS . NEQUE . GAUDENS . NEQUE . FLENS .
HANC . NEC . MOLEM . NEC . PYRAMIDEM .
NEC . SEPULCHRUM .
SED . OMNIA .
SCIT . ET . NESCIT .
CUI . POSUERIT .

TO THE GODS OF THE DEAD.

Aelia Laelia Crispis,
Not man, nor woman, nor hermaphrodite:
Not girl, nor youth, nor old woman:
Not chaste, nor unchaste, nor modest:
But all:
Carried off,
Not by hunger, nor by sword, nor by poison:
But by all:

Lies,
Not in air, not in earth, not in the waters:
But everywhere.
Lucius Agatho Priscus,
Not her husband, nor her lover, nor her friend:
Not sorrowing, nor rejoicing, nor weeping:
Erecting
This, not a stone-pile, nor a pyramid,
Nor a sepulchre:
But all:
Knows, and knows not,
To whom he erects it.

I believe this ænigma to consist entirely in the contrast, between the general and particular consideration of the human body, and its accidents of death and burial. Abstracting from it all but what is common to all human bodies, it has neither age nor sex; it has no morals, good or bad; it dies from no specific cause: lies in no specific place: is the subject of neither joy nor grief to the survivor, who superintends its funeral: has no specific monument erected over it; is, in short, the abstraction contemplated in the one formula: "Man that is born of a woman;" which the priest pronounces equally over the new-born babe, the maturer man or woman, and the oldest of the old.

But considered in particular, that is, distinctively and individually, we see, in succession, man and woman, young and old, good and bad; we see some buried in earth, some in sea, some in polar ice, some in mountain snow. We see a funeral superintended, here by one who rejoices, there by one who mourns; we see tombs of every variety of form. The abstract superintendent of a funeral, abstractedly interring an abstract body, does not know to whom he raises the abstract monument, nor what is its form; but the particular superintendent of a particular funeral knows what the particular monument is, and to whose memory it is raised.

So far the inscription on the marble found at Bologna. Another copy, in an ancient MS. at Milan, adds three lines, which do not appear to me to belong to the original inscription:—

Hoc est sepulchrum, cadaver intus non habens:
Hoc est cadaver, sepulchrum extra non habens:
Sed idem cadaver est et sepulchrum sibi.

This is a sepulchre, not having a corpse within:
This is a corpse, not having a sepulchre without:
But the same is to itself both corpse and sepulchre.

These lines are the translation of a Greek epigram on Niobe: to whom they are strictly appropriate, and to whom I am contented to leave them:—

Ὁ τύμβος οὗτος ἔνδον οὐκ ἔχει νεκρόν·
Ὁ νεκρὸς οὗτος ἐκτὸς οὐκ ἔχει τάφον·
Ἀλλ' αὐτὸς αὐτοῦ νεκρός ἐστι καὶ τάφος.
—*Anthologia Palatina*, vii. 311.

There is another consideration, which makes the Milanese manuscript of more questionable authority than the Bolognese marble. The marble has the superscription, D.M. *Diis Manibus: To the Gods of the Dead:* which is suitable to the dead in all points of view, general and particular. The MS. has Am. P. P. D., *Amicus Propriâ Pecuniâ Dicavit: A friend has dedicated this monument at his own expense:* which is suitable only to a particular tomb, and a definite relation between the dead and the living.

MISCELLANIES.

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THE FOUR AGES OF POETRY.

Qui inter hæc nutriuntur non magis sapere possunt, quam bene olere qui in culinâ habitant.—PETRONIUS.

POETRY, like the world, may be said to have four ages, but in a different order: the first age of poetry being the age of iron; the second, of gold; the third of silver; and the fourth of brass.

The first, or iron age of poetry, is that in which rude bards celebrate in rough numbers the exploits of ruder chiefs, in days when every man is a warrior, and when the great practical maxim of every form of society, "to keep what we have and to catch what we can," is not yet disguised under names of justice and forms of law, but is the naked motto of the naked sword, which is the only judge and jury in every question of *meum* and *tuum*. In these days, the only three trades flourishing (besides that of priest, which flourishes always) are those of king, thief, and beggar: the beggar being, for the most part, a king deject, and the thief a king expectant. The first question asked of a stranger is, whether he is a beggar or a thief:* the stranger, in reply, usually assumes the first, and awaits a convenient opportunity to prove his claim to the second appellation.

The natural desire of every man to engross to himself as much power and property as he can acquire by any of the means which might makes right, is accompanied by the no

* See the Odyssey, passim: and Thucydides, I. 5.

less natural desire of making known to as many people as possible the extent to which he has been a winner in this universal game. The successful warrior becomes a chief; the successful chief becomes a king: his next want is an organ to disseminate the fame of his achievements and the extent of his possessions; and this organ he finds in a bard, who is always ready to celebrate the strength of his arm, being first duly inspired by that of his liquor. This is the origin of poetry, which, like all other trades, takes its rise in the demand for the commodity, and flourishes in proportion to the extent of the market.

Poetry is thus in its origin panegyrical. The first rude songs of all nations appear to be a sort of brief historical notices, in a strain of tumid hyperbole, of the exploits and possessions of a few pre-eminent individuals. They tell us how many battles such an one has fought, how many helmets he has cleft, how many breastplates he has pierced, how many widows he has made, how much land he has appropriated, how many houses he has demolished for other people, what a large one he has built for himself, how much gold he has stowed away in it, and how liberally and plentifully he pays, feeds, and intoxicates the divine and immortal bards, the sons of Jupiter, but for whose everlasting songs the names of heroes would perish.

This is the first stage of poetry before the invention of written letters. The numerical modulation is at once useful as a help to memory, and pleasant to the ears of uncultured men, who are easily caught by sound: and, from the exceeding flexibility of the yet unformed language, the poet does no violence to his ideas in subjecting them to the fetters of number. The savage, indeed, lisps in numbers, and all rude and uncivilized people express themselves in the manner which we call poetical.

The scenery by which he is surrounded, and the superstitions which are the creed of his age, form the poet's mind. Rocks, mountains, seas, unsubdued forests, unnavigable rivers, surround him with forms of power and mystery, which ignorance and fear have peopled with spirits, under multifarious names of gods, goddesses, nymphs, genii, and dæmons. Of all these personages marvellous tales are in existence: the nymphs are not indifferent to handsome young men, and the gentlemen-genii are much troubled and very troublesome with

a propensity to be rude to pretty maidens: the bard, therefore, finds no difficulty in tracing the genealogy of his chief to any of the deities in his neighbourhood with whom the said chief may be most desirous of claiming relationship.

In this pursuit, as in all others, some, of course, will attain a very marked pre-eminence; and these will be held in high honour, like Demodocus in the Odyssey, and will be consequently inflated with boundless vanity, like Thamyris in the Iliad. Poets are as yet the only historians and chroniclers of their time, and the sole depositories of all the knowledge of their age; and though this knowledge is rather a crude congeries of traditional phantasies than a collection of useful truths, yet, such as it is, they have it to themselves. They are observing and thinking, while others are robbing and fighting: and though their object be nothing more than to secure a share of the spoil, yet they accomplish this end by intellectual, not by physical power: their success excites emulation to the attainment of intellectual eminence: thus they sharpen their own wits and awaken those of others, at the same time that they gratify vanity and amuse curiosity. A skilful display of the little knowledge they have gains them credit for the possession of much more which they have not. Their familiarity with the secret history of gods and genii obtains for them, without much difficulty, the reputation of inspiration; thus they are not only historians, but theologians, moralists, and legislators: delivering their oracles *ex cathedrâ*, and being indeed often themselves (as Orpheus and Amphion) regarded as portions and emanations of divinity: building cities with a song, and leading brutes with a symphony; which are only metaphors for the faculty of leading multitudes by the nose.

The golden age of poetry finds its materials in the age of iron. This age begins when poetry begins to be retrospective; when something like a more extended system of civil polity is established; when personal strength and courage avail less to the aggrandizing of their possessor, and to the making and marring of kings and kingdoms, and are checked by organized bodies, social institutions, and hereditary successions. Men also live more in the light of truth and within the interchange of observation; and thus perceive that the agency of gods and genii is not so frequent among themselves as, to judge from the songs and legends of the past time, it was among

their ancestors. From these two circumstances, really diminished personal power, and apparently diminished familiarity with gods and genii, they very easily and naturally deduce two conclusions: 1st, That men are degenerated, and 2nd, That they are less in favour with the gods. The people of the petty states and colonies, which have now acquired stability and form, which owed their origin and first prosperity to the talents and courage of a single chief, magnify their founder through the mists of distance and tradition, and perceive him achieving wonders with a god or goddess always at his elbow. They find his name and his exploits thus magnified and accompanied in their traditionary songs, which are their only memorials. All that is said of him is in this character. There is nothing to contradict it. The man and his exploits and his tutelary deities are mixed and blended in one invariable association. The marvellous, too, is very much like a snow-ball: it grows as it rolls downward, till the little nucleus of truth, which began its descent from the summit, is hidden in the accumulation of superinduced hyperbole.

When tradition, thus adorned and exaggerated, has surrounded the founders of families and states with so much adventitious power and magnificence, there is no praise which a living poet can, without fear of being kicked for clumsy flattery, address to a living chief, that will not still leave the impression that the latter is not so great a man as his ancestors. The man must, in this case, be praised through his ancestors. Their greatness must be established, and he must be shown to be their worthy descendant. All the people of a state are interested in the founder of their state. All states that have harmonized into a common form of society, are interested in their respective founders. All men are interested in their ancestors. All men love to look back into the days that are past. In these circumstances traditional national poetry is reconstructed and brought, like chaos, into order and form. The interest is more universal: understanding is enlarged: passion still has scope and play: character is still various and strong: nature is still unsubdued and existing in all her beauty and magnificence, and men are not yet excluded from her observation by the magnitude of cities, or the daily confinement of civic life: poetry is more an art: it requires greater skill in numbers, greater command of language, more

extensive and various knowledge, and greater comprehensiveness of mind. It still exists without rivals in any other department of literature; and even the arts, painting and sculpture certainly, and music probably, are comparatively rude and imperfect. The whole field of intellect is its own. It has no rivals in history, nor in philosophy, nor in science. It is cultivated by the greatest intellects of the age, and listened to by all the rest. This is the age of Homer, the golden age of poetry. Poetry has now attained its perfection: it has attained the point which it cannot pass: genius therefore seeks new forms for the treatment of the same subjects: hence the lyric poetry of Pindar and Alcæus, and the tragic poetry of Æschylus and Sophocles. The favour of kings, the honour of the Olympic crown, the applause of present multitudes, all that can feed vanity and stimulate rivalry, await the successful cultivator of this art, till its forms become exhausted, and new rivals arise around it in new fields of literature, which gradually acquire more influence as, with the progress of reason and civilization, facts become more interesting than fiction: indeed, the maturity of poetry may be considered the infancy of history. The transition from Homer to Herodotus is scarcely more remarkable than that from Herodotus to Thucydides: in the gradual dereliction of fabulous incident and ornamented language. Herodotus is as much a poet, in relation to Thucydides as Homer is in relation to Herodotus. The history of Herodotus is half a poem: it was written while the whole field of literature yet belonged to the Muses, and the nine books of which it was composed were therefore of right, as well of courtesy, superinscribed with their nine names.

Speculations, too, and disputes, on the nature of man and of mind; on moral duties and on good and evil; on the animate and inanimate components of the visible world; begin to share attention with the eggs of Leda and the horns of Io, and to draw off from poetry a portion of its once undivided audience.

Then comes the silver age, or the poetry of civilized life. This poetry is of two kinds, imitative and original. The imitative consists in recasting, and giving an exquisite polish to the poetry of the age of gold: of this Virgil is the most obvious and striking example. The original is chiefly comic, didactic, or satiric: as in Menander, Aristophanes, Horace,

and Juvenal. The poetry of this age is characterized by an exquisite and fastidious selection of words, and a laboured and somewhat monotonous harmony of expression: but its monotony consists in this, that experience having exhausted all the varieties of modulation, the civilized poetry selects the most beautiful, and prefers the repetition of these to ranging through the variety of all. But the best expression being that into which the idea naturally falls, it requires the utmost labour and care so to reconcile the inflexibility of civilized language and the laboured polish of versification with the idea intended to be expressed, that sense may not appear to be sacrificed to sound. Hence numerous efforts and rare success.

This state of poetry is, however, a step towards its extinction. Feeling and passion are best painted in, and roused by, ornamental and figurative language; but the reason and the understanding are best addressed in the simplest and most unvarnished phrase. Pure reason and dispassionate truth would be perfectly ridiculous in verse, as we may judge by versifying one of Euclid's demonstrations. This will be found true of all dispassionate reasoning whatever, and of all reasoning that requires comprehensive views and enlarged combinations. It is only the more tangible points of morality, those which command assent at once, those which have a mirror in every mind, and in which the severity of reason is warmed and rendered palatable by being mixed up with feeling and imagination, that are applicable even to what is called moral poetry: and as the sciences of morals and of mind advance towards perfection, as they become more enlarged and comprehensive in their views, as reason gains the ascendancy in them over imagination and feeling, poetry can no longer accompany them in their progress, but drops into the background, and leaves them to advance alone.

Thus the empire of thought is withdrawn from poetry, as the empire of facts had been before. In respect of the latter, the poet of the age of iron celebrates the achievements of his contemporaries; the poet of the age of gold celebrates the heroes of the age of iron; the poet of the age of silver re-casts the poems of the age of gold: we may here see how very slight a ray of historical truth is sufficient to dissipate all the illusions of poetry. We know no more of the men than of the gods of the Iliad; no more of Achilles than we do of

Thetis; no more of Hector and Andromache than we do of Vulcan and Venus: these belong altogether to poetry; history has no share in them: but Virgil knew better than to write an epic about Cæsar; he left him to Livy; and travelled out of the confines of truth and history into the old regions of poetry and fiction.

Good sense and elegant learning, conveyed in polished and somewhat monotonous verse, are the perfection of the original and imitative poetry of civilized life. Its range is limited, and when exhausted, nothing remains but the *crambe repetita* of commonplace, which at length becomes thoroughly wearisome, even to the most indefatigable readers of the newest new nothings.

It is now evident that poetry must either cease to be cultivated, or strike into a new path. The poets of the age of gold have been imitated and repeated till no new imitation will attract notice: the limited range of ethical and didactic poetry is exhausted: the associations of daily life in an advanced state of society are of very dry, methodical, unpoetical matters-of-fact: but there is always a multitude of listless idlers, yawning for amusement, and gaping for novelty: and the poet makes it his glory to be foremost among their purveyors.

Then comes the age of brass, which, by rejecting the polish and the learning of the age of silver, and taking a retrograde stride to the barbarisms and crude traditions of the age of iron, professes to return to nature and revive the age of gold. This is the second childhood of poetry. To the comprehensive energy of the Homeric Muse, which, by giving at once the grand outline of things, presented to the mind a vivid picture in one or two verses, inimitable alike in simplicity and magnificence, is substituted a verbose and minutely-detailed description of thoughts, passions, actions, persons, and things, in that loose rambling style of verse, which any one may write, *stans pede in uno*, at the rate of two hundred lines in an hour. To this age may be referred all the poets who flourished in the decline of the Roman Empire. The best specimen of it, though not the most generally known, is the Dionysiaca of Nonnus, which contains many passages of exceeding beauty in the midst of masses of amplification and repetition.

The iron age of classical poetry may be called the bardic;

the golden, the Homeric; the silver, the Virgilian; and the brass, the Nonnic.

Modern poetry has also its four ages: but "it wears its rue with a difference."

To the age of brass in the ancient world succeeded the dark ages, in which the light of the Gospel began to spread over Europe, and in which, by a mysterious and inscrutable dispensation, the darkness thickened with the progress of the light. The tribes that overran the Roman Empire brought back the days of barbarism, but with this difference, that there were many books in the world, many places in which they were preserved, and occasionally some one by whom they were read, who indeed (if he escaped being burned *pour l'amour de Dieu*) generally lived an object of mysterious fear, with the reputation of magician, alchymist, and astrologer. The emerging of the nations of Europe from this superinduced barbarism, and their settling into new forms of polity, was accompanied, as the first ages of Greece had been, with a wild spirit of adventure, which, co-operating with new manners and new superstitions, raised up a fresh crop of chimæras, not less fruitful, though far less beautiful, than those of Greece. The semi-deification of women by the maxims of the age of chivalry, combining with these new fables, produced the romance of the middle ages. The founders of the new line of heroes took the place of the demi-gods of Grecian poetry. Charlemagne and his Paladins, Arthur and his knights of the round table, the heroes of the iron age of chivalrous poetry, were seen through the same magnifying mist of distance, and their exploits were celebrated with even more extravagant hyperbole. These legends, combined with the exaggerated love that pervades the songs of the troubadours, the reputation of magic that attached to learned men, the infant wonders of natural philosophy, the crazy fanaticism of the crusades, the power and privileges of the great feudal chiefs, and the holy mysteries of monks and nuns, formed a state of society in which no two laymen could meet without fighting, and in which the three staple ingredients of lover, prize-fighter, and fanatic, that composed the basis of the character of every true man, were mixed up and diversified, in different individuals and classes, with so many distinctive excellences, and under such an infinite motley variety of costume, as gave the range

of a most extensive and picturesque field to the two great constituents of poetry, love and battle.

From these ingredients of the iron age of modern poetry, dispersed in the rhymes of minstrels and the songs of the troubadours, arose the golden age, in which the scattered materials were harmonized and blended about the time of the revival of learning; but with this peculiar difference, that Greek and Roman literature pervaded all the poetry of the golden age of modern poetry, and hence resulted a heterogeneous compound of all ages and nations in one picture; an infinite licence, which gave to the poet the free range of the whole field of imagination and memory. This was carried very far by Ariosto, but farthest of all by Shakspeare and his contemporaries, who used time and locality merely because they could not do without them, because every action must have its when and where: but they made no scruple of deposing a Roman Emperor by an Italian Count, and sending him off in the disguise of a French pilgrim to be shot with a blunderbuss by an English archer. This makes the old English drama very picturesque, at any rate, in the variety of costume, and very diversified in action and character; though it is a picture of nothing that ever was seen on earth except a Venetian carnival.

The greatest of English poets, Milton, may be said to stand alone between the ages of gold and silver, combining the excellences of both; for with all the energy, and power, and freshness of the first, he united all the studied and elaborate magnificence of the second.

The silver age succeeded; beginning with Dryden, coming to perfection with Pope, and ending with Goldsmith, Collins, and Gray.

Cowper divested verse of its exquisite polish; he thought in metre, but paid more attention to his thoughts than his verse. It would be difficult to draw the boundary of prose and blank verse between his letters and his poetry.

The silver age was the reign of authority; but authority now began to be shaken, not only in poetry but in the whole sphere of its dominion. The contemporaries of Gray and Cowper were deep and elaborate thinkers. The subtle scepticism of Hume, the solemn irony of Gibbon, the daring paradoxes of Rousseau, and the biting ridicule of Voltaire, directed the energies of four extraordinary minds to shake

every portion of the reign of authority. Inquiry was roused, the activity of intellect was excited, and poetry came in for its share of the general result. The changes had been rung on lovely maid and sylvan shade, summer heat and green retreat, waving trees and sighing breeze, gentle swains and amorous pains, by versifiers who took them on trust, as meaning something very soft and tender, without much caring what: but with this general activity of intellect came a necessity for even poets to appear to know something of what they professed to talk of. Thomson and Cowper looked at the trees and hills which so many ingenious gentlemen had rhymed about so long without looking at them at all, and the effect of the operation on poetry was like the discovery of a new world. Painting shared the influence, and the principles of picturesque beauty were explored by adventurous essayists with indefatigable pertinacity. The success which attended these experiments, and the pleasure which resulted from them, had the usual effect of all new enthusiasms, that of turning the heads of a few unfortunate persons, the patriarchs of the age of brass, who, mistaking the prominent novelty for the all-important totality, seem to have ratiocinated much in the following manner: "Poetical genius is the finest of all things, and we feel that we have more of it than any one ever had. The way to bring it to perfection is to cultivate poetical impressions exclusively. Poetical impressions can be received only among natural scenes: for all that is artificial is anti-poetical. Society is artificial, therefore we will live out of society. The mountains are natural, therefore we will live in the mountains. There we shall be shining models of purity and virtue, passing the whole day in the innocent and amiable occupation of going up and down hill, receiving poetical impressions, and communicating them in immortal verse to admiring generations." To some such perversion of intellect we owe that egregious confraternity of rhymesters, known by the name of the Lake Poets; who certainly did receive and communicate to the world some of the most extraordinary poetical impressions that ever were heard of, and ripened into models of public virtue, too splendid to need illustration. They wrote verses on a new principle; saw rocks and rivers in a new light; and remaining studiously ignorant of history, society, and human nature, cultivated the phantasy only at the expense of the memory and the reason;

and contrived, though they had retreated from the world for the express purpose of seeing nature as she was, to see her only as she was not, converting the land they lived in into a sort of fairy-land, which they peopled with mysticisms and chimæras. This gave what is called a new tone to poetry, and conjured up a herd of desperate imitators, who have brought the age of brass prematurely to its dotage.

The descriptive poetry of the present day has been called by its cultivators a return to nature. Nothing is more impertinent than this pretension. Poetry cannot travel out of the regions of its birth, the uncultivated lands of semi civilized men. Mr. Wordsworth, the great leader of the returners to nature, cannot describe a scene under his own eyes without putting into it the shadow of a Danish boy or the living ghost of Lucy Gray, or some similar phantastical parturition of the moods of his own mind.

In the origin and perfection of poetry, all the associations of life were composed of poetical materials. With us it is decidedly the reverse. We know too that there are no Dryads in Hyde-park nor Naiads in the Regent's-canal. But barbaric manners and supernatural interventions are essential to poetry. Either in the scene, or in the time, or in both, it must be remote from our ordinary perceptions. While the historian and the philosopher are advancing in, and accelerating, the progress of knowledge, the poet is wallowing in the rubbish of departed ignorance, and raking up the ashes of dead savages to find gewgaws and rattles for the grown babies of the age. Mr. Scott digs up the poachers and cattle-stealers of the ancient border. Lord Byron cruises for thieves and pirates on the shores of the Morea and among the Greek islands. Mr. Southey wades through ponderous volumes of travels and old chronicles, from which he carefully selects all that is false, useless, and absurd, as being essentially poetical; and when he has a commonplace book full of monstrosities, strings them into an epic. Mr. Wordsworth picks up village legends from old women and sextons; and Mr. Coleridge, to the valuable information acquired from similar sources, superadds the dreams of crazy theologians and the mysticisms of German metaphysics, and favours the world with visions in verse, in which the quadruple elements of sexton, old woman, Jeremy Taylor, and Emanuel Kant are harmonized into a delicious poetical compound. Mr. Moore presents us with a Persian,

and Mr. Campbell with a Pennsylvanian tale, both formed on the same principle as Mr. Southey's epics, by extracting from a perfunctory and desultory perusal of a collection of voyages and travels, all that useful investigation would not seek for and that common sense would reject.

These disjointed relics of tradition and fragments of second-hand observation, being woven into a tissue of verse, constructed on what Mr. Coleridge calls a new principle (that is, no principle at all), compose a modern-antique compound of frippery and barbarism, in which the puling sentimentality of the present time is grafted on the misrepresented ruggedness of the past into a heterogeneous congeries of unamalgamating manners, sufficient to impose on the common readers of poetry, over whose understandings the poet of this class possesses that commanding advantage, which, in all circumstances and conditions of life, a man who knows something, however little, always possesses over one who knows nothing.

A poet in our times is a semi-barbarian in a civilized community. He lives in the days that are past. His ideas, thoughts, feelings, associations, are all with barbarous manners, obsolete customs, and exploded superstitions. The march of his intellect is like that of a crab, backward. The brighter the light diffused around him by the progress of reason, the thicker is the darkness of antiquated barbarism, in which he buries himself like a mole, to throw up the barren hillocks of his Cimmerian labours. The philosophic mental tranquillity which looks round with an equal eye on all external things, collects a store of ideas, discriminates their relative value, assigns to all their proper place, and from the materials of useful knowledge thus collected, appreciated, and arranged, forms new combinations that impress the stamp of their power and utility on the real business of life, is diametrically the reverse of that frame of mind which poetry inspires, or from which poetry can emanate. The highest inspirations of poetry are resolvable into three ingredients: the rant of unregulated passion, the whining of exaggerated feeling, and the cant of factitious sentiment: and can therefore serve only to ripen a splendid lunatic like Alexander, a puling driveller like Werter, or a morbid dreamer like Wordsworth. It can never make a philosopher, nor a statesman, nor in any class of life an useful or rational man. It cannot claim the slightest share in any

one of the comforts and utilities of life of which we have witnessed so many and so rapid advances. But though not useful, it may be said it is highly ornamental, and deserves to be cultivated for the pleasure it yields. Even if this be granted, it does not follow that a writer of poetry in the present state of society is not a waster of his own time, and a robber of that of others. Poetry is not one of those arts which, like painting, require repetition and multiplication, in order to be diffused among society. There are more good poems already existing than are sufficient to employ that portion of life which any mere reader and recipient of poetical impressions should devote to them, and these having been produced in poetical times, are far superior in all the characteristics of poetry to the artificial reconstructions of a few morbid ascetics in unpoetical times. To read the promiscuous rubbish of the present time to the exclusion of the select treasures of the past, is to substitute the worse for the better variety of the same mode of enjoyment.

But in whatever degree poetry is cultivated, it must necessarily be to the neglect of some branch of useful study: and it is a lamentable spectacle to see minds, capable of better things, running to seed in the specious indolence of these empty aimless mockeries of intellectual exertion. Poetry was the mental rattle that awakened the attention of intellect in the infancy of civil society: but for the maturity of mind to make a serious business of the playthings of its childhood, is as absurd as for a full-grown man to rub his gums with coral, and cry to be charmed to sleep by the jingle of silver bells.

As to that small portion of our contemporary poetry, which is neither descriptive, nor narrative, nor dramatic, and which, for want of a better name, may be called ethical, the most distinguished portion of it, consisting merely of querulous, egotistical rhapsodies, to express the writer's high dissatisfaction with the world and everything in it, serves only to confirm what has been said of the semi-barbarous character of poets, who from singing dithyrambics and "Io Triumphe," while society was savage, grow rabid, and out of their element, as it becomes polished and enlightened.

Now when we consider that it is not to the thinking and studious, and scientific and philosophical part of the community, not to those whose minds are bent on the pursuit and promotion of permanently useful ends and aims, that

poets must address their minstrelsy, but to that much larger portion of the reading public, whose minds are not awakened to the desire of valuable knowledge, and who are indifferent to anything beyond being charmed, moved, excited, affected, and exalted: charmed by harmony, moved by sentiment, excited by passion, affected by pathos, and exalted by sublimity: harmony, which is language on the rack of Procrustes; sentiment, which is canting egotism in the mask of refined feeling; passion, which is the commotion of a weak and selfish mind; pathos, which is the whining of an unmanly spirit; and sublimity, which is the inflation of an empty head: when we consider that the great and permanent interests of human society become more and more the main-spring of intellectual pursuit; that in proportion as they become so, the subordinacy of the ornamental to the useful will be more and more seen and acknowledged; and that therefore the progress of useful art and science, and of moral and political knowledge, will continue more and more to withdraw attention from frivolous and unconducive, to solid and conducive studies: that therefore the poetical audience will not only continually diminish in the proportion of its number to that of the rest of the reading public, but will also sink lower and lower in the comparison of intellectual acquirement: when we consider that the poet must still please his audience, and must therefore continue to sink to their level, while the rest of the community is rising above it: we may easily conceive that the day is not distant, when the degraded state of every species of poetry will be as generally recognized as that of dramatic poetry has long been: and this not from any decrease either of intellectual power, or intellectual acquisition, but because intellectual power and intellectual acquisition have turned themselves into other and better channels, and have abandoned the cultivation and the fate of poetry to the degenerate fry of modern rhymesters, and their olympic judges, the magazine critics, who continue to debate and promulgate oracles about poetry, as if it were still what it was in the Homeric age, the all-in-all of intellectual progression, and as if there were no such things in existence as mathematicians, astronomers, chemists, moralists, metaphysicians, historians, politicians, and political economists, who have built into the upper air of intelligence a pyramid, from the summit of which they see the modern Parnassus far beneath them, and, know-

ing how small a place it occupies in the comprehensiveness of their prospect, smile at the little ambition and the circumscribed perceptions with which the drivellers and mountebanks upon it are contending for the poetical palm and the critical chair.

HORÆ DRAMATICÆ.—No. 1.

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GOETHE, we think—for we cannot cite chapter and verse—says somewhere something to this effect—that the realities of life present little that is either satisfactory or hopeful; and that the only refuge for a mind, which aspires to better views of society, is in the idealities of the theatre.

Without going to the full extent of this opinion, we may say, that the drama has been the favourite study of this portion of our plurality, and has furnished to us, on many and many occasions, a refuge of light and tranquillity from the storms and darkness of every-day life.

It is needless to look further than to the Athenian theatre and Shakspeare, to establish the position that the drama has combined the highest poetry with the highest wisdom; neither is it necessary to show that the great masters of the art have a long train of worthy followers, partially familiar to all who look to dramatic literature for amusement alone, and more extensively as to those who make it a subject of study.

Still there are many excellent dramas comparatively little known; much valuable matter bearing on the drama, remaining to be developed; and many dramatic questions, which continue to be subjects of controversy, and offer topics of interesting discussion.

It is our purpose to present our views of some of these subjects, in the form of analyses or criticisms; not following any order of chronology or classification, but only that in which our readings or reminiscences may suggest them.

QUEROLUS; OR, THE BURIED TREASURE.

A ROMAN COMEDY OF THE THIRD CENTURY.

THIS comedy, which, from internal evidence, is assignable to the age of Diocletian and Maximian, is the only Roman comedy which, in addition to the remains of Plautus and Terence, has escaped the ravages of time. It is not only on this account a great literary curiosity, but it is in itself a very amusing and original drama. It is little known in this country.

The first editors of this comedy had access to several manuscript copies of it. The last editor had access to two: the Codex Vossianus, now in the library at Leyden, in the margin of which Vossius had written the various readings of another, the Codex Pithœus; and the Codex Parisinus, now in the library at Paris, a manuscript apparently of the eleventh century.

The first printed edition was edited by P. Danielis, in 1564. The second edition was edited by Rittershusius, and printed by Commelinus, in 1595. The third edition was published by Pareus, at the end of his edition of Plautus, in 1619. The fourth and last edition is that of Klinkhämer, published at Amsterdam in 1829. Of these editions, the first, third, and fourth are in the British Museum; the second and fourth are in our possession.

We have thus had the opportunity of consulting all the editions of the work. The first edition was inaccessible to Klinkhämer. The second edition contains all that is important in the first, with much that is not in any other; including a long poem by Vitalis Blesensis, a writer of the middle ages, in which the story is narrated in elegiac verse: the author professing, that he now does for a second comedy of Plautus what he had previously done for his *Amphitryon*. The author of the comedy is, however, as we shall subsequently notice, innocent of its ascription to Plautus.

In the three first editions, the text was printed as prose. Klinkhämer recognized the traces of metre, and arranged the whole into verse, printing the prose text on the left-hand pages, and the metrical arrangement on the right. The task

is executed with much skill, and little arbitrary change. In this portion of his work, as indeed in the whole of it, he derived great advantage from having been the pupil of D. J. Van Lennep,* at whose instigation he undertook the edition. The result is, a most agreeable reading, of which we regretted to come to the close.

This play is called *Querolus, sive Aulularia*—"Querolus, or the Comedy of the *Aula*, or *Olla*," a large covered pot or vessel of any kind, which is in this case the depository of a treasure. The dramatis personæ are—

LAR FAMILIARIS.	SYCOPHANTA.
QUEROLUS.	PANTOLABUS.†
MANDROGERUS.	ARBITER.
SARDANAPALUS.	

Plautus's comedy of *Aulularia* (the basis of Molière's *L'Avare*) takes its name from a similar subject; but there is nothing in common between the comedies, excepting the buried treasure, the title, and the circumstance of the prologue being spoken by the household deity, the Lar Familiaris.

In Plautus's prologue, the Lar tells the audience, that the heads of the family had been a succession of misers, one of whom had buried a treasure, the secret of which he had not the heart, even when dying, to reveal to his son; that the son had lived and died poor and parsimonious, and had shown no honour to him, the Lar; in consequence of which he had done nothing towards aiding him to discover the buried treasure; that the grandson, the present *pater familias*, was no better than his predecessors; but that he had a daughter who was very pious towards her household deity; on which account he had led the father to the discovery of the treasure, in order that the daughter might have a dowry.

The comedy of *Querolus* has no female character, and the hero does not appear to have a family. The Lar tells the audience, that Euclio, the father of Querolus, going abroad on business, had buried a treasure before the domestic altar;

* The learned and accomplished editor of *Terentianus Maurus*. He completed the edition which Santenius had begun.

† The MSS. and editions have all "Pantomalus," a barbarous composite, suitable, no doubt, to the age, but not to so correct and elegant a writer as the author of this comedy. "Pantolabus" is classical (see Hor. *Sat.* i. 8, 11); and *Take-all* suits the character in question better than *All-bad*.

that, dying abroad, he had entrusted the secret to Mandrogerus, and had given him a letter to Querolus, enjoining his son to divide the treasure with his friend Mandrogerus, as a reward for faithfully delivering the message; that Mandrogerus had made a scheme for getting surreptitious possession of the whole; that he, the Lar, would frustrate this scheme, and take care that the treasure should go to its right owner, whom he describes as not bad, but ungrateful.

The first scene consists of a dialogue between Querolus and the Lar. Querolus enters, complaining of Fortune, when the Lar presents himself before him.

Quer. Oh, Fortune!—oh, blind Fortune! impious Fate!
Lar. Hail, Querolus!
Quer. What wouldst thou with me, friend?
I owe thee nothing, nor have stolen goods
Of thine in my possession.
Lar. Be not angry.
Stay; I must talk with thee.
Quer. I have no leisure.
Lar. Stay, for thou must. 'Tis I, whom thou hast called
In terms of accusation.
Quer. I accused
Fortune and Fate.
Lar. I am thy household god,
Whom thou call'st Fate and Fortune.
Quer. It is strange.
I know not what to think; but this appears
One of the Genii or the Mysteries.
His robe is white, and radiance is around him.
Lar. Though thy complaint is baseless, Querolus,
I am moved by it, and have come to render,
What never Lar to mortal did before,
The reason of thy state. Now, tell thy grievances.
Quer. The day would not be long enough.
Lar. Well, briefly:
A few; the heaviest.
Quer. One only question
Resolve me: wherefore do the unjust thrive,
And the just suffer?

The Lar proceeds to interrogate Querolus, as to his right to include himself in the latter class; and having led him to confess himself guilty of robbing orchards as a boy, of perjuring himself as a lover, of intriguing with his neighbour's wife as a man, and of sundry other peccadilloes, which society tolerates and justice condemns, he concludes that he has no right to look on himself as an egregious specimen of injured virtue.

Querolus, nevertheless, insists that much worse men are much better off. He has suffered by a false friend; his father has left him nothing but his poor house and land; he has a slave, Pantolabus, who does nothing but eat and drink enormously; his last crops were destroyed by a storm; he has a bad neighbour. To all which the Lar answers: Many fathers have not even left either house or land: others have had many false friends, many drunken slaves, many bad neighbours: he is well enough with only one of each. Querolus specifies somebody who abounds in worldly comforts. But, says the Lar, he has an incurable malady. How is your own health? Querolus is quite well. The Lar asks, Would you change conditions? Is not health the first of blessings? Querolus admits that he is the best off of the two; but still insists that, though positively it is well with him, it is ill, comparatively with others. The Lar then gives him his choice of conditions. Querolus first desires military glory; then civil honours. The difficulties and troubles of both being shown, he rejects both, and desires a private life of affluence, in which his riches may give him sufficient authority to domineer over his neighbours. The Lar tells him, that if he wishes to live where public law has no authority, he had better go to the Loire, where every man is judge in his own cause, and the stronger writes his decrees with a cudgel on the bones and skin of the weaker.

This passage, Klinkhämer is of opinion, relates to the *Bagaudæ*, who, about the end of the reign of Diocletian, established in that portion of Gaul one of the earliest combinations of Socialism and Lynch law: not without dreadful provocation from the cruelties and extortions of the Roman rulers: and were with difficulty reduced to submission, after a war of some years, by the Emperor Maximian. The history of this Bagaudic war may be read in Gibbon, Chap. XIII. Querolus, not without a sarcastic reflection on the innocence and happiness of sylvan life, renounces the offered share in this forest republic: goes through a series of wishes for different states of life, each of which, with the conditions attached to it, he successively rejects: then comes to persons, whose position he would like to occupy.

Quer. Give me at least the money-chests of Titius.
Lar. Yes, with his gout.
Quer. No gout.

Lar. Nor money-chests.
Quer. Why, give me, then, the troop of dancing-girls,
Which the new-come old usurer has brought with him.
Lar. Take the whole chorus: take Cytheris, Paphia,
Briseis: with the weight of Nestor's years.
Quer. Ha! ha! and wherefore?
Lar. The old usurer has it.
The years and dancing-girls must go together.
Quer. This will not do. Well, give me impudence.*
Lar. Be impudent, and dominate the forum:
But with the loss of wisdom.
Quer. Why?
Lar. The impudent
Are never wise.
Quer. Why, then, are no men happy?
Lar. Some are: not those you think so.
Quer. If I show you
One rich and healthy too, is he not happy?
Lar. You see the healthy body: not the mind:
That may be sick with envy, hope, or fear,
Ambition, avarice unsatisfied.
The face shows not the heart. What if, in public
Joyous, he mourns at home? Loves not his wife?
Or loves too much, and dies with jealousy?

Querolus gives up the discussion, and leaves his fate to his Lar. The Lar tells him, he shall be rich in spite of himself; he shall do all in his power to send away his good luck, but it shall force itself upon him: with several other ambiguities of prophecy, over which he leaves Querolus marvelling. Querolus, after a soliloquy, in which he expresses his perplexity, goes on.

Mandrogerus enters, with Sycophanta and Sardanapalus. Mandrogerus has laid a scheme for getting possession of the buried treasure, without giving any portion of it to Querolus, and has selected the other two knaves as his instruments.

Mandrogerus exults in his anticipated success. But Sycophanta has had a dream of bad omen:

Syc. I saw last night the treasure, which we hope
To get into our hands.
Mand. What then?
Syc. I saw
Pieces of gold: but only as a glimpse,
Through barbed hooks and rings, and little chains.

* Querolus seems to have thought with Butler:
"He that has but impudence
To all things has a just pretence."

Mand. Didst thou not dream of fetters too, and lashes?
Sard. Oh, inauspicious dreamer! I explode thee,
And thy ill omens. I had my dream too:
'Twas of a funeral.
Mand. The gods prosper thee!
Sard. We paid the last rites to I know not whom.
Mand. 'Tis well.
Sard. And wept the dead, although a stranger.
Mand. These are good signs: dreams go by contraries:
Funerals show joy: and tears belong to laughter.
I also had my dream. I know not who
Told me, the fates assigned to none but me,
To find the buried gold: but it should profit me,
Only so much as I might swallow from it.
Syc. Most admirable dream! What other use
Can we have for it, but to eat and drink it?

They proceed to reconnoitre the locality, according to the indications received from Euclio: a little temple: a silversmith's shop: a lofty house with oaken doors. They remark that the upright bars are wide apart, and not defended with tenter-hooks; showing an inhabitant who has nothing to fear from thieves. Mandrogerus then inquires, if they exactly remember the description of the interior. They repeat it accordingly. The portico on the right hand of the entrance. Three little images in the *sacrarium.** An altar in the middle. The gold before the altar. So far all is right. They thoroughly understand their parts. The business of Mandrogerus is to divine. That of the other two is to lie. Mandrogerus goes out to abide his time. His accomplices watch the coming of Querolus, who enters well-disposed, by his previous interview with the Lar, to credulity in supernatural matters. They stand aside, pretending not to see him, and talking as if they did not mean to be heard. He catches some sounds which induce him to listen.

Sard. I have known magi and astrologers;
But never one like this. Soon as he sees you,
He calls you by your name: expounds your parents,
Slaves, family: the history of your life:
All you have done, and will do.
Quer. (*apart*). This must be
A man worth seeing.

* *Sacrarium* here signifies a place set apart to sacred purposes in a private dwelling. The nearest corresponding modern term is *oratory*.

Sard. Let us lose no time
In seeking him.
Syc. I would most willingly;
But, at this moment, I have not the leisure.
Quer. I would fain seek him too. Hail, friends.
Syc. We answer
Thy friendly salutation.
Quer. Is your talk
Of secrets?
Sard. Secrets to the general;
Not to the wise.
Quer. I seemed to catch a mention
Of some great magus.
Sard. One most wonderful
In divination. Who, or whence, I know not.
Quer. Is he so deep in art?
Sard. Most absolute:
Wherefore, I pray you, Sycophanta, come
Straightway to visit him.
Syc. I have friends at home,
Awaiting me on urgent business.

Sardanapalus over-rules Sycophanta's objections. Querolus entreats to be of their party. They make many difficulties, and at last consent. Sycophanta suggests to Sardanapalus, that the astrologer may be an impostor; and, anticipating all the scruples that Querolus might have raised, completes the conquest of his confidence. While they are discussing, Mandrogerus most opportunely comes in sight, walking slowly onward, in profound meditation. They stop him, and respectfully request to be permitted to consult him, and imbibe some portion of his wisdom. He answers, like one overflowing with it, and most bountiful in its distribution, that he is at leisure, and will answer any questions they please to ask.

They begin with questions, respecting the powers to be propitiated; the offerings to be made to them; the secondary instruments through which they deliver their oracles: stars; celestial and terrestrial prodigies; consecrated animals; harpies, geese, and cynocephali: a very curious enumeration of powers, never otherwise than malevolently exerted, unless under the influence of abundant gifts and sacrifices, though it is not the god himself who exacts them, but his doorkeeper: in all which, while popular superstitions are obviously and ostensibly, Klinkhämer thinks the corruptions and oppressions of the several authorities of the state are covertly satirized.

Sycophanta receives this exposition as thoroughly discouraging all application to the powers in question; and solicits an explanation of some more simple method of solving the mysteries of destiny.

Mand. First, much depends upon the natal hour,
Whether a man be born to a good fate:
Next, by propitiation of the Genii,
Who govern Fate's decrees, to make that good
Which at the first was ill: by their kind power,
If Evil Fortune dwell within the walls,
She may be charmed, and bound, and carried forth.
Quer. This were most excellent; but that we may
With confidence obey you, having told us
Much that you know, tell something that you know not.
Mand. Assuredly, I know none of you three,
By any previous knowledge.
Sard. That is certain.
Mand. First, then, to thee. Thy name is Sardanapalus:
Poor and low-born.
Sard. 'Tis so.
Mand. A poor man's child,
Mocked with a royal name.
Sard. I can't deny it.
Mand. An idler and a glutton: petulant:
Calamitous thyself, and a calamity
To all who know thee.
Sard. Eh! Mandrogerus!
I did not ask thee to proclaim my vices.
Mand. I may not lie. What hast thou more to ask?
Sard. I have heard too much already. If thou hast
Aught more, reserve it for my private hearing.
Syc. Now to my turn, Mandrogerus: tell my fortune:
So much of it as may be good: no more.
Mand. I must begin from the beginning: Thou
Art Sycophanta, and of noble birth.
Syc. 'Tis true.
Mand. A worthless subject from the first.
Syc. Alas!
Mand. Pressed down by wrongs, compassed by perils
From steel, and fire, and water.
Syc. It would seem
That thou hadst lived with me.
Mand. Nought of thy own
Is left to thee: but much of other men's.*
Syc. Too much: too much. Pray favour me no further.
Turn to this worthy man.

* *Aes alienum.* Debt.

Mand. Step forward, friend:
Thy name is Querolus.
Quer. 'Tis even so.
Mand. What is the hour? Between the sixth and seventh.
Quer. Nothing escapes him: he propounds his question
And straightway answers it, like a clepsydra.*
Mand. Mars now is trigon. Saturn looks to Venus.
Jupiter is quadrate. Mercury is wroth with him.
The sun is round. The moon is in her spring.
I have combined thy genealogy,
Querolus. Evil Fortune presses thee.
Quer. It is too true.
Mand. Thy father left thee nothing.
Thy friends give nothing. Thou hast a bad neighbour;
A worthless slave.
Quer. 'Tis so.
Mand. His name Pantolabus.
Thou hast another slave: his name is Zeta.
Quer. 'Tis manifest.
Syc. Divine astrologer!
Mand. Shall I describe thy house? Full well thou knowest
I ne'er was in it.
Quer. I would gladly hear.
Mand. Entering, the portico is on the right;
And the sacrarium opposite.
Quer. Exactly.
Mand. In the sacrarium are three little statues:
One of the household God; two of the Genii.†
Quer. Thou hast proved thy knowledge. Now produce the remedy
Of my ill fortune.
Mand. That is quickly done;
Without delay or cost. Is the sacrarium
Secret and solitary?
Quer. Even so.
Mand. Nothing concealed there?
Quer. Nothing there at all;
Except the images.
Mand. There must be performed
A solemn rite: but thee and every one
That rite excludes.
Quer. So be it.
Mand. And by strangers
The rite must be performed.
Quer. So let it be.
Mand. Could we find any on so short a notice:—
'Twere well and opportune, if these would aid us.

* *Clepsydra:* a water-clock, by which time was measured, as by an hour-glass.
† The *Genius Loci:* and the *Genius Domini.*

The two knaves, on the invitation of Querolus, very obligingly promise their assistance: and Querolus desires Pantolabus to run for his friend and neighbour, the Arbiter.* Mandrogerus, who does not like this sort of witness, urges Querolus not to delay. The hour is auspicious. The combination of stars is most promising. Mandrogerus asks Querolus if he has an empty box. Querolus replies, he is too well provided with empty boxes. One will be necessary, says Mandrogerus, to carry out the *lustrum*.† And they go in to perform their ceremonies.

The next scene brings in Pantolabus, who indulges himself in a long soliloquy: first complaining of his master's unreasonableness in objecting to petty thefts and waste of property: in keeping strict accounts, and requiring the full change of his money: in begrudging his domestics their own quantities of sleep and wine: in requiring them, when he gives them holidays, to return to their day: in storming, if he sees finger-marks on his drinking-cups: in discovering immediately, if an amphora has been cracked and sealed up again, or if an abstracted portion of wine has been replaced by water: in detecting abrasions of silver and gold. And his friend the Arbiter is worse than himself. He gives half-allowance of food and double allowance of work. Querolus feeds his household well, and is not exacting of hard labour. He is the best of the two, but too much given to scolding, and too liberal with his whip. But the life of domestic slaves is not so bad as some think. They are thought drowsy and stupid, because they sleep in the day. But this they do, because they keep it up at night. The night is their day. Then they bathe, then they feast, then they enjoy themselves. The worst of thieves are masters, who sit up late themselves, and steal part of the night from their servants. In many respects, the master is their servant. He has to find the revenue, they have to consume it.

He then fancies he hears his master calling, to know why he loiters; and thinking it very hard that he cannot take his

* *Arbiter*. The Arbiter was a magistrate, whose especial duty was the determination and apportionment of inheritances. He is sent for by Querolus, only as a friend: but in the concluding scene, his peculiar office is brought into play.

† The *lustrum* is the residue of the purification, in which residue, the evil or pollution to be removed, is absorbed and included.

own time about his errand, utters a string of maledictions, and takes his departure.

Now come in the three rogues, and Querolus with the box.

Mand. Lay down the burthen. Thou hast done enough
To satisfy religion, in thyself
Aiding to bear Ill Fortune out of doors.
Quer. Thy art is mighty. What a sudden weight
Has come into this box! 'Twas light for one,
And now o'erburthens two.
Mand. Dost thou not know
Nothing is heavier than Evil Fortune?
Quer. Too well I know it.
Mand. The Gods favour thee.
No house was ever purified as thine is.
All the bad luck it held is here made fast.
We'll bear it to the river's deepest pool,
Where its own weight shall send it to the bottom.
But Evil Fortune, even from that depth,
May rise to trouble thee. Therefore observe,
To keep thy doors close bolted night and day,
Till three days end. Admit nor friends nor kindred:
Not even Good Fortune, shouldst thou hear her knocking.
That period past, thy house is clear for ever.
Quer. I shall observe.
Mand. Shut close. Bars, locks, and chains.
Quer. No fastening shall be spared. Farewell, great Master.

The accomplices are now in undisturbed possession of their prize. They had kept Querolus out of the sacrarium, while they whipped the urn into the box; and now determine on proceeding to a solitary spot on the river-side, where they may break up the vessel, and after abstracting the treasure, sink the fragments in some unfathomable pool.

These being gone, Pantolabus comes in with the Arbiter. In reply to some inquiries of the Arbiter concerning his master, Pantolabus thanks him for the good advice he gives, and the good example he sets, to Querolus, in relation to the treatment of servants.

Pant. Would that he had your manners: were as gracious,
Indulgent, patient, kind, as you with yours.
Arb. I take your praise, Pantolabus, at its value:
You do me too much honour.
Pant. We all know you,
And give you all the thanks you so well merit.
Would all we have wished for you might betide you!
Arb. And may you feel, in your own bones and skins,
Whatever favours you would shower on me.

Pantolabus excuses himself from any double meaning. The Arbiter is satisfied. He expresses his surprise at finding the doors closed. They knock, and call, and receive no answer. Pantolabus conducts him to a small back-door, which, even if that be also closed, he knows how to open.

The accomplices return, full of lamentation and superstitious terror. They had dug up, and carried off, a funeral urn.

Mand. Oh me, unhappy!
Syc. Oh me, miserable!
Sard. Oh me, most miserable, naked and shipwrecked!
Mand. Oh, Sycophanta!
Syc. Oh, Sardanapalus!
Sard. Oh, great Mandrogerus—father and master!
Unhappy comrades, veil your heads in mourning.
This is much worse than to have lost a man.
This is the loss of losses.* Where are now
Your hopes of power and wealth? All turned to ashes.
False hope has barbed the sting of poverty.
Mand. Lay down, poor friends, your melancholy burthen.
Our tears are due to this cinereal urn.
Oh, most false treasure! have I followed thee
Through seas and winds? Made prosperous navigation?
Magic and mathematics have I studied,
That buried men might cheat me? And expounded
Their fate to others, ignorant of my own?
Here is a buried father. I, who wept not
My own, now mourn a stranger's. Querolus
Mourns not, to whom alone this grief is due.
Sard. Oh, cruel treasure! What was the disease
That carried thee from life? What funeral pyre
Turned thee to ashes? Us, thy expectant heirs,
Why hast thou disinherited, oh treasure?
Whither shall we, cut off without a sesterce,
Now bend our steps?
Mand. Look to the urn once more.
Read over the inscription.
Sard. Funeral relics
I cannot touch: nothing I dread so deeply.
Syc. Thou hast a timid soul, Sardanapalus.

* — majore domus gemitu, majore tumultu,
Planguntur nummi, quam funera. Nemo dolorem
Fingit in hoc casu, vestem deducere summam
Contentus, vexare oculos humore coacto.
Ploratur lacrimis amissa pecunia veris.
Juv. xiii. 130—134.
Feigned sorrow oft in funeral rites appears;
The loss of gold is wept with real tears.

(*Reads*) HERE LIES TRIERINUS, SON OF TRICIPITINUS,
DEPOSITED AND BURIED. Oh me, miserable!
My heart is in my throat. The smell of gold,
I have heard, is always sweet:* but this is redolent
Of dire aromata;† even through the mass
Of treacherous lead,‡ that covers down the ashes.

Mand. So well perfumed, the dead has been much honoured.

Syc. Had I but listened to the magpie's warning,
I had not fall'n in this calamity.

Sard. Nor I, had I obeyed the admonition
Given me this morning by a crop-tailed dog.

Mand. What admonition?

Sard. As I left the house,
He ran between my legs, and tripped me backward.

Mand. What had I done to thee, old Euclio,
Thou shouldst deride me in thy life and death?

Syc. What shall we do now?

Mand. What remains to us,
But to revenge ourselves on Euclio's son,
And make us pastime of his credulous fear?
Peep in, and mark. Take care he sees you not.

Sard. He and his men are ranged within the doors,
All armed with rods and cudgels.

Mand. Keeping guard
'Gainst Evil Fortune. Now approach, and frighten them.
Say thou art she, and threaten to break in.

Sard. Ho! Querolus?

Quer. Who calls?

Sard. Quick! let me in.

Quer. For what?

Sard. That I may enter my old quarters.

Quer. Zeta! Pantolabus! stand by the doors,
Hence, Evil Fortune! whither the Great Master
Conveyed thee.

Sard. He predicted my return;
And I am here.

Quer. Wert thou Good Fortune even,
Thou shouldst not enter.

Mand. Thunder at the door,
To draw the men aside, while through the window
We cast this funeral urn. Oh, Querolus!

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* ——— Lucri bonus est odor ex re
Qualibet. Juv. xiv. 204, 5.
Alluding to the well-known anecdote of Vespasian.—Sueton. Vesp. 23.

† Alluding to the sweet herbs which it was customary to lay over the ashes; and which may have been placed in the urn by Euclio, to increase the deception.

‡ The lead was well imagined, to give probability to the apparent weight.

Receive the treasure which old Euclio left thee,
Such wealth be ever thine, and such thy children's,
Now, all on board, lest from this sacrilege
Arise some peril to our liberties.

They make off accordingly; but Sardanapalus cannot be satisfied, unless he enjoys the terror of Querolus, on receiving through his window a visit from the dead. He puts his ear to the door. He is astounded by shouts of joy and the jingling of gold. The broken urn has scattered its contents on the floor. He hastens back to his comrades; thinking that if he remains, he may be apprehended for a thief, without having the pleasure of their company.

The Lar enters again:—

Lar. The urn has yielded up its weight of gold;
Rendered true faith to its depositor;
Deluded the deluders; robbed the thieves.
The simulated death gives the son life,
Restoring what the living father hid.
Hence let men learn, that none may win or lose,
But by the will of a divinity.*
My office is absolved to Querolus;
But now that thief and cheat, Mandrogerus,
Will I draw thither, to put forth his claim
To half the treasure, on old Euclio's letter,
Where he shall find himself in deep dilemma,
And bear the burthen of his own misdeed.

Querolus, and his friend the Arbiter, enter, discussing the circumstances of the buried treasure, the provident device of Euclio, the singular modes of abstraction and restoration. Mandrogerus enters, and after some preliminary, presents the letter. Querolus reads it:

'Euclio bids health to his son, Querolus.
Dreading to trust a stranger, or a slave,
I send my faithful friend, Mandrogerus,
To show thee, without fraud, what I have left thee.
This being done, give him one half the treasure,
In compensation of his faith and pains.'

Quer. You were, abroad, my father's friend and comrade?
Mand. The letter shows it.
Show me, then, the treasure
Which we are to divide.
Mand. I have delivered it
Untouched to you.

* There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we may.

Quer. Indeed!
Mand. Do you deny it?
Quer. To me? an untouched treasure? Why, what treasure?
Mand. That which your father left.
Quer. Where is it, then?
Here is the Arbiter, to make partition.
Mand. I say 'tis in your hands.
Quer. From yours?
Mand. From mine.
Quer. 'Twas in your hands, then?
Mand. Yes, and might have stay'd there:
The whole: I only claim my honest share.
Quer. You stir not hence until you render it.
Mand. Why, I have rendered it.
Quer. To whom? When? How?
Mand. To-day. Here. Through the window.
Quer. Whence, then, came it?
Mand. From the sacrarium.
Quer. How went it thence?
Mand. Out through the door. You bore it out yourself.
Quer. You were to show it to me without fraud.
But this is idle talk. The thing appears not.
Where is this treasure?
Mand. I have given it to thee.
I swear by all the gods. 'Twas in an urn.
I pitched it through the window.
Quer. Brave confession!
This, then, is he, oh worthy Arbiter!
Who hurled into my house that funeral urn.
Pantolabus, the fragments.—Can you read
What here is written?
Mand. I have read, and read it.

"HERE LIES TRIERINUS, SON OF TRICIPITINUS,
DEPOSITED AND BURIED."

Quer. Not content
With failing in your duty to the living,
You have made sport and mockery of the dead;
Broken into the tomb; dug up the ashes;
Borne them abroad into the public way;
Stolen the treasure which was buried with them;
And hurled the fatal relics through the window,
To scatter on the floor, and thus pollute
The house thou first hadst plundered.
Mand. Fare thee well.
I seek no more. Fortune abandons me.

Querolus, however, will not let him go. They examine and cross-examine him; threaten to take him to the prætor; but give him the choice of the charge which they shall make against him, whether it shall be for robbery or sacrilege. He

tries a defence on each charge severally, and gives up both points in despair, leaving it to them to charge him with whichever they please—either the theft, which he could not commit, or the sacrilege, which he would not have committed. But he throws himself on their mercy, and only entreats to be allowed to depart. The Arbiter now intercedes for him, as having been really, however unfaithfully, the means of Querolus's wealth. And Querolus, who had been previously disposed to be generous towards him, agrees to give him maintenance, and receive him into his household.

Sycophanta and Sardanapalus then present themselves. They solicit a small participation in Querolus's bounty. They are aware, that one house does not take three hungry idlers; but they implore a moderate donation, to speed them on another quest. Querolus replies:

> Let the beaten parasite
> Have compensation for his injuries.

And immediately follows a sort of epilogue, in the form of a senatus-consultum, fixing a tariff of compensation for torn clothes, bruises, broken bones, and all other forms of injury to which parasites are liable. This was most probably subjoined as an exposition of Querolus's last words.

In this view of the conclusion, we follow the old reading: *Mercedem vulnerum victus recipiat Parasitus. In convivio si fuerit veste discissus*, &c. Klinkhämer terminates the comedy thus:

> ——— vulnerum mercedem victus recipiat.
> *Pauca desiderantur.*

And after some preliminary, presents the final passage as a *pannus assutus*:

> PARASITUS. In convivio si fuerit, &c.

Three of the editors of this comedy, and many other writers, have spoken of it in the highest terms of praise. Gruter and Pareus disparaged it. Cannegeiter thinks that "none can disparage it but those who do not understand it." The ill-humour of Gruter and Pareus appears to have been excited chiefly from the MSS. bearing on the title, *Plauti Querolus*; but this was not the fault of the author, who speaks of himself as treading in Plautus's steps. The assign-

ment of the authorship to Plautus must have been very ancient, for Servius, in his *Commentary on Virgil* (Æn. iii. 226), cites it as *Plauti Querolus*.

Danielis calls it "a comedy, not less remarkable as a singular relic of antiquity, than admirable from the novelty of its argument." Rittershusius says, this comedy "requires no eulogium from him, being sufficiently recommended by its wonderful variety of argument, the gravity of its sentences, and the elegance of its comic diction." Klinkhämer concurs in these estimates, and adds the commendation of exemplary propriety and modesty. He expresses his surprise, that a work so well worthy to be generally read should have been left to lurk in the libraries of the curious.

Barthius panegyrizes "the simple elegance and acute sense of the colloquies, and their excellent adaptation to the several characters of the speakers;" adding, that "the more it is read, the more its sense and eloquence will be perceived."

Klinkhämer's pains on this comedy have been worthily and successfully bestowed. We feel grateful to him, for the form in which he has presented it to us; and shall be highly gratified if our readers shall derive, from our necessarily limited exposition, any portion of the pleasure which we have received from the work itself.

M. S. O.

HORÆ DRAMATICÆ.—No. 2.

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THE PHAETHON OF EURIPIDES.

IT had long been known that there existed in the library at Paris a manuscript called the *Codex Claromontanus*, containing an inedited fragment, or fragments, of Euripides; and many reclamations on the subject had been uttered from Germany, but without any result, till Immanuel Bekker, passing through Paris, transcribed it, and communicated it to Hermann, who subsequently received from H. Hasius a copy representing the MS. according to the exact trace of the letters. Fortified with this indispensable basis of correction, Hermann revised and edited the contents of the MS. with his own emendations in 1821; and thus brought the world acquainted with two large fragments of

the Phaëthon.* Immediately on their publication, he transmitted a copy to Goethe, who, being struck by their extraordinary beauty, arranged them, and the previously known fragments of the same tragedy, according to his own view of their proper order; translated them into verse, filling up a few of the *lacunæ* with additions of his own; and connected the series by an analytical exposition of the probable progress of the drama.

Since that period there have been several editions of the fragments of Euripides, in which the remains of this tragedy have been arranged according to the views of the respective editors. The same task is performed in the valuable and elaborate work of Hartung, *Euripides Restitutus*. The latest edition of the fragments of Euripides is that of Wagner. We

* Twelve years ago, we received the following note from a classical friend, who was not at the time aware of Hermann's publication:—

"——— What is the *Merops* of Euripides about? Of the Greek MSS. in the King's Library at Paris—which anybody may examine for asking—No. 107 contains St. Paul's Epistles, and two leaves at least, ff. 162-3, are obviously Palimpsest. The two leaves consist of four pages, and each page of two columns of the original writing, which is in large letters, and comprises a portion of the *Merops* of Euripides. At the rate of only twenty-five lines in a column, there are two hundred verses: what a noble fragment!

"The second writing is of the fifth century. If we allow the first writing to be only a little more than half as old again, it may be the autograph of the Tragedian himself. But you will know the poet's hand, when you see it!

"This information was given about a century ago by Montfaucon, who adds, that in the margin may plainly be seen several times, Merops, Chorus, and Θεράπων—the names of the interlocutors. This he relates as a matter of mere curiosity, not having any idea how easily erased writing may be restored and read. So his examination was cursory (there was no motive then to make any other), and a careful search will probably discover many more than two rescribed leaves.

"The information of Montfaucon has not been noticed, I believe, by any person, except one Bruns, who, a learned German, cried out lustily about it some fifty years ago, from a remote corner of Germany, to Villoison. If V. had heard him, he would most likely have had a touch at the MS.

"The printed catalogue of the French King's MSS. does not remark that this is Palimpsest, nor is it usual; but it states that several leaves were stolen formerly, and sold to the owner of the Harleian Collection, and on learning of the theft, the Earl of Oxford liberally returned them. This anecdote is very remarkable, and if any portion of the lost Tragedy was abstracted, only not miraculous."

shall give our own view of the fragments of *Phaëthon*, noticing incidentally any essential points of difference in the arrangement.

The prologue was most probably spoken by Oceanus, the father of Clymene. Phaëthon, to whom Hartung assigns it, could not have spoken it, because he could not know all the previous circumstances of his history. This perfect knowledge of the past is indispensable to the speaker of the prologue; and in cases where no mortal can possess it, Euripides assigns the task to a spirit or a deity—as to the ghost of Polydorus to reveal the history of his murder, or to Venus to solve the mystery of Phaedra's affliction. Clymene, to whom Ravius and others assign it, might have spoken the prologue; but as the only fragment cited from it presents her in the accusative case, this supposition becomes at least doubtful, although the passage may admit the personal pronoun. "Euripides," says Strabo, "represents Clymene to have been given in marriage to Merops." Clymene might have spoken of herself as having been so given, though Strabo in introducing the passage would necessarily substitute "Clymene" for "me." Goethe, who, on the basis of the few lines remaining, has constructed a long and mainly original prologue, assigns it to the warder, watching and announcing the dawn, and reciting circumstances publicly and generally known. This, however, is losing sight of the true character of the Euripidean prologue, in all cases where the subsequent action has its basis in the revelation of a fatal secret.

The prologue, then, may have been spoken by Clymene: but most probably it was spoken by Oceanus, and recited the love of the Sun-god for Clymene; the promise which she exacted from him, that he would grant one request to one child of their union; the birth of their four children, three daughters, Lampetia, Aegle, and Phaëthusa, and one son, Phaëthon; that Clymene had been given in marriage to Merops sufficiently long before the birth of Phaëthon to make him think the child his own; that Merops was then occupied in preparations for Phaëthon's marriage with a young goddess, which was to take place that day; that Phaëthon was determined not to marry above his rank, but to seek his fortune in other lands; that Clymene, terrified by this resolve of her son, would reveal to him the secret of his birth, out of

which would arise perils to Clymene requiring the presence of her father, Oceanus, to watch over and avert.

The first of the old fragments belongs to this prologue :—

——— Clymene was given in marriage
To Merops, monarch of this ocean-shore :
The land which first, from his four-steeded car,
The ascending Sun strikes with his golden fire.
This land the neighbouring black-complexioned men
Call the Sun's Stables and the Realm of Morning.

The kingdom of Merops was, therefore, conterminal to the dominions of the Sun. That this vicinity was innocuous is expressed in another fragment, which also apparently belongs to the prologue :—

The Sun's fierce flame, ascending o'er the earth,
Most burns the distant lands : with gentler ray
Tempering the near.

The prologue is followed by a dialogue between Clymene and her son, in which Phaëthon urges his objections to the proposed marriage, chiefly, it would seem, on account of his inferiority in birth to his bride, who is evidently a goddess, and most probably Aurora. This may be inferred from verse 135. We have numbered the verses for convenience of reference. The following three fragments appear to belong to this scene, and to have been spoken by Phaëthon :—

Phaëthon. The free-born man becomes a slave by marriage,
Sold for a dowry to a loftier name.
A heavy doom is stamped upon the rich,
To lose the clearness of their mental sight.
Is it that Fortune, being blind herself,
Gives her own blindness where she showers her favours ?

The air is everywhere the eagle's path*
And every land is to the brave his country.

We now come to the first of the two great fragments from the *Codex Claromontanus*. The same scene continues :—

Clymene. I give this counsel,
Remembering the promise which he made me.
Ask then, one favour—whatsoe'er thou wilt :
One only : more thou must not seek to gain.

* This first line is added, and the second modified, from the fragments of uncertain dramas.

If this be granted, thou wilt truly know
Thy Father is the Sun; if not, thy mother
Has spoken falsely.

Phaëthon. How shall I approach
The burning dwelling of the god of day?

Clymene. 'Twill be his care to keep thee safe from harm.

Phaëthon. Thou say'st well, if he be indeed my sire.

Clymene. The truth will be in time made plain to thee.

Phaëthon. Enough. I am satisfied thou speak'st not lightly.
Return into the palace; for the handmaids
Are coming forth, who, while the monarch slumbers,
Sweep down his dwelling, and with daily care,
Make bright the floors and purify the walls,
And with the native odours of our land
Make all the entrance fragrant. When my father
Shall rise from sleep, and, passing through the gates,
Shall speak to me of marriage, then, departing,
I will approach the palace of the Sun,
And learn, oh mother! if thy words are true.

This dialogue is followed by the entrance of the Chorus, the handmaids already mentioned, who in the first lyrical song present a beautiful picture of the life of the early morning, and celebrate the approaching nuptials of Phaëthon.

CHORUS.

The dawn scarce glitters o'er the hills:
The nightingale, where trees embower,
Still sits in thickest shade, and fills
The air with song of gentlest power,
Pouring the soft, sad, tuneful strain,
For Itys, Itys, mourned in vain.
The reed makes music from the rocks,
As shepherds upland drive their flocks.

The colts in pairs to pasture go:
The dogs before the hunter bound:
And where the Ocean-fountains flow,*
The swan's mellifluous notes resound.
Vessels are moving on the deep:
Some by the oar's impetuous sweep;
While some, before the favouring gale,
Stay the tall mast, and spread the sail.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .†

* The Ocean was a great river, surrounding the earth; and the seas were inlets from it. Being a river, it had of course its fountains, which are here placed on the extreme eastern shore.

† A portion of the MS. is here illegible.

These several tasks while others ply,
'Tis mine the palace to adorn,
And sing the high solemnity,
That opens with this opening morn:
The nuptials of our sovereign's son:
The fondly-cherished, only one:
Reverence and love my voice employ,
To raise the song of festal joy.

For servants share the master's weal,
And well with songs his bliss may greet:
Not less ordained his pains to feel,
When on him Fortune's tempests beat.
Long have I prayed this hour to see,
When masters so beloved by me
Might see the torch of Hymen glow:
Time brings about, and gods bestow
On my lord's son the nuptial bond:
Let song to song in joy respond.

Silence awhile: for from the palace gates,
Preceded by the sacred Herald, come
The monarch and his son. The king will speak
His sense of what befits the auspicious day,
When Phaëthon receives his heaven-born bride.

Merops and Phaëthon now come from the palace, preceded by the herald, who calls on the people to assemble, and listen in silence to the voice of the king.

Herald. People, by Jove's bounty placed
On this Ocean-bordering plain,
Hither from your dwellings haste:
Reverence this benignant reign.
I the nuptial rite declare—
Happy issue thence I pray—
Which the father and his heir
Come to celebrate to-day.
All around in silence stand:
Hear the monarch of the land.

Of the oration of Merops only four words are legible in the *Codex*:—

If I speak well.

But two of the previously known fragments may be most probably assigned to this oration of Merops.

I count not him among the wise of mortals,
Who, as a father to ill-minded children,
Or, as a king, to subjects, gives free licence.

One anchor does not hold a ship as safely
As that which lays out three.* A single chief
Is to a city a precarious guard:
A second, equal-minded, serves it well.

From which it would seem that Merops informed the people of his intention not only to unite his son to a bride of exalted birth, but to give him an equal share of his throne.

Goethe assigns these passages, and several others, to a dialogue between the Sun and Phaëthon, supposing the scene changed for a time to the Solar Palace. The political reflections thus put into the mouth of the Sun he thinks very much out of place—which makes it the more singular that he should so have assigned them. The change of scene, also, from the Palace to Merops of that of the Sun, and back to the Palace of Merops, is contrary to the principles of the Greek drama, is altogether unnecessary, and destroys the simplicity of the tragedy.

With respect to the scene between Merops and Phaëthon, Goethe observes: "Unfortunately the next scene is all but lost: but it is easy to see that its dramatic capabilities were great. A father who has prepared for his son a magnificent marriage-festival, and a son who has declared to his mother that in the midst of these preparations it is his intention to steal away and undertake a perilous adventure, present the most intensely-striking opposing influences, of which it can scarcely be doubted Euripides took full advantage in the development of the dialogue."

Goethe proceeds to assign to this dialogue the arguments of

* Pindar says (*Ol.* vi.)—"Two anchors are good to hold by in stormy weather." Boeckh expounds: "One from the head, and one from the stern." This would lay the ship broadside on to the sea, and swamp her. He must have been thinking of a ship moored head and stern in a tide-river. This mistake has been copied by subsequent editors; showing that knowledge of words alone will not suffice for an expositor, without some knowledge of the subject-matter. It would be curious to see how Boeckh and his followers would deal with Euripides's third anchor: whether they would lay it out from amidships. We remember a facetious publication, in which a lady asks her learned husband, "whether the Greeks saw sun, moon, and stars, sea, rivers, fields, and trees, as we do?" "Yes, my dear," he replies, "they saw the same things as we do, but they saw them in Greek." "Bless me!" says the lady, "that must have been very puzzling." It is only through this sort of Greek medium that our learned professors could have seen a ship riding out a gale of wind.

Phaëthon against marriage, which, concurring with Wagner and Bothe, we have assigned to the preceding scene with Clymene. It is not probable that Phaëthon stated his objections to the proposed marriage to Merops: his purpose was, apparently, to accomplish it, if he should find himself equal in birth to his goddess-bride: he would therefore have dissembled with his supposed father, reserving to himself the ultimate decision on the result of his interview with the Sun, which he might safely do, as the completion of the ceremony was reserved for the evening. Merops, indeed, as is evident from subsequent fragments, went on uninterruptedly and unsuspiciously with the preparations for the marriage.

Phaëthon has departed: has obtained from his reluctant father permission to drive the chariot of the Sun: and early in his ascent has been struck down by a thunderbolt from Jupiter. There is now a long break in the series of fragments: but one of the fragments of uncertain dramas appears to belong to this part of the tragedy.

> **The form, late flourishing in youthful beauty,**
> **Has like a falling-star been quenched, and poured**
> **Its living breath on the ethereal waste.**

We may assume that a thunder-peal has been heard, and that something has been seen in the distance. "Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky." Clymene and the chorus understand the catastrophe: but it is probable that a messenger announces the particulars. Another uncertain fragment may perhaps be placed here.

> **Many has thunder's bloodless wound destroyed.**

The fragment next in order belongs to Clymene.

> **The corpse of him most dear to me is left,**
> **To rot, unwashed, amid accessless rocks.**

This passage is preserved by Plutarch, who quotes it as not agreeing with the received opinion, that bodies killed by thunder do not decay, and that neither beasts nor birds will touch them.

In another fragment Clymene abhors the sight of everything which reminds her of her son.

> **I hate the well-slung bow of corneil-wood:**
> **All sports, all games, are horrid to my thoughts.**

The presence of the bow reminded her of the exercises in which Phaëthon had acquired the daring which led to his destruction.

We now come to the second of the great fragments of the *Codex Claromontanus*.

The body of Phaethon is brought in, and continues to exhale a sulphureous smoke.

This sight redoubles the grief of Clymene, and at the same time fills her with terror for herself, lest the truth should become known to Merops.

Clymene. The Fatal Fury, living in the dead,
Breathes forth the vapour of sulphureous fire.
Oh! I am lost. Why haste you not to bear
The corpse within? Haste! for my husband comes,
Leading the virgins of the nuptial train.
Quickly draw near, and wipe away the spots,
If blood, perchance, have fallen on the ground.
Oh, hasten, hasten, handmaids: I will hide him
Within the marble chambers, where the king
Preserves his treasure: I alone possess
The keys. Oh, light-bestowing deity!
How hast thou ruined me, and this, thy child!
Well among mortals art thou called Apollo,
By those who read the mystic names of gods.

The name Apollo is here alluded to as signifying Destroyer. Cassandra makes a similar allusion in the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus. It is to be observed, however, that the Sun and Apollo are always distinct deities in Homer and Æschylus, though Euripides, in this passage, appears to treat them as one. We say appears, for it is not quite clear that he does so. The last line, more literally translated is:

By those who know the unspoken names of gods.

And Apollo might have been the epithet of the two deities, though given openly to Phœbus, and tacitly to Helios.

The body is borne into the palace. Clymene follows it. Merops enters at the head of the Hymeneal Chorus.

CHORUS.

Hymen, oh Hymen! now we sing,
Thee, of the bridal train the king,
From whom all bliss proceeds;
And her, Jove's daughter, heavenly bright,
Venus, who to the nuptial rite

The happy virgin leads.
Oh, Cypria, ever young and fair,
O loveliest of the queens of heaven!
To thee I raise the choral prayer;
And to thy son, to whom is given,
In links of mutual love to bind
The sons and daughters of mankind.
Oh Hymen, Venus, Love! combine
To bless our ancient sovereign's line,
And honour, in this regal dome,
The bride who leaves her starry home,
Our youthful lord to grace.
Greater is his than monarch's pride,
Who gains the love of such a bride:
Alone of earthly race,
Who weds a daughter of the sky:
Whom mortals and immortals vie
To bless: whose peerless high estate
Earth's utmost bounds shall celebrate.

Merops. Go thou: lead in these damsels: bid the queen
With solemn Hymeneal dance and song
Surround the altars of the gods, within
The palace, and the sacred seat of Vesta
First, as the truly pious always use,
Approach with prayer . . .
. . . . . .*
. . from my house be given,
A dower worthy the celestial bride.

Attendant. Oh king! in haste my steps have left the palace:
For, from the marble chambers of the treasure
Pour, through the joints and fissures of the doors,
Thick streaks of blackening smoke: showing within
No trace of flame: but fume of smouldering ashes.
But hasten inwards, lest the sudden wrath
Of Vulcan should involve the walls in fire,
Amidst these happy nuptials of thy son.

Merops. How say you? See that you have not mistaken
The smoke of sacrifice, which I have ordered
From all the altars, for this smoke you speak of.

Attendant. I have well noted. All is clear, except
As I have said.

Merops. Knows my wife this, or not?

Attendant. The queen is all intent on sacrifice.

Merops. I go, then: such beginnings, if neglected,
May lead to fearful ends. Oh, Queen of Fire!
Daughter of Ceres! and thou, bounteous Vulcan!
Look on my dwelling with benignant eyes.

Merops goes in, and the Chorus expresses its fears. The Chorus of Virgins, which sung the Hymeneal Song, appears

* MS. illegible.

to have gone back into the palace, and the Chorus of Female Slaves in the confidence of Clymene, who had assisted her to carry in the body, and had left the stage to the Hymeneal Chorus, have now returned to their place.

CHORUS.

Oh misery! oh misery!
Where shall I stay my flying feet?
How, where no mortal eye their trace can see,
In air, or earth's profound obscurity,
Find an inscrutable retreat?
Alas! alas! the wretched queen,
And her dead son, in vain concealed,
Her grief, her shame will now be seen,
And all the fearful truth revealed.
Revealed will be the Sun's illicit love,
The fire-imprinted wound, the lightning-brand of Jove.
Oh wretched with immeasurable grief,
Daughter of Ocean! to thy Father spread
Thy hands in prayer, to speed to thy relief,
And chase the perils which o'erhang thy head.

Merops (*within*). Alas! alas!

CHORUS.

Hear'st thou the monarch's groans?

Merops. My child!

CHORUS.

He calls on him who cannot hear:
Who lies before him, manifest in death.

Here ends the Claromontane manuscript. A few previously known fragments remain. One belongs to Merops:

The acclaiming multitude drove from my mind
My own subjection to calamity.*

The rest belong most probably to the final speech of Oceanus, who intervenes to reconcile Merops to Clymene, and explain the circumstances of Phaëthon's fate. It is clear that what passed between the son and father, during the ascent of the chariot of the Sun, could be known only to a deity. We

* Southey expresses a similar sentiment in the "Curse of Kehama:"

For nature in his pride has dealt the blow,
And taught the Master of Mankind to know,
Even he himself is man, and not exempt from woe.

therefore think Wagner and Hartung are in error in assigning these passages to the mortal messenger who announced to Clymene the fall of Phaëthon. Herein we concur with Bothe; but we cannot concur with him in thinking that the tragedy was closed by an epilogue from the Sun. There is neither ground nor precedent for the intervention of two deities.

Oceanus then narrates the Sun's reception of Phaëthon, and Phaëthon's exaction of the promise made to his mother. The Sun had urged him to desist from his rash purpose.

> Touch not the reins, my child, unskilled to hold them,
> Nor mount the car thou hast not learned to guide.

The next passage is preserved by Longinus: "The Sun, giving the reins to Phaëthon, says:—

> "Drive not within the Lybian atmosphere;
> Having no moisture, 'twill not bear thy wheels,
> But send them downward.*

"And further on:—

> "Direct thy course on the seven Pleiades.
> This having heard, he seized the reins, and struck
> The fire-winged steeds, and launched them on their course,
> Along the folds of their ethereal way.
> The sire, behind, rode by the Sirian† star,
> Admonishing his son: 'Tend thitherward;
> This way direct the chariot; this way, now.'

* This seems to imply, that the elastic force of the vapour, generated in a moist atmosphere by the heat of the solar car, tended to give it buoyancy. There is another passage, *Inc. Fab. Frag.* 46, in which the breath of water and fire is enumerated among the things that are mighty:—

Δειναὶ δὲ πουαμοῦ καὶ πυρὸς θερμοῦ πνοαὶ :

which Wagner thinks remarkable, as tending to show that the power of steam was known to the Athenians.

† Sirius, immediately before his cosmical rising, was, poetically considered, close behind the Sun. The Sun, therefore, riding either with or before Sirius, was in the best position to advise his son to whom he had abandoned the absolute guidance of the car.—See the postscript to this article.

Used singly, and without any explanatory adjunct, *ὁ ἀστηρ* signifies the sun, and *το ἀστρον* the dog star; but the adjective *ἀστριος* is simply starry, and belongs to no star in particular.

The Hippolytus is not, in point, two deities both favorable to the same persons. Venus opens it as an avenger, and Diana closes it as a comforter. Each has her own distinct interest in the case: but Oceanus and the Sun had an equal interest in Clymene Choëphoroe.

"Would you not say that the spirit of the poet ascends the chariot with Phaëthon, and sharing his peril flies with the fire-winged steeds? for unless it were carried in equal course with these celestial works it could not present such vivid phantasies."

To this narration we may assign a remarkable fragment, cited by Athenæus without the name of the play, being part of a description of the horses of the Sun.

> One of flower-loving Bacchus,
> Æthops, who ripens the autumnal grapes,
> Whose name men give to wine.*

It would seem, that one of the four horses was separately dominant in each of the four seasons, and that each had its own tutelar deity.

The last preserved passage must be very near the close of the speech of Oceanus, and relates to the burial of Phaëthon under the shade of his sisters, metamorphosed into poplars.

> Cool-shadowing trees
> Shall spread their fond arms o'er his loved remains.

That this portion of the fable was adopted both by Æschylus and Euripides, we have the authority of Pliny.

Æschylus had preceded Euripides in the treatment of this subject, in the tragedy of the *Heliades: the Daughters of the Sun.*

Of this tragedy too little is preserved to enable us to form an idea of its plan.

The three sisters of Phaëthon might have formed the Chorus, as the three Furies form that of the *Eumenides.* We do not agree with those learned Germans, who are for resolving every Chorus into one Procrustean number. We think the Chorus of the *Eumenides* was three, and that of the Suppliants fifty. Of this hereafter. Hermann thinks the sisters of Phaëthon could not have formed the Chorus, because the Chorus must remain to the end, and the metamorphosis of the sisters is (as above noticed) included in the tragedy. But the metamorphosis might have been the subject of prophecy, or might have commenced as the drama closed, like the sinking of the rock in Prometheus.

Æschylus makes the Po run westward into the ocean; therefore the Ocean-nymphs might have formed the Chorus,

* See the frequent *αἴθοπα οἶνον* in Homer.

or the Nymphs of the Po. But on the precedents of the Eumenides, the Choëphoroe, and the Suppliants, we think it most probable that the Chorus gave its title to the tragedy.

The Chorus might, however, have been more numerous, as mythologists are not agreed about the number of the sisters of Phaëthon. Hyginus makes them seven.

The Scholiast on Homer, *Od.* xvii. 208, makes Phaëthon and his three sisters the offspring of the Sun and of Rhoda, daughter of Asopus; represents the wandering of the solar car, the conflagration of the earth, the striking of Phaëthon by the thunderbolt, his fall into the Po, and the incessant weeping of his sisters, whom Jupiter, in compassion, changes into poplars, and their tears into amber. "This story," says the Scholiast, "is to be found in the tragic poets;" from which Welcker infers that, as it is not the story of Euripides, it must have been the story of Æschylus. But Hermann holds, that the words of the Scholiast mean no more than that the subject of Phaëthon had been treated by the tragic writers, though the Scholiast gave the commonly received story in his own way.

According to Pliny, Æschylus places the Po in Iberia, and represents it as identical with the Rhône, and running westward into the ocean. At the same time, it is clear from one small fragment,

> The Adrianian women shall preserve
> The form of lamentation,

that Æschylus placed the course of the Po not far from the Adriatic. It is probable, therefore, seeing how little at that time the Athenians knew of Italy, that he gave the general name of Iberia to the whole tract of country lying between the Adriatic and the ocean-coast from the Rhône to the Pillars of Hercules.

The most important fragment of the *Heliades* is preserved by Athenæus, xi. p. 469, where he is treating of the golden cup, in which the Sun passes in slumber from west to east, under the shadow of night, below the visible boundary of the ocean. He gives on this subject passages of Stesichorus, Antimachus, Mimnermus, Theolytus, Pherecydes, and, amongst them, the following of Æschylus, being unquestionably part of an address by the Chorus to Phaëthon: we adopt Hermann's reading:—

Where, on the limits of the western deep,
The golden vessel, framed by Vulcan's art,
Awaits thy sire's descent. When he has found
Refuge and rest beneath the thickest gloom
Of sacred sable-steeded Night, therein
He holds his billowy, long, circumfluous way.

There are two fragments of uncertain dramas which Hermann thinks may be assigned to the *Heliades:* one which may be aptly addressed to discourage the rashness of Phaëthon:—

'Tis wrong to bear a too swift-footed course,
For none who fail have credit for good counsel.

The other may have been spoken by the *Heliades,* comparing their fate with that of the Pleiades, and justifying, by example, their incessant lamentation:—

The seven illustrious daughters
Of Atlas wept their father's heavy toil,
Bearing the weight of heaven; where now they wear
The forms of mighty splendour, wingless Pleiads.

Whatever was the plan of Æschylus, it was in all probability confined to the fate of Phaëthon and his sisters. Euripides, we may agree with Hartung, "varied and extended the argument by introducing the nuptial preparations and the peril of Clymene. Clymene became thereby the principal character. This change was the source of the many excellences by which this drama was distinguished; and how great these were, any one capable of judgment must understand from its remains."

Goethe prefaces his restoration by expressing his sense of the profound reverence with which such precious remains are to be approached, and remarking on the simple tragic grandeur of the fable, in which the action is confined to the locality, and not extended to the whole universe, as in Ovid and Nonnus, so that the interest is concentrated on the persons of the drama.

According to the view which we have taken of the arrangement, the action begins with the dawn. The discussions of Phaëthon with Clymene and Merops, and his departure for the Palace of the Sun, take place before sunrise. His fall occurs while he is yet on the ascent. The thunder-clap, and the fall, as of a meteoric mass, announce the catastrophe

to Clymene and the Chorus. The early bolt of Jupiter prevents the calamities which the longer course of Phaëthon, in the later poets, inflicts on the world. The Sun apparently, however grieving for his child, resumes the vacant place, and the solar chariot continues its way through the heavens. The nuptial preparations, begun by the old king in his morning hope, are continued by him, in ignorance of the fate of his supposed son, till nearly the evening. The anguish and fears of Clymene are separated by the nuptial Chorus from the discovery of the catastrophe by Merops, his consequent mourning and anger. The intervening deity then reconciles the husband to the wife, and points to both a melancholy consolation in the eternal rest of Phaëthon under the shade of his sisters, weeping amber on his tomb.

"May after-time," says Goethe, "discover more of this inestimable work. I almost envy the happiness of those who may live to see it, and may be thereby further excited to persevere in the study of antiquity, whence solely pure education, and the advancement of the nobler humanities, are to be hoped and expected."

In this vow and in these hopes we most fully and cordially concur; thinking, as we do with Harris, that the "golden period" of Grecian greatness, within which the Athenian tragic theatre flourished, was "a providential event in honour of human nature, to show to what perfection the species might ascend."* M. S. O.

POSTSCRIPT: *referred to in the Note* † *at page* 366.

We said we should notice, incidentally, any essential differences in the arrangement. We did not add, in the interpretation; for this would lead us too far from our present purpose into criticism on various readings. This passage, however, having been the subject of much controversy, and, what is worse, of an "emendation," which has found favour, though it appears to us one of the most monstrous ever made, we hope to be excused if we make it an exception to our rule of critical abstinence.

* *Hermes*, book iii. chap. v.

The passage, as it stands in all the best editions of Longinus, is :

Πατὴρ δ' ὄπισθε νῶτα Σειρίου βεβὼς
Ἵππευε, παῖδα νουθετῶν.

Rutgersius (*Variæ Lectiones*, L. Bat. 1618), proposed as an emendation Σειραίου. This has been rejected by the editors of Longinus: Faber, Tollius, Pearce, More, Toup, Weiske; and almost as unanimously adopted by the editors of the fragments: Barnes, Musgrave, Dindorf, Bothe, Wagner. It seems to us difficult to imagine a more outrageous absurdity.

Σειραῖος, or σειραφόρος, ἵππος, is the outer horse on either side. The inner horse is the yoke horse. The σειραὸς occurs in Sophocles, with the addition of δίξιος, to show that it was the outer horse on the right side. Æschylus and Euripides use σειραφόρος in a general sense, as characterizing either co-operation or freedom of action; but, in a particular sense, neither of these words would be properly used without expressing the right or left side.

The Sun rode behind. Behind, with reference to the chariot, obviously. But how can the adverb ὄπισθε be construed with νῶτα, so as to make it signify behind the back of the horse? And then, what becomes of ἵππευε? How could the Sun ride behind the back of the horse, unless he rode on his tail? But if he rode on him at all, he would be a postilion to his own chariot, and take on himself a share in its guidance, which he had indisputably abandoned, wholly and exclusively, to Phaëthon.

And if he placed himself behind the horse, without riding on him at all, he would be only self-supported: floating *in vacuo*. Mythology gives all the gods vehicles: excepting only those who have wings. Apollo and Vulcan fall from heaven. Mercury never starts on his errand till he has tied on his *talaria*.

We concur with the editors of Longinus in rejecting Rutgersius's emendations and in adhering to the MS. reading, Σειρίου.

We concur with Toup and Weiske in rejecting the interpretation which some have given to Σείριος: *equus astricus*. If this had been otherwise correct, Euripides would not have used the term vaguely: he would have specified the star to which the horse belonged. But there is no authority for such an interpretation; nor for supposing that the Sun had any

rest-horses, like a modern four-in-hand. His four steeds were immortal and unchangeable, like himself.

The literal translation of the passage, as it stands in Longinus, is:

> The Father, behind, having gone on the back of Sirius,
> Rode, advising his son.

It is difficult to imagine the God of Day riding on the back of a dog: even of the *Canis Cœlestis*.

But the name Sirius does not necessarily suggest the idea of a dog. If Σείριος be correctly derived from Σείς, "Sol, teste Suida" (Steph. *Thes*, ed. Valpy. p. 8288), Σείριος ἀστὴρ is *Stella Solaris*, the Star peculiarly belonging to the Sun, as his auxiliary in the diffusion of heat. "This Star is also called the Dog of Orion:" but Sirius is another name of the Star, not the name of the Dog.

In passages where poetical dignity is given to the personified Star, he is called only Sirius. Quintus Smyrnæus seems to give a chariot and horses to Sirius in the passage cited by Toup:

> Οἷος δ' ἐκ πειράτων ἀναφαίνεται Ὠκεανοῖο
> Ἠέλιος, θητὸν ἐπὶ χθόνα πῦρ ἀμαρύσσων,
> Πῦρ, ὅτε οἱ πώλοισι καὶ ἅρμασι συμφέρηται ἀστὴρ
> Σείριος———.

"As the Sun appears, rising up from the limits of Ocean, radiating splendid fire on the earth: when the Star Sirius is borne, together with him, by horses and chariots,"—*i.e.*, when the chariots and horses of Sirius and the Sun run side by side along the circle of the sky.

The MSS. of Longinus have all ὄπισθεν ὄντα, from which the editors have made ὄπισθε νῶτα, dropping the aspirate.

A reading, still nearer to the MSS. than that which has been adopted, would be ὄπισθ' ἐν ᾧ τὰ:

> Πατὴρ δ' ὄπισθ' ἐν ᾧ τὰ Σειρίου βεβὼς
> Ἵππευε, παῖδα νουθετῶν.

"The Father, having gone behind, in that part of the sky in which were the *res Sirii* (Sirius himself, his chariot and horses), rode, admonishing his son." We suggest this, with all deference: but we think it a presentable lection.

The Greeks computed their canicular days from the heliacal

rising of Sirius—the time when his rising first becomes visible in the morning twilight—which is not till he is about fifteen degrees in advance of the Sun: in other words, when the Sun is about fifteen degrees below the horizon, at the time of the rising of the Star.

The cosmical rising of Sirius (the time when he rises with the Sun), is therefore about fifteen days earlier than the heliacal. Intermediately, the Star, being in the path of the Sun, is lost in the splendour of his rays.

At Athens, in the time of Euripides, the heliacal rising of Sirius, by an approximate computation, occurred in the beginning of July: the cosmical, consequently, just after the middle of June.

It occurred, therefore, before the close of the period within which the nightingale sings: the season distinctly marked in the beginning of the tragedy, vv. 41—45.

Immediately before his cosmical rising, Sirius, as we have said, poetically considered, was close behind the Solar chariot. Ἱππεύειν is used for riding in a chariot. Ἥλιος ἀνιππεύων, in the prologue of Ion, is the rising Sun.

If we were to make a picture in our minds of the position, we should place the chariot of Sirius behind the chariot of the Sun, a little on one side: the horses of Sirius abreast of the solar wheels: Sirius, not as a dog, but as a sidereal deity; and Helios standing by him in the chariot, on the side nearest to Phaëthon.

M. S. O.

HORÆ DRAMATICÆ.—No. 3.*

[Published in *Fraser's Magazine* for October, 1857.]

THE "FLASK" OF CRATINUS.

Prisco si credis, Mæcenas docte, Cratino,
Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus: ut male sanos
Adscripsit Liber Satyris Faunisque poetas.
Vina fere dulces oluerunt mane Camœnæ.
Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus Homerus.
Ennius ipse pater nunquam, nisi potus, ad arma
Prosiluit dicenda. Forum putealque Libonis
Mandabo siccis, adimam cantare severis.

* The first two numbers appeared in *Fraser* for March and April, 1852. The writer had not then leisure to work out his design.

No water-drinker's verse, if faith you give
To old Cratinus, long can please, or live.
Bacchus assigned to bards, at most half-sane,
Their place with Fauns and Satyrs in his train.
Homer so praises wine, you clearly tell
By that alone, he liked it passing well.
Old Ennius ne'er sprang forth of arms to sing,
Without the aid that strong potations bring.
Let those who drink not, and austerely dine,
Dry up in law: the Muses smell of wine.
Hor. Epist. I. 19.

CUMBERLAND translates Πυτίνη flagon: but, as it had a wicker coat, it was more properly a flask; much larger, however, than anything we are accustomed to call so. It was, in fact, a flask in construction, and a flagon in capacity; a sort of pocket-pistol for Pantagruel.

The loss of this comedy is one of the greatest in the wreck of the Greek drama; not merely from what must have been its intrinsic value, but from the remarkable circumstances attending its production.

Aristophanes, in a parabasis of the *Knights*, reproached the Athenians with their neglect of their most illustrious comic poets when they had grown old and past the power of dramatic production; and instanced Cratinus, who had once, amidst their tumultuous applause, rushed along in an irresistible torrent, uprooting oaks, and planes, and enemies; when, in all festivals, nothing was heard but some of his choral songs; and now that his intellect was dimmed, and his lyre was unstrung, and his coronal was dry, and himself as dry as his coronal, perishing with thirst, they had no pity for him; whereas, for the sake of his former victories, he ought to be drinking in the Prytaneum, and seated in becoming apparel in the most honourable place of the theatre.

Cratinus, less grateful for the honour done to his past achievements, than indignant at the disparagement thrown on his present decline, produced, at the age of ninety-seven, his comedy of the *Flask*, and carried off the first prize against the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, which, in the judgment of Aristophanes himself, was the best of all his comedies. Aristophanes was third in this contest, Amipsias being second with his *Konnos*.*

* Konnos was the preceptor of Socrates. The purpose of this comedy, like that of the *Clouds*, was probably to laugh at Socrates.

In the *Flask*, Cratinus introduced Comœdia, as his wife, seeking a divorce from him on the ground of his having neglected her, and given himself up to his mistress, Metha, which signifies not drunkenness, but addiction to drink; the *Beuverye* of Rabelais.* Here, as in many other Greek dramas, the taste of the Athenians for judicial pleadings may have been largely indulged, in the advocacy of their respective claims by Comœdia and Metha, each holding that Cratinus belonged exclusively to her.

The fragments of this comedy are few and brief; but they throw some light on its scope and progress.

The first two in order are from a speech of Comœdia.

I.

Now I would turn attention to this question,—
Whether, being thus devoted to a rival,
To her, and for her he calumniates me?
Old age and wine have wrought this change upon him,
That he thinks nothing equal to his Metha.

II.

Once I was his dear wife, but now no more so.

The Athenians mixed water with their wine, and to this practice that of Cratinus himself was not an exception. Comœdia, in the next fragment, represents him as so absorbed in his favourite beverage, that all his ideas, even of female beauty, were expressed in images drawn from it.

III.

Now if he looks upon a youthful beauty,
He asks, if one of her to three of water
Would be a pleasant mixture?

In a fragment which appears to belong to it, Socrates is called "best of the few, and vainest of the many," and is praised, perhaps ironically, for his fortitude in going about with a threadbare cloak and worn-out shoes, yet, with all this manifest poverty, never condescending to flatter. *Vain* is here used, not in our ordinary sense of the adjective, but in that which we give it when we say adverbially *in vain*. Labour in vain. Coming to nothingness. This is the sense of "Vanity of vanities," in *Ecclesiastes*. Socrates is addressed as the best of the few—the few being the good; but at the same time, as a singularly useless member of the State; the most remarkable specimen of a man taking much trouble with no result.

* Qui feut premier, soif ou beuverye? Soif: car qui eust beu sans soif durant le temps dinnocence? Beuverye: car *privatio præsupponit habitum*.—L. i. c. 5.

Cratinus begins his reply by something like a forensic formula, of which several examples are adduced from Greek orators.

IV.

You see the preparation and the purpose.

That is, you see how my adversary has got up the case against me. He then proceeds to repudiate the mixture of one to three, which had been assumed to be his taste.

V.

I like not one to three, but half and half.

And then vindicates his taste for wine by the sentence :—

VI.

A water-drinker brings forth nothing wise.

This line has been preserved by the author of an epigram in Athenæus.*

"'Nought wise a water-drinker's brain can spin;'
So sang our old Cratinus in his jollity,
Redolent daily, not of one good skin,
But a whole barrel of the choicest quality.

"'Wine is the poet's Pegasus,' he said.
Through all his house were Bacchic garlands spread,
And ivy wreathed his brow, like Bacchus's own head."

As an illustration of his proposition, the wine that is in him overflows in a splendid dithyrambic, which draws from one of the interlocutors the following expressions of admiration :—

VII.

Oh, King Apollo! what a stream of words!
The springs resound: from his twelve-fountained throat
Ilissus rolls in flood. What can I say?
Unless some stop his mouth, the gushing torrent
Will bear down all before it.

After this, Comœdia appears to have been asked how, if judgment were given in her favour, she would keep her husband sober?

VIII.

—How, how can any one
Keep him from drink? from too much drink?

* P. 39, c.

COMŒDIA.

I know.
I will come down like lightning on his wine-tubs:
Burn up his casks to ashes: smash all vessels
That minister to drink: he shall not have
So much unbroken as a vinegar-cruet.

Meineke thinks that Cratinus becomes penitent, returns to his first wife, and dismisses Metha: which he infers from the next fragment:—

IX.

I feel and own my wickedness and folly.

But we cannot see more in this, than repentance for having altogether discarded Comœdia, and taken exclusively to Metha. No. Cratinus remained what he was to the last: or Aristophanes could never have said that he died of a broken heart on seeing the running to waste of a barrel of wine which had been fractured in a Lacedæmonian incursion.

The other fragments are short, and throw little light on the subject, and we cannot state from evidence the termination of the fable. Nevertheless, we think the premises, as we have them, point to only one conclusion. Comœdia and Metha each severally pleaded her exclusive right to Cratinus: Cratinus demonstrated that his devotion to Comœdia would be unavailing without the inspiration of Metha; and they finished, like the heroines of a German tragedy, by agreeing to live in harmony with the hero and each other.

There are some traces of a festival, in which Cratinus eats and drinks abundantly, and which probably, with its festal songs, wound up the drama.

We may presume the comedy to have contained some choice dithyrambics, not only in the torrent of verse poured forth by Cratinus himself, and so singularly panegyrized in a passage previously cited, but in the choral odes; and that in these Bacchus was celebrated conjointly with the Athenians, as in the few fragments of the dithyrambics of Pindar which have been spared to us.

The Greek Bacchic Chorus grew out of the songs of the vintage; recitations between the choral songs grew into dialogues, and progressively into the drama. Cratinus is justly regarded as the father of the Old Comedy. It is claimed for him, as for Æschylus in Tragedy, that he was the first who established order in the disposition of the scenes, limiting the number of the speakers to three: which Horace

lays down as a rule of the drama: *Nec quarta loqui persona laboret;* and that from jokes, which had aimed only at exciting laughter, he took to lashing public and private vice in all its forms, and administered his flagellations with more justice than mercy. The Old Comedy thus became a mighty instrument of moral and political censure, and the satiric rod was wielded most effectively by Cratinus, Eupolis, and Aristophanes, whom both Horace and Persius cite as their three great precursors in the poetical denunciation of rascals. The Old Comedians had, in fact, an unlimited lawful authority to say whatever they pleased of anybody: they spared neither gods nor men; and they exercised, during about sixty-four years, a very salutary control over profligates and demagogues, till the licence degenerated into abuse; or, in other words, became obnoxious to parties in the State who had sufficient power to coerce it.

Our present purpose, however, is not with the moral and political censorship exercised by the Old Comedy, but with the doctrine of which the "Flask" furnishes the text—the necessary dependence of good poetry on good liquor.

Homer's Demodocus has a cup of wine by him,* to drink as his mind may direct. Hercules, the finest gentleman of antiquity, according to Lord Monboddo,†—and though not himself a poet, one of the greatest subjects of poetry—is distinctly characterized by his love of strong potations.

Wordsworth, though himself a water-drinker, could sympathize with Fancy and Feeling in their Bacchic expression, and could not resist the pleasure of transcribing a portion of an ode,‡ in which Cotton represents himself garrisoning his little castle with jolly fellows, and fortifying it with old sack against the artillery of winter.

Wordsworth's own genius is in no respect Bacchic: it is neither epic, nor dramatic, nor dithyrambic. He has deep

* Odyss. viii. 70.

† "Horace, who was, after Hercules, the finest gentleman of antiquity."

‡ In the preface to the edition of his poems published in 1815. The passage referred to above immediately precedes the verses quoted by Wordsworth:

> Fly, fly: the foe advances fast
> Into our fortress let us haste,
> Where all the roarers of the north
> Can neither storm nor starve us forth.

thought and deep feeling, graceful imaginings, great pathos, and little passion. Withal, his Muse is as decorous as Pamela, much of a Vestal, and nothing of a Bacchant. Therefore, though we have cited him as a witness, we shall not treat him as either plaintiff or defendant in the cause.

The inspiration of lyrical poetry by wine might be amply illustrated by the theory and practice of its greatest masters, from Alcæus downwards. The Old Comedy was in its origin essentially lyrical, and never lost sight of its Bacchic birth; and though the personal history of many of its brightest ornaments is obscure, yet, as far as positive evidence goes, there is not a single water-drinker among them.

We have shown the Father of Comedy as a devotee of Bacchus. According to Athenæus, the Father of Tragedy was no less so, and never wrote when he was sober: which led Sophocles to say to him, "Oh, Æschylus! if what you do you do well, you do it, not knowing what you do."* And Æschylus occasionally justified his practice by making his heroes do the same. For example, in the Cabiri, he brought Jason and his companions gloriously drunk on the stage; and in the very small remnants we have of this drama, we find them threatening to drink up all the wine in the place so thoroughly, that they will not leave even a drop of vinegar.

Sophocles, though he blamed Æschylus for over-indulgence in wine, was nevertheless far from anti-Bacchic in his habits. We find him at Chios very facetious in his cups.†

Euripides was not given to merriment; he has been called ἀγέλαστος, the unlaughing, as his preceptor, Anaxagoras, had been before him, and as subsequently was Crassus, the grandfather of the Triumvir; who is said never to have laughed but once, which was at a joke of his own cracking, on the congeniality of the lips and the lettuce, when he saw an ass eating thistles.‡ Whereon Cicero observes, that this single exception does not take away his title to the appellation. Euripides is accused by Alexander Ætolus—who calls him μισογέλως, laughter-hating—of not enlivening wine with

There underground a magazine
Of sovereign juice is cellared in:
Liquor that will the siege maintain,
Should Phœbus ne'er return again.

* Athenæus, p. 428, f. † Id., p. 603, f.
‡ *Similem habent labra lactucam.*

jests;* but this shows that he did drink wine, though he was not facetious in his cups like Sophocles. And we may observe, incidentally, that those who hold tragedy to have progressively degenerated from its original grandeur in Æschylus, cannot deny the simultaneous diminution of the Bacchic inspiration. At the same time, we nowhere find more splendid panegyrics on good liquor, and its influence on the enjoyment of life, than in the dramas of Euripides, especially the "Bacchæ" and "Cyclops," and the speech of Hercules to the Attendant, in the "Alcestis:"

Ho you! why look you thus solemn and thoughtful?
It ill becomes a servant to meet guests
With gloomy looks; their due is cordial service.
Here you receive your master's ancient friend
With dismal aspect and contracted brows,
Bending your mind to some extraneous grief.
Come here, that you may grow a wiser man.
Know you the nature of all mortal things?
No! whence should you have learned it? Listen, then:
To all mankind death is the foreshown doom;
Nor is there one of all who live to-day,
That knows if he shall see to-morrow's dawn.
There is no art to pierce the clouds, that hide
The end to which the steps of Fortune lead.
Now having heard and learned thus much from me,
Make glad your spirit: drink: the passing day
Esteem your own, and all the rest as Fortune's.
Worship especially the sweetest Power
Of Heaven to mortal men: benignant Venus.
Leave useless cares, and profit by my words,
If right you deem them, as I think you must do.
Adorn your head with wreaths, and cross this threshold
To drink with me; and well I know the bowl,
Sparkling with joyous impulses, will drive you
Out of this dark contraction of your mind.
Men should learn wisdom from mortality;
And 'tis my judgment that to all who pass
Their days with solemn looks and pursed-up brows,
Life is not truly life, but mere calamity.

Of the habits of Eupolis we have no direct evidence; but as he was *il terzo fra cotanto senno*—second in time—of the three great names of the Old Comedy—

Eubolis, atque Cratinus, Aristophanesque poëtæ,†

* Aulus Gellius; xv. 20.

† Persius's enumeration is more strictly chronological:

audaci quicumque afflate Cratino
Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum sene palles.

we may presume that if he had formed anything like a contrast to the other two, it would have been recorded as a phenomenon.

Aristophanes himself, notwithstanding his jokes on the vinosity of Cratinus, is said in Athenæus* to have been well primed with wine when he sat down to write.† And as Aristophanes has taken, in fame, the lead of his predecessors, it may be said that the progress of comic genius kept pace with that of the Bacchic inspiration.

So much for the great masters of the Athenian theatre. The Middle Comedy was less poetical than the Old, and the New than the Middle; and with these we descend progressively into a more and more temperate region.

In the Middle Comedy, the Chorus appears to have first lost its lyrical character, and finally to have disappeared altogether. In the New Comedy, the Chorus has no place. The Middle Comedy, being interdicted from personal and political satire, turned back on the mythical ages, and brought forward gods and heroes; not perhaps without some covert glances at the present under the semblance of the past. This was precisely the plan on which Juvenal proposed to act. As Tigellinus could not be touched with impunity, he would try what could be made of Æneas and Turnus, Achilles, Hylas, and the Nymphs, and the more recent and real men whose ashes reposed along the Appian and Flaminian Ways.

Even this course, however, was not altogether safe. For though the story that Anaxandrides was starved to death, by the sentence of an Athenian tribunal, for a libel on the city, rests on no solid foundation, it is certain that the shadowing out of men in power, under names of departed heroes, could not but have been attended with peril if the audience perceived the application. Thus the Middle Comedy gradually subsided into pictures of manners and characters of everyday life, to which the New Comedy was exclusively devoted.

But both abound with praises of conviviality. The re-

* P. 429, a.

† Rabelais took after his masters of the Old Comedy: "A la composition de ce livre seigneurial, je ne perdy ne employai oncques plus ny aultre temps que celluy qui estoit estably a prendre ma refection corporelle, scavoir est, beuvant et mangeant. Aussi est-ce la juste heure descripre ces haultes matières et sciences profundes."—Prol. l. i.

mains of the Middle Comedy are redolent of festivity, and the New Comedy supplied, according to Plutarch, "the greatest number of pleasant things to be heard as accompaniments to suppers, with which it was so mixed up, that it seemed as if they could be more easily carried through without wine than without Menander; pleasant things, in sweet and familiar diction, worthy to be heard by the sober, with nothing to annoy, and much to delight the jovial.* We do not construe this too literally, as implying that wine had ceased to be indispensable at suppers, for it is not easy to conceive the jovial as receiving delight from anything else in its absence; but we take it as a strong expression of the great pleasure which was added to banquets, by recitations of pleasant passages from the favourite poet of the New Comedy.

At the same time it must be admitted, that in these second and third forms of comedy, everything is more temperate and subdued than in their vigorous and fiery precursor. We find in them even praises of water-drinking. Eubulus (Middle Comedy) says—"Pure water-drinkers are inventive; wine clouds the mind;" a passage which is certainly *ἀπροσδιόνυσον*. But the interlocutor in Athenæus immediately subjoins an opposite quotation from Amphis (also Middle Comedy), to the effect, that there is a power of discourse in wine, and that the genius of water-drinkers is stupefied by their thin potations.

There are, however, more praises of temperance in wine than of pure water-drinking. Thus, there are many recommendations to mix it with water,† and always more than

* *Quæst. Symp.* viii. 3, p. 712, b.

† Lord Monboddo, whose tastes were all Greek, warmly advocates this mixed liquor: "As by Isis a plant was discovered which furnished bread to man, so by Osiris, her husband and brother, an art was invented of making a drink for man. This art is what is called *fermentation*, which he applied to the juice of the grape; and so first made wine, which, although it has been very much abused (as almost every production of nature and art has been by man), and therefore is very properly styled by Milton, *The sweet poison of misused wine*, may be applied to the most useful purposes; for it is the best cordial of old age, and at all times of life it enlivens the spirits, and therefore Bacchus is called by Virgil *Lætitiæ dator*, and it cherishes the stomach. But it is a great abuse of this liquor in modern times, to drink it pure, without mixture of water, which I am sorry to observe so much practised in Britain, where port, a wine

half and half. Eubulus introduces Bacchus himself, saying even of this mixed liquor:

> Three cups, no more, I mix for prudent guests:
> The first for health: the next for love and pleasure:
> The third for sleep, which being drained, the wise
> Will hasten home. The fourth is not for us,
> But insolence: the fifth belongs to clamour:
> The sixth to riotous merriment: the seventh
> To jeers: the eighth to rows, and summoners
> In law: the ninth to wrath: the tenth to madness,
> Fighting, with bowls for missiles. Thus, much wine,
> Poured into one small vessel, trips up equally
> The minds and heels of the drinkers.

Philemon, second only to Menander among the authors of the New Comedy, was himself a model of temperance (it does not appear that he was a water-drinker), and lived more than a century; but Cratinus, with all his jollity, had nearly completed one. The Old Comedy, though not all poetry, abounded with poetry of the highest order. The New

full as strong as the best Greek wine, the Chian (as I am informed by a gentleman who has been in Greece and often drank of that wine), is drunk without any mixture of water, which makes it very inflammatory and intoxicating; whereas wine, properly mixed with water, is a much better drink than pure water, for it corrects the coldness and crudity of the water, and, I am persuaded, invigorates the stomach, and makes it more easily digest that unnatural diet, as I call it, *flesh*. It is therefore true what Solomon has said, *That wine without water is not good, nor water without wine; but both together make an excellent drink.** The ancient Greeks and Romans, as they did not drink wine without water, so neither did they drink water without wine, if they could get wine; and the Roman soldier, who could not afford wine, rather than drink pure water, mixed vinegar with it, and made of it a liquor called *Posca*. Virgil therefore has very properly described the use of wine, when, speaking of Bacchus, he has said:

Poculaque inventis Acheloïa miscuit uvis.

The ancient Greeks therefore never drank it pure, even in the heroic ages, when they were so much bigger and stronger than in after-times. The Romans also mixed it with water, and Horace calls loudly for it:

> ——— Quis puer ocyus
> Restinguet ardentis Falerni
> Pocula prætereunte lymphâ?"
>
> *Ancient Metaphysics*, vol. iv. p. 141.

* Last verse of the *Apocrypha*.

Comedy never soared into the sky, to build a Cuckoo-city-in-the-Clouds; nor ferried over the Styx, beating time with its oars to the accompaniment of a chorus of frogs. It stood quietly on earth, and held the mirror up to human life. The Muses of the Old Comedy were never found without Bacchus. For Cratinus, their Hippocrene ran wine. But, before Philemon came on the stage, Bacchus, Silenus, and the Satyrs had left it. They left it, in fact, with the lyrical Chorus, and returned to it no more as the presiding powers of the theatre. But they shed their influence on Ennius, the Father of Latin poetry, both epic and dramatic. We have seen, in the motto to this article, how well he kept up the Dionysic succession. The motto begins with Cratinus, and ends with Ennius. We shall for the present go no farther than our text, and we might conclude with applying to this point what Persius applied to another, in a very happy expression, as if the glorious old poet had been all heart:

Cor jubet hoc Enni.
So bids the heart of Ennius.

But, as we have given one or two views of the other side of the question, we will terminate with the most striking—from a congenial source, the old Sicilian Comedy—the often-quoted sentiment of Epicharmus. This is, in the original, a single line; but it is a trochaic tetrameter, and its full meaning cannot be expressed, like that of Cratinus's senarius, in one. We therefore give it in two:

Be sober, and not lightly credulous:
These are the nerves and sinews of the mind.

MEMOIRS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.*

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"Rousseau, ne recevant aucun auteur, remercie Madame——de ses bontés, et la prie de ne plus venir chez lui."

ROUSSEAU had a great aversion to visitors of all classes, but especially to literary visitors, feeling sure that they would print something about him. A lady, who had long persisted in calling on him, one day published a *brochure*, and sent him a copy. He rejoiced in the opportunity which brought her under his rule of exclusion, and terminated their intercourse by the above *billet-doux*.

Rousseau's rule bids fair to become general with all who wish to keep in the *secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ*, and not to become materials for general gossip. For not only is a departed author of any note considered a fair subject to be dissected at the tea-table of the reading public, but all his friends and connections, however quiet and retiring and unobtrusive may have been the general tenor of their lives, must be served up with him. It is the old village scandal on a larger scale; and as in these days of universal locomotion people know nothing of their neighbours, they prefer tittle-tattle about notorieties to the retailing of whispers about the Jenkinses and Tomkinses of the vicinity.

This appetite for gossip about notorieties being once created in the "reading public," there will be always found persons to minister to it; and among the volunteers of this service, those who are best informed, and who most valued the departed, will probably not be the foremost. Then come biographies abounding with errors; and then, as matter of defence perhaps, comes on the part of friends a tardy and more authentic narrative. This is at best, as Mr. Hogg describes it, a "difficult and delicate task." But it is always a matter of choice and discretion. No man is bound to write the life of another. No man, who does so, is bound to tell the public all he knows. On the contrary, he is bound to keep to him-

* "Shelley and his Writings." By Charles S. Middleton. London: Newby. 1856.

"Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron." By E. J. Trelawney. London: Moxon. 1858.

"The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley." By Thomas Jefferson Hogg. In Four Volumes. Vols. 1 and 2. London: Moxon. 1858.

self whatever may injure the interests or hurt the feelings of the living, especially when the latter have in no way injured or calumniated the dead, and are not necessarily brought before the tribunal of public opinion in the character of either plaintiffs or defendants. Neither, if there be in the life of the subject of the biography any event which he himself would willingly have blotted from the tablet of his own memory, can it possibly be the duty of a survivor to drag it into daylight. If such an event be the cardinal point of a life; if to conceal it or to misrepresent it would be to render the whole narrative incomplete, incoherent, unsatisfactory alike to the honour of the dead and the feelings of the living; then, as there is no moral compulsion to speak of the matter at all, it is better to let the whole story slumber in silence.

Having lived some years in very familiar intimacy with the subject of these memoirs; having had as good opportunities as any, and better than most persons now living, to observe and appreciate his great genius, extensive acquirements, cordial friendships, disinterested devotion to the well-being of the few with whom he lived in domestic intercourse, and ardent endeavours by private charity and public advocacy to ameliorate the condition of the many who pass their days in unremunerating toil; having been named his executor conjointly with Lord Byron, whose death, occurring before that of Shelley's father, when the son's will came into effect, left me alone in that capacity; having lived after his death in the same cordial intimacy with his widow, her family, and one or two at least of his surviving friends, I have been considered to have some peculiar advantages for writing his life, and have often been requested to do so; but, for the reasons above given, I have always refused.

Wordsworth says to the Cuckoo:

> O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
> I hear thee, and rejoice.
> O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
> Or but a wandering Voice?
> * * * * *
> Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
> Even yet thou art to me
> No bird, but an invisible thing,
> A voice, a mystery.

Shelley was fond of repeating these verses, and perhaps they were not forgotten in his poem "To a Skylark:"—

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart,
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
* * * * *
The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight:
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Now, I could have wished that, like Wordsworth's Cuckoo, he had been allowed to remain a voice and a mystery: that, like his own Skylark, he had been left unseen in his congenial region,

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth,

and that he had been only heard in the splendour of his song. But since it is not to be so, since so much has been, and so much more will probably be, written about him, the motives which deterred me from originating a substantive work on the subject, do not restrict me from commenting on what has been published by others, and from correcting errors, if such should appear to me to occur, in the narratives which I may pass under review.

I have placed the works at the head of this article in the order in which they were published. I have no acquaintance with Mr. Middleton. Mr. Trelawney and Mr. Hogg I may call my friends.

Mr. Middleton's work is chiefly a compilation from previous publications, with some very little original matter, curiously obtained.

Mr. Trelawney's work relates only to the later days of Mr. Shelley's life in Italy.

Mr. Hogg's work is the result of his own personal knowledge, and of some inedited letters and other documents, either addressed to himself, or placed at his disposal by Sir Percy Shelley and his lady. It is to consist of four volumes, of which the two just published bring down the narrative to the period immediately preceding Shelley's separation from his first wife. At that point I shall terminate this first part of my proposed review.

I shall not anticipate opinions, but go over all that is important in the story as briefly as I can, interspersing such observations as may suggest themselves in its progress.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born at his father's seat, Field Place, in Sussex, on the 4th of August, 1792. His grandfather, Sir Bysshe Shelley, was then living, and his father, Timothy Shelley, Esquire, was then or subsequently a Member of Parliament. The family was of great antiquity, but Percy conferred more honour on it than he derived from it.

He had four sisters and a brother, the youngest of the family, and the days of his childhood appear to have passed affectionately in his domestic society.

To the first ten years of his life we have no direct testimony but that of his sister Hellen, in a series of letters to Lady Shelley, published in the beginning of Mr. Hogg's work. In the first of these she says—

> A child who at six years old was sent daily to learn Latin at a clergyman's house, and as soon as it was expedient removed to Dr. Greenland's, from thence to Eton, and subsequently to college, could scarcely have been the *uneducated* son that some writers would endeavour to persuade those who read their books to believe he ought to have been, if his parents despised education.

Miss Hellen gives an illustration of Shelley's boyish traits of imagination :—

> On one occasion he gave the most minute details of a visit he had paid to some ladies with whom he was acquainted at our village. He described their reception of him, their occupations, and the wandering in their pretty garden, where there was a well-remembered filbert-walk and an undulating turf-bank, the delight of our morning visit. There must have been something peculiar in this little event; for I have often heard it mentioned as a singular fact, and it was ascertained almost immediately, that the boy had never been to the house. It was not considered as a falsehood to be punished; but I imagine his conduct altogether must have been so little understood and unlike that of the generality of children, that these tales were left unnoticed.

Mr. Hogg says at a later date: —

> He was altogether incapable of rendering an account of any transaction whatsoever, according to the strict and precise truth, and the bare naked realities of actual life; not through an addiction to falsehood, which he cordially detested, but because he was the creature, the unsuspecting and unresisting victim, of his irresistible imagination.

Had he written to ten different individuals the history of some proceeding in which he was himself a party and an eye-witness, each of his ten reports would have varied from the rest in essential and important circumstances. The relation given on the morrow would be unlike that of the day, as the latter would contradict the tale of yesterday.

Several instances will be given of the habit, thus early developed in Shelley, of narrating, as real, events which had never occurred; and his friends and relations have thought it necessary to give prominence to this habit as a characteristic of his strong imaginativeness predominating over reality. Coleridge has written much and learnedly on this subject of ideas with the force of sensations, of which he found many examples in himself.

At the age of ten, Shelley was sent to Sion House Academy, near Brentford. "Our master," says his schoolfellow, Captain Medwin, "a Scotch Doctor of Law, and a divine, was a choleric man, of a sanguinary complexion, in a green old age, not wanting in good qualities, but very capricious in his temper, which, good or bad, was influenced by the daily occurrences of a domestic life not the most harmonious, and of which his face was the barometer and his hand the index. This worthy was in the habit of cracking unbecoming jokes, at which most of the boys laughed; but Shelley, who could not endure this sort of pleasantry, received them with signs of aversion." A day or two after one of these exhibitions, when Shelley's manifestation of dislike to the matter had attracted the preceptor's notice, Shelley had a theme set him for two Latin lines on the subject of *Tempestas*.

He came to me (says Medwin) to assist him in the task. I had a cribbing book, of which I made great use, Ovid's *Tristibus*. I knew that the only work of Ovid with which the Doctor was acquainted was the *Metamorphoses*, and by what I thought good luck, I happened to stumble on two lines exactly applicable to the purpose. The hexameter I forget, but the pentameter ran thus:

Jam, jam tacturos sidera celsa putes.

So far the story is not very classically told. The title of the book should have been given as *Tristia*, or *De Tristibus;* and the reading is *tacturas* not *tacturos; summa*, not *celsa:* the latter term is inapplicable to the stars. The distich is this.

Me miserum! quanti montes volvuntur aquarum!
Jam, jam tacturas sidera summa putes.

Something was probably substituted for *Me miserum!* But be this as it may, Shelley was grievously beaten for what the schoolmaster though bad Latin.* The Doctor's judgment was of a piece with that of the Edinburgh Reviewers, when taking a line of Pindar, which Payne Knight had borrowed in a Greek translation of a passage in Gray's Bard, to have been Payne Knight's own, they pronounced it to be nonsense.†

The name of the Brentford Doctor according to Miss Hellen Shelley was Greenland, and according to Mr. Hogg it was Greenlaw. Captain Medwin does not mention the name, but says, "So much did we mutually hate Sion House, that we never alluded to it in after-life." Mr. Hogg says, "In walking with Shelley to Bishopsgate‡, from London, he pointed out to me more than once a gloomy brick house as being this school. He spoke of the master, Doctor Greenlaw, not without respect, saying, 'he was a hard-headed Scotchman, and a man of rather liberal opinions.' Of this period of his life he never gave me an account, nor have I heard or read any details which appeared to bear the impress of truth. Between these two accounts the Doctor and his character seem reduced to a myth. I myself know nothing of the matter. I do not remember Shelley ever mentioning the Doctor to me. But we shall find as we proceed, that whenever there are two evidences to one transaction, many of the recorded events of Shelley's life will resolve themselves into the same mythical character.

* Not for the erroneous use of *celsa*, but for the true Ovidian Latin, which the Doctor held to be bad.

† Θερμὰ δ' ὁ τέγγων δάκρυα στοναχαῖς. This line, which a synod of North British critics has peremptorily pronounced to be nonsense, is taken from the tenth Nemean of Pindar, v. 141; and until they passed sentence upon it in No. xiv. of the *Edinburgh Review*, was universally thought to express with peculiar force and delicacy the mixture of indignation and tenderness so appropriate to the grief of the hero of the modern as well as of the ancient ode.—*Principles of Taste*, part ii. c. 2.

I imagine there are many verses in the best classical poets which if presented as original, would not pass muster with either teachers or critics.

‡ More properly Bishopgate, without the s: the entrance to Windsor Park from Englefield Green. Shelley had a furnished house, in 1815-16, very near to this park gate.

At the best, Sion House Academy must have been a bad beginning of scholastic education for a sensitive and imaginative boy.

After leaving this academy, he was sent, in his fifteenth year, to Eton. The head master was Doctor Keate, a less mythical personage than the Brentford Orbilius, but a variety of the same genus. Mr. Hogg says:

Dr. Keate was a short, short-necked, short-legged, man—thick-set, powerful, and very active. His countenance resembled that of a bull-dog; the expression was not less sweet and bewitching: his eyes, his nose, and especially his mouth, were exactly like that comely and engaging animal, and so were his short crooked legs. It was said in the school that old Keate could pin and hold a bull with his teeth. His iron sway was the more unpleasant and shocking after the long mild Saturnian reign of Dr. Goodall, whose temper, character, and conduct corresponded precisely with his name, and under whom Keate had been master of the lower school. Discipline, wholesome and necessary in moderation, was carried by him to an excess. It is reported that on one morning he flogged eighty boys. Although he was rigid, coarse, and despotical, some affirm that on the whole he was not unjust, nor altogether devoid of kindness. His behaviour was accounted vulgar and ungentlemanlike, and therefore he was particularly odious to the gentlemen of the school, especially to the refined and aristocratical Shelley.

But Shelley suffered even more from his schoolfellows than he did from his master. It had been so at Brentford and it was still more so at Eton, from the more organized system of fagging, to which no ill-usage would induce him to submit. But among his equals in age he had several attached friends, and one of these, in a letter dated February 27th, 1857, gives the following reminiscences of their Eton days:—Hogg (i. 43).

My dear Madam,—Your letter has taken me back to the sunny time of boyhood, "when thought is speech and speech is truth," when I was the friend and companion of Shelley at Eton. What brought us together in that small world was, I suppose, kindred feelings, and the predominance of fancy and imagination. Many a long and happy walk have I had with him in the beautiful neighbourhood of dear old Eton. We used to wander for hours about Clewer, Frogmore, the park at Windsor, the Terrace; and I was a delighted and willing listener to his marvellous stories of fairyland, and apparitions, and spirits, and haunted ground; and his speculations were then (for his mind was far more developed than mine) of the world beyond the grave. Another of his favourite rambles was Stoke Park, and the picturesque churchyard where Gray is said to have written his "Elegy," of which he was very fond. I was myself far too young to form any estimate of character, but I loved

Shelley for his kindliness and affectionate ways. He was not made to endure the rough and boisterous pastime at Eton, and his shy and gentle nature was glad to escape far away, to muse over strange fancies, for his mind was reflective and teeming with deep thought. His lessons were child's play to him, and his power of Latin versification marvellous. I think I remember some long work he had even then commenced, but I never saw it. His love of nature was intense, and the sparkling poetry of his mind shone out of his speaking eye when he was dwelling on anything good or great. He certainly was not happy at Eton, for his was a disposition that needed especial personal superintendence to watch and cherish and direct all his noble aspirations and the remarkable tenderness of his heart. He had great moral courage, and feared nothing but what was base, and false, and low. He never joined in the usual sports of the boys, and what is remarkable, never went out in a boat on the river. What I have here set down will be of little use to you, but will please you as a sincere and truthful and humble tribute to one whose good name was sadly whispered away. Shelley said to me, when leaving Oxford under a cloud, "Halliday, I am come to say good-bye to you, if you are not afraid to be seen with me!" I saw him once again, in the autumn of 1814, when he was glad to introduce me to his wife. I think he said he was just come from Ireland. You have done quite right in applying to me direct, and I am only sorry that I have no anecdotes or letters of that period to furnish.

I am, yours truly,
WALTER S. HALLIDAY.

This is the only direct testimony to Shelley's Eton life from one who knew him there. It contains two instances of how little value can be attached to any other than such direct testimony. That at that time he never went out in a boat on the river I believe to be strictly true: nevertheless, Captain Medwin says:—"He told me the greatest delight he experienced at Eton was from boating. . . . He never lost the fondness with which he regarded the Thames, no new acquaintance when he went to Eton, for at Brentford we had more than once played the truant, and rowed to Kew, and once to Richmond." But these truant excursions were exceptional. His affection for boating began at a much later period, as I shall have occasion to notice. The second instance is:—"I think he said he was just come from Ireland." In the autumn of 1814 it was not from Ireland, but from the Continent that he had just returned.

Captain Medwin's *Life of Shelley* abounds with inaccuracies; not intentional misrepresentations, but misapprehensions and errors of memory. Several of these occur in reference to Shelley's boyish passion for his cousin Harriet Grove. This,

like Lord Byron's early love for Miss Chaworth, came to nothing. But most boys of any feeling and imagination have some such passion, and, as in these instances, it usually comes to nothing. Much more has been made of both these affairs than they are worth. It is probable that few of Johnson's poets passed through their boyhood without a similar attachment, but if it came at all under the notice of our literary Hercules, he did not think it worth recording. I shall notice this love affair in its proper place, but chiefly for the sake of separating from it one or two matters which have been erroneously assigned to it.

Shelley often spoke to me of Eton, and of the persecutions he had endured from the elder boys, with feelings of abhorrence which I never heard him express in an equal degree in relation to any other subject, except when he spoke of Lord Chancellor Eldon. He told me that he had been provoked into striking a penknife through the hand of one of his young tyrants, and pinning it to the desk, and that this was the cause of his leaving Eton prematurely: but his imagination often presented past events to him as they might have been, and not as they were. Such a circumstance must have been remembered by others if it had actually occurred. But if the occurrence was imaginary, it was in a memory of cordial detestation that the imagination arose.

Mr. Hogg vindicates the system of fagging, and thinks he was himself the better for the discipline in after-life. But Mr. Hogg is a man of imperturbable temper and adamantine patience: and with all this he may have fallen into good hands, for all big boys are not ruffians. But Shelley was a subject totally unfit for the practice in its best form, and he seems to have experienced it in its worst.

At Eton he became intimate with Doctor Lind, "a name well known among the professors of medical science," says Mrs. Shelley, who proceeds:—

"This man," Shelley has often said, "is exactly what an old man ought to be. Free, calm-spirited, full of benevolence, and even of youthful ardour; his eye seemed to burn with supernatural spirit beneath his brow, shaded by his venerable white locks; he was tall, vigorous, and healthy in his body, tempered, as it had ever been, by his amiable mind. I owe to that man far, ah! far more than I owe to my father; he loved me, and I shall never forget our long talks, when he breathed the spirit of the kindest tolerance and the purest wisdom. Once, when I was very ill during the holidays, as I was

recovering from a fever which attacked my brain, a servant overheard my father consult about sending me to a private madhouse. I was a favourite among all our servants, so this fellow came and told me, as I lay sick in bed. My horror was beyond words, and I might soon have been mad indeed if they had proceeded in their iniquitous plan. I had one hope. I was master of three pounds in money, and with the servant's help I contrived to send an express to Dr. Lind. He came, and I shall never forget his manner on that occasion. His profession gave him authority; his love for me ardour. He dared my father to execute his purpose, and his menaces had the desired effect."

Mr. Hogg subjoins :—

I have heard Shelley speak of his fever, and this scene at Field Place, more than once, in nearly the same terms as Mrs. Shelley adopts. It appear to myself, and to others also, that his recollections were those of a person not quite recovered from a fever, and still disturbed by the horrors of the disease.

However this may have been, the idea that his father was continually on the watch for a pretext to lock him up, haunted him through life, and a mysterious intimation of his father's intention to effect such a purpose was frequently received by him, and communicated to his friends as a demonstration of the necessity under which he was placed of changing his residence and going abroad.

I pass over his boyish schemes for raising the devil, of which much is said in Mr. Hogg's book. He often spoke of them to me; but the principal fact of which I have any recollection was one which he treated only as a subject of laughter—the upsetting into the fire in his chamber at Eton of a frying-pan full of diabolical ingredients, and the rousing up all the inmates in his dame's house, in the dead of the night, by the abominable effluvia. If he had ever had any faith in the possible success of his incantations, he had lost it before I knew him.

We now come to the first really important event of his life —his expulsion from Oxford.

At University College, Oxford, in October, 1810, Mr. Hogg first became acquainted with him. In their first conversation Shelley was exalting the physical sciences, especially chemistry. Mr. Hogg says :—

As I felt but little interest in the subject of his conversation, I had leisure to examine, and I may add to admire, the appearance of my very extraordinary guest. It was a sum of many contradictions.

His figure was slight and fragile, and yet his bones and joints were large and strong. He was tall, but he stooped so much that he seemed of a low stature. His clothes were expensive, and made according to the most approved mode of the day; but they were tumbled, rumpled, unbrushed. His gestures were abrupt, and sometimes violent, occasionally even awkward, yet more frequently gentle and graceful. His complexion was delicate and almost feminine, of the purest white and red; yet he was tanned and freckled by exposure to the sun. . . . His features, his whole face, and particularly his head, were in fact unusually small; yet the last *appeared* of a remarkable bulk, for his hair was long and bushy . . . he often rubbed it up fiercely with his hands, or passed his fingers through his locks unconsciously, so that it was singularly wild and rough. . . . His features were not symmetrical (the mouth perhaps excepted); yet was the effect of the whole extremely powerful. They breathed an animation, a fire, an enthusiasm, a vivid and preternatural intelligence, that I never met with in any other countenance. Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual. . . . I admired the enthusiasm of my new acquaintance, his ardour in the cause of science, and his thirst for knowledge. But there was one physical blemish that threatened to neutralize all his excellence.

This blemish was his voice.

There is a good deal in these volumes about Shelley's discordant voice. This defect he certainly had; but it was chiefly observable when he spoke under excitement. Then his voice was not only dissonant, like a jarring string, but he spoke in sharp fourths, the most unpleasing sequence of sound that can fall on the human ear: but it was scarcely so when he spoke calmly, and not at all so when he read; on the contrary, he seemed then to have his voice under perfect command: it was good both in tune and in tone; it was low and soft, but clear, distinct, and expressive. I have heard him read almost all Shakspeare's tragedies, and some of his more poetical comedies, and it was a pleasure to hear him read them.

Mr. Hogg's description of Shelley's personal appearance gives a better idea of him than the portrait prefixed to his work, which is similar to that prefixed to the work of Mr. Trelawney, except that Mr. Trelawney's is lithographed* and

* Mr. Trelawney says—"With reference to the likeness of Shelley in this volume, I must add, that he never sat to a professional artist. In 1819, at Rome, a daughter of the celebrated Curran began a portrait of him in oil, which she never finished, and left in an altogether flat and inanimate state. In 1821 or 1822, his friend Williams made a spirited water-colour drawing, which gave a very good idea of the

Mr. Hogg's is engraved. These portraits do not impress themselves on me as likenesses. They seem to me to want the true outline of Shelley's features, and above all, to want their true expression. There is a portrait in the Florentine Gallery which represents him to me much more truthfully. It is that of Antonio Leisman, No. 155 of the *Ritratti de' Pittori*, in the Paris republication.

The two friends had made together a careful analysis of the doctrines of Hume. The papers were in Shelley's custody, and from a small part of them he made a little book, which he had printed, and which he sent by post to such persons as he thought would be willing to enter into a metaphysical discussion. He sent it under an assumed name, with a note, requesting that if the recipient were willing to answer the tract, the answer should be sent to a specified address in London. He received many answers; but in due time the little work and its supposed authors were denounced to the college authorities.

It was a fine spring morning, on Lady-Day, in the year 1811 (says Mr. Hogg), when I went to Shelley's rooms. He was absent; but before I collected our books he rushed in. He was terribly agitated. I anxiously inquired what had happened.

"I am expelled," he said, as soon as he had recovered himself a little. "I am expelled! I was sent for suddenly a few minutes ago; I went to the common room, where I found our master, and two or three of the fellows. The master produced a copy of the little syllabus, and asked me if I were the author of it. He spoke in a rude, abrupt, and insolent tone. I begged to be informed for what purpose he put the question. No answer was given; but the master loudly and angrily repeated, 'Are you the author of this book?' 'If I can judge from your manner,' I said, 'you are resolved to punish me if I should acknowledge that it is my work. If you can prove that it is, produce your evidence; it is neither just nor lawful to interrogate me in such a case and for such a purpose. Such proceedings would become a court of inquisitors, but not free men in a free country.' 'Do you choose to deny that this is your composition?'" the master reiterated in the same rude and angry voice.

poet. Out of these materials Mrs. Williams, on her return to England after the death of Shelley, got Clint to compose a portrait, which the few who knew Shelley in the last year of his life thought very like him. The water-colour drawing has been lost, so that the portrait done by Clint is the only one of any value. I have had it copied and lithographed by Mr. Vinter, an artist distinguished both for the fidelity and refinement of his works, and it is now published for the first time."

Shelley complained much of his violent and ungentlemanlike deportment, saying, "I have experienced tyranny and injustice before, and I well know what vulgar violence is, but I never met with such unworthy treatment. I told him calmly but firmly that I was determined not to answer any questions respecting the publication on the table.

"He immediately repeated his demand; I persisted in my refusal. And he said furiously, 'Then you are expelled; and I desire you will quit the college early to-morrow morning at the latest.'

"One of the fellows took up two papers, and handed one of them to me; here it is." He produced a regular sentence of expulsion, drawn up in due form, under the seal of the college. Shelley was full of spirit and courage, frank and fearless; but he was likewise shy, unpresuming, and eminently sensitive. I have been with him in many trying situations of his after-life, but I never saw him so deeply shocked and so cruelly agitated as on this occasion.

A nice sense of honour shrinks from the most distant touch of disgrace—even from the insults of those men whose contumely can bring no shame. He sat on the sofa, repeating with convulsive vehemence the words, "Expelled, expelled!" his head shaking with emotion, and his whole frame quivering.

A similar scene followed with Mr. Hogg himself, which he very graphically describes. The same questions, the same refusal to answer them, the same sentence of expulsion, and a peremptory order to quit the college early on the morrow. And accordingly, early on the next morning, Shelley and his friend took their departure from Oxford.

I accept Mr. Hogg's account of this transaction as substantially correct. In Shelley's account of it to me there were material differences; and making all allowance for the degree in which, as already noticed, his imagination coloured the past, there is one matter of fact which remains inexplicable. According to him, his expulsion was a matter of great form and solemnity; there was a sort of public assembly, before which he pleaded his own cause, in a long oration, in the course of which he called on the illustrious spirits who had shed glory on those walls to look down on their degenerate successors. Now, the inexplicable matter to which I have alluded is this: he showed me an Oxford newspaper, containing a full report of the proceedings, with his own oration at great length. I suppose the pages of that diurnal were not deathless,* and that it would now be vain to search for it;

* Registered to fame eternal
In deathless pages of diurnal.
Hudibras.

but that he had it, and showed it to me, is absolutely certain. His oration may have been, as some of Cicero's published orations were, a speech in the potential mood; one which might, could, should, or would, have been spoken; but how in that case it got into the Oxford newspaper passes conjecture.

His expulsion from Oxford brought to a summary conclusion his boyish passion for Miss Harriet Grove. She would have no more to say to him; but I cannot see from his own letters, and those of Miss Hellen Shelley, that there had ever been much love on her side; neither can I find any reason to believe that it continued long on his. Mr. Middleton follows Captain Medwin, who was determined that on Shelley's part it should be an enduring passion, and pressed into its service as testimonies some matters which had nothing to do with it. He says *Queen Mab* was dedicated to Harriet Grove, whereas it was certainly dedicated to Harriet Shelley; he even prints the dedication with the title, "To Harriet G.," whereas in the original the name of Harriet is only followed by asterisks; and of another little poem, he says, "That Shelley's disappointment in love affected him acutely, may be seen by some lines inscribed erroneously, 'On F. G.,' instead of 'H. G.,' and doubtless of a much earlier date than assigned by Mrs. Shelley to the fragment." Now, I know the circumstances to which the fragment refers. The initials of the lady's name were F. G., and the date assigned to the fragment, 1817, was strictly correct. The intrinsic evidence of both poems will show their utter inapplicability to Miss Harriet Grove.

First let us see what Shelley himself says of her, in letters to Mr. Hogg:—

Dec. 23rd, 1810.—Her disposition was in all probability divested of the enthusiasm by which mine is characterized. . . . . My sister attempted sometimes to plead my cause, but unsuccessfully. She said: "Even supposing I take your representation of your brother's qualities and sentiments, which, as you coincide in and admire, I may fairly imagine to be exaggerated, although you may not be aware of the exaggeration, what right have I, admitting that he is so superior, to enter into an intimacy which must end in delusive disappointment when he finds how really inferior I am to the being his heated imagination has pictured?"

Dec. 26, 1810.—Circumstances have operated in such a manner that the attainment of the object of my heart was impossible, whether on account of extraneous influences, or from a feeling which

possessed her mind, which told her not to deceive another, not to give him the possibility of disappointment.

Jan. 3, 1811.—She is no longer mine. She abhors me as a sceptic, as what she was before.

Jan. 11, 1811.—She is gone. She is lost to me for ever. She married—married to a clod of earth. She will become as insensible herself: all those fine capabilities will moulder.

Next let us see what Miss Hellen Shelley says of the matter:—

His disappointment in losing the lady of his love had a great effect upon him. . . . It was not put an end to by *mutual* consent; but both parties were very young, and her father did not think the marriage would be for his daughter's happiness. He, however, with truly honourable feeling, would not have persisted in his objection if his daughter had considered herself bound by a promise to my brother; but this was not the case, and time healed the wound by means of another Harriet, whose name and similar complexion perhaps attracted the attention of my brother.

And lastly, let us see what the young lady's brother (C. H. G.) says of it:—

After our visit at Field Place (in the year 1810), we went to my brother's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where Bysshe, his mother, and Elizabeth joined us, and a very happy month we spent. Bysshe was full of life and spirits, and very well pleased with his successful devotion to my sister. In the course of that summer, to the best of my recollection, after we had retired into Wiltshire, a continual correspondence was on, as I believe, between Bysshe and my sister Harriet. But she became uneasy at the tone of his letters on speculative subjects, at first consulting my mother, and subsequently my father also, on the subject. This led at last, though I cannot exactly tell how, to the dissolution of an engagement between Bysshe and my sister which had previously been permitted both by his father and mine.

We have here, I think, as unimpassioned a damsel as may be met in a summer's day. And now let us see the poems.

First, the dedication of *Queen Mab:* bearing in mind that the poem was begun in 1812, and finished in 1813, and that, to say nothing of the unsuitability of the offering to her who two years before had abhorred him as a sceptic and married a clod, she had never done or said any one thing that would justify her love being described as that which had warded off from him the scorn of the world: quite the contrary: as far as in her lay, she had embittered it to the utmost.

To Harriet * * * * *

Whose is the love that, gleaming thro' the world,
Wards off the poisonous arrow of its scorn?
Whose is the warm and partial praise,
Virtue's most sweet reward?

Beneath whose looks did my reviving soul
Riper in truth and virtuous daring grow?
Whose eyes have I gazed fondly on,
And loved mankind the more?

Harriet! on thine:—thou wert my purer mind,
Thou wert the inspiration of my song;
Thine are these early wilding flowers,
Though garlanded by me.

Then press into thy breast this pledge of love,
And know, though time may change and years may roll
Each flowret gathered in my heart
It consecrates to thine.

Next the verses on F. G.:—

Her voice did quiver as we parted,
Yet knew I not that heart was broken
From which it came, and I departed,
Heeding not the words then spoken.
Misery—oh, Misery!
This world is all too wide for thee!

Can anything be more preposterously inappropriate to his parting with Harriet Grove? These verses relate to a far more interesting person and a deeply tragic event; but they belong, as I have said, to the year 1817, a later period than this article embraces.

From Oxford the two friends proceeded to London, where they took a joint lodging, in which, after a time, Shelley was left alone, living uncomfortably on precarious resources. It was here that the second Harriet consoled him for the loss of the first, who, I feel thoroughly convinced, never more troubled his repose.

To the circumstances of Shelley's first marriage I find no evidence but in my own recollection of what he told me respecting it. He often spoke to me of it; and with all allowance for the degree in which his imagination coloured events, I see no improbability in the narration.

Harriet Westbrook, he said, was a schoolfellow of one of his sisters; and when, after his expulsion from Oxford, he

was in London, without money, his father having refused him all assistance, this sister had requested her fair schoolfellow to be the medium of conveying to him such small sums as she and her sisters could afford to send, and other little presents which they thought would be acceptable. Under these circumstances the ministry of the young and beautiful girl presented itself like that of a guardian angel, and there was a charm about their intercourse which he readily persuaded himself could not be exhausted in the duration of life. The result was that in August, 1811, they eloped to Scotland, and were married in Edinburgh.* Their journey had absorbed their stock of money. They took a lodging, and Shelley immediately told the landlord who they were, what they had come for, and the exhaustion of their resources, and asked him if he would take them in, and advance them money to get married and to carry them on till they could get a remittance. This the man agreed to do, on condition that Shelley would treat him and his friends to a supper in honour of the occasion. It was arranged accordingly; but the man was more obtrusive and officious than Shelley was disposed to tolerate. The marriage was concluded, and in the evening Shelley and his bride were alone together, when the man tapped at their door. Shelley opened it, and the landlord said to him—"It is customary here at weddings for the guests to come in, in the middle of the night, and wash the bride with whisky." "I immediately," said Shelley, "caught up my brace of pistols, and pointing them both at him, said to him, 'I have had enough of your impertinence; if you give me any more of it I will blow your brains out;' on which he ran or rather tumbled down stairs, and I bolted the doors."

The custom of washing the bride with whisky is more likely to have been so made known to him than to have been imagined by him.

Leaving Edinburgh, the young couple led for some time a wandering life. At the lakes they were kindly received by the Duke of Norfolk, and by others through his influence. They then went to Ireland, landed at Cork, visited the lakes of Killarney, and stayed some time in Dublin, where Shelley became a warm repealer and emancipator. They then went

* Not at Gretna Green, as stated by Captain Medwin.

to the Isle of Man, then to Nant Gwillt* in Radnorshire, then to Lymouth near Barnstaple† then came for a short time to London; then went to reside in a furnished house belonging to Mr. Maddocks at Tanyrallt,‡ near Tremadoc, in Caernarvonshire. Their residence at this place was made chiefly remarkable by an imaginary attack on his life, which was followed by their immediately leaving Wales.

Mr. Hogg inserts several letters relative to this romance of a night: the following extract from one of Harriet Shelley's, dated from Dublin, March 12th, 1813, will give a sufficient idea of it:—

"Mr. Shelley promised you a recital of the horrible events that caused us to leave Wales. I have undertaken the task, as I wish to spare him, in the present nervous state of his health, everything that can recall to his mind the horrors of that night, which I will relate.

"On the night of the 26th February we retired to bed between ten and eleven o'clock. We had been in bed about half an hour, when Mr. S—— heard a noise proceeding from one of the parlours. He immediately went down stairs with two pistols which he had loaded that night, expecting to have occasion for them. He went into the billiard-room, when he heard footsteps retreating; he followed into another little room, which was called an office. He there saw a man in the act of quitting the room through a glass window which opened into the shrubbery; the man fired at Mr. S——, which he avoided. Bysshe then fired, but it flashed in the pan. The man then knocked Bysshe down, and they struggled on the ground. Bysshe then fired his second pistol, which he thought wounded him in the shoulder, as he uttered a shriek and got up, when he said these words—'By God, I will be revenged. I will murder your wife, and will ravish your sister! By God, I will be revenged!' He then fled, as we hoped for the night. Our servants

* Nant Gwillt, the Wild Brook, flows into the Elan (a tributary of the Wye), about five miles above Rhayader. Above the confluence, each stream runs in a rocky channel through a deep narrow valley. In each of these valleys is or was a spacious mansion, named from the respective streams. Cwm Elan House was the seat of Mr. Grove, whom Shelley had visited there before his marriage in 1811. Nant Gwillt House, when Shelley lived in it in 1812, was inhabited by a farmer, who let some of the best rooms in lodgings. At a subsequent period I stayed a day in Rhayader, for the sake of seeing this spot. It is a scene of singular beauty.

† He had introduced himself by letter to Mr. Godwin, and they carried on a correspondence some time before they met. Mr. Godwin, after many pressing invitations, went to Lymouth on an intended visit, but when he arrived the birds had flown.

‡ *Tan-yr-allt*—Under the precipice.

were not gone to bed, but were just going when this horrible affair happened. This was about eleven o'clock. We all assembled in the parlour, where we remained for two hours. Mr. S—— then advised us to retire, thinking it was impossible he would make a second attack. We left Bysshe and our man-servant—who had only arrived that day, and who knew nothing of the house—to sit up. I had been in bed three hours when I heard a pistol go off. I immediately ran down stairs, when I perceived that Bysshe's flannel gown had been shot through, and the window-curtain. Bysshe had sent Daniel to see what hour it was, when he heard a noise at the window; he went there, and a man thrust his arm through the glass and fired at him. Thank heaven! the ball went through his gown and he remained unhurt. Mr. S—— happened to stand sideways; had he stood fronting, the ball must have killed him. Bysshe fired his pistol, but it would not go off; he then aimed a blow at him with an old sword which we found in the house. The assassin attempted to get the sword from him, and just as he was pulling it away Dan rushed into the room, when he made his escape. This was at four in the morning. It had been a most dreadful night; the wind was as loud as thunder, and the rain descended in torrents. Nothing has been heard of him, and we have every reason to believe it was no stranger, as there is a man . . . . who, the next morning, went and told the shopkeepers that it was a tale of Mr. Shelley's to impose upon them, that he might leave the country without paying his bills. This they believed, and none of them attempted to do anything towards his discovery. We left Tanyrallt on Sunday."

Mr. Hogg subjoins:—

"Persons acquainted with the localities and with the circumstances, and who had carefully investigated the matter, were unanimous in the opinion that no such attack was ever made."

I may state more particularly the result of the investigation to which Mr. Hogg alludes. I was in North Wales in the summer of 1813, and heard the matter much talked of. Persons who had examined the premises on the following morning had found that the grass of the lawn appeared to have been much trampled and rolled on, but there were no footmarks on the wet ground, except between the beaten spot and the window; and the impression of the ball on the wainscot showed that the pistol had been fired towards the window, and not from it. This appeared conclusive as to the whole series of operations having taken place from within. The mental phenomena in which this sort of semi-delusion originated will be better illustrated by one which occurred at a later period, and which, though less tragical in its appearances, was more circumstantial in its development,

and more perseveringly adhered to. It will not come within the scope of this article.

I saw Shelley for the first time in 1812, just before he went to Tanyrallt. I saw him again once or twice before I went to North Wales in 1813. On my return he was residing at Bracknell, and invited me to visit him there. This I did, and found him with his wife Harriet, her sister Eliza, and his newly-born daughter Ianthe.

Mr. Hogg says :—

"This accession to his family did not appear to afford him any gratification, or to create an interest. He never spoke of this child to me, and to this hour I never set eyes on her."

Mr. Hogg is mistaken about Shelley's feelings as to his first child. He was extremely fond of it, and would walk up and down a room with it in his arms for a long time together, singing to it a monotonous melody of his own making, which ran on the repetition of a word of his own making. His song was "Yáhmani, Yáhmani, Yáhmani, Yáhmani."* It did not please me, but, what was more important, it pleased the child, and lulled it when it was fretful. Shelley was extremely fond of his children. He was pre-eminently an affectionate father. But to this first-born there were accompaniments which did not please him. The child had a wet-nurse whom he did not like, and was much looked after by his wife's sister, whom he intensely disliked. I have often thought that if Harriet had nursed her own child, and if this sister had not lived with them, the link of their married love would not have been so readily broken. But of this hereafter, when we come to speak of the separation.

At Bracknell, Shelley was surrounded by a numerous society, all in a great measure of his own opinions in relation to religion and politics, and the larger portion of them in relation to vegetable diet. But they wore their rue with a difference. Every one of them adopting some of the articles of the faith of their general church, had each nevertheless some predominant crotchet of his or her own, which left a number of open questions for earnest and not always tem-

* The tune was the uniform repetition of three notes, not very true in their intervals. The nearest resemblance to it will be found in the second, third, and fourth of a minor key: B C D, for example, on the key of A natural: a crotchet and two quavers.

perate discussion. I was sometimes irreverent enough to laugh at the fervour with which opinions utterly unconducive to any practical result were battled for as matters of the highest importance to the well-being of mankind; Harriet Shelley was always ready to laugh with me, and we thereby both lost caste with some of the more hot-headed of the party. Mr. Hogg was not there during my visit, but he knew the whole of the persons there assembled, and has given some account of them under their initials, which for all public purposes are as well as their names.

The person among them best worth remembering was the gentleman whom Mr. Hogg calls J. F. N., of whom he relates some anecdotes.

I will add one or two from my own experience. He was an estimable man and an agreeable companion, and he was not the less amusing that he was the absolute impersonation of a single theory, or rather of two single theories rolled into one. He held that all diseases and all aberrations, moral and physical, had their origin in the use of animal food and of fermented and spirituous liquors; that the universal adoption of a diet of roots, fruits, and distilled* water, would restore the golden age of universal health, purity, and peace; that this most ancient and sublime morality was mystically inculcated in the most ancient Zodiac, which was that of Dendera; that this Zodiac was divided into two hemispheres, the upper hemisphere being the realm of Oromazes or the principle of good, the lower that of Ahrimanes or the principle of evil; that each of these hemispheres was again divided into two compartments, and that the four lines of division radiating from the centre were the prototype of the Christian cross. The two compartments of Oromazes were those of Uranus or Brahma the Creator, and of Saturn or Veishnu the Preserver. The two compartments of Ahrimanes were those of Jupiter or Seva the Destroyer, and of Apollo or Krishna the Restorer. The great moral doctrine was thus symbolized in the Zodiacal signs:—In the first compartment, Taurus the Bull, having in the ancient Zodiac a torch in his mouth, was the type of eternal light. Cancer the Crab was the type of celestial matter, sleeping under the all-covering water, on which Brahma floated in a lotus-flower

* He held that water in its natural state was full of noxious impurities, which were only to be got rid of by distillation.

for millions of ages. From the union, typified by Gemini, of light and celestial matter, issued in the second compartment Leo, Primogenial Love, mounted on the back of a Lion, who produced the pure and perfect nature of things in Virgo, and Libra the Balance denoted the coincidence of the ecliptic with the equator, and the equality of man's happy existence. In the third compartment, the first entrance of evil into the system was typified by the change of celestial into terrestrial matter—Cancer into Scorpio. Under this evil influence man became a hunter, Sagittarius the Archer, and pursued the wild animals, typified by Capricorn. Then, with animal food and cookery, came death into the world, and all our woe. But in the fourth compartment, Dhanwantari or Æsculapius, Aquarius the Waterman, arose from the sea, typified by Pisces the Fish, with a jug of pure water and a bunch of fruit, and brought back the period of universal happiness under Aries the Ram, whose benignant ascendancy was the golden fleece of the Argonauts, and the true talisman of Oromazes.

He saw the Zodiac in everything. I was walking with him one day on a common near Bracknell, when we came on a public-house which had the sign of the Horse-shoes. They were four on the sign, and he immediately determined that this number had been handed down from remote antiquity as representative of the compartments of the Zodiac. He stepped into the public-house, and said to the landlord, "Your sign is the Horse-shoes?"—"Yes, sir." "This sign has always four Horse-shoes?"—"Why mostly, sir." "Not always?"—"I think I have seen three." "I cannot divide the Zodiac into three. But it is mostly four. Do you know why it is mostly four?"—"Why, sir, I suppose because a horse has four legs." He bounced out in great indignation, and as soon as I joined him, he said to me, "Did you ever see such a fool?"

I have also very agreeable reminiscences of Mrs. B. and her daughter Cornelia. Of these ladies Shelley says (Hogg, ii. 515):—

> I have begun to learn Italian again. Cornelia assists me in this language. Did I not once tell you that I thought her cold and reserved? She is the reverse of this, as she is the reverse of everything bad. She inherits all the divinity of her mother.

Mr. Hogg "could never learn why Shelley called Mrs. B.

Meimouné." In fact he called her, not Meimouné, but Maimuna, from Southey's *Thalaba* :—

> Her face was as a damsel's face,
> And yet her hair was grey.

She was a young looking woman for her age, and her hair was as white as snow.

About the end of 1813, Shelley was troubled by one of his most extraordinary delusions. He fancied that a fat old woman who sat opposite to him in a mail-coach was afflicted with elephantiasis, that the disease was infectious and incurable, and that he had caught it from her. He was continually on the watch for its symptoms; his legs were to swell to the size of an elephant's, and his skin was to be crumpled over like goose-skin. He would draw the skin of his own hands, arms, and neck very tight, and if he discovered any deviation from smoothness, he would seize the person next to him, and endeavour by a corresponding pressure to see if any corresponding deviation existed. He often startled young ladies in an evening party by this singular process, which was as instantaneous as a flash of lightning. His friends took various methods of dispelling the delusion. I quoted to him the words of Lucretius :—

> Est elephas morbus, qui propter flumina Nili
> Gignitur Ægypto in media, *neque præterea usquam.*

He said these verses were the greatest comfort he had. When he found that, as the days rolled on, his legs retained their proportion, and his skin its smoothness, the delusion died away.

I have something more to say belonging to this year 1813, but it will come better in connection with the events of the succeeding year. In the meantime I will mention one or two traits of character in which chronology is unimportant.

It is to be remarked that, with the exception of the clergyman from whom he received his first instructions, the Reverend Mr. Edwards, of Horsham, Shelley never came, directly or indirectly, under any authority, public or private, for which he entertained, or had much cause to entertain, any degree of respect. His own father, the Brentford schoolmaster, the head-master of Eton, the Master and Fellows of his college at Oxford, the Lord Chancellor Eldon, all successively pre-

sented themselves to him in the light of tyrants and oppressors. It was perhaps from the recollection of his early preceptor that he felt a sort of poetical regard for country clergymen, and was always pleased when he fell in with one who had a sympathy with him in classical literature, and was willing to pass *sub silentio* the debateable ground between them. But such an one was of rare occurrence. This recollection may also have influenced his feeling under the following transitory impulse.

He had many schemes of life. Amongst them all, the most singular that ever crossed his mind was that of entering the church. Whether he had ever thought of it before, or whether it only arose on the moment, I cannot say: the latter is most probable; but I well remember the occasion. We were walking in the early summer through a village where there was a good vicarage house, with a nice garden, and the front wall of the vicarage was covered with corchorus in full flower, a plant less common then than it has since become. He stood some time admiring the vicarage wall. The extreme quietness of the scene, the pleasant pathway through the village churchyard, and the brightness of the summer morning, apparently concurred to produce the impression under which he suddenly said to me,—"I feel strongly inclined to enter the church." "What," I said, "to become a clergyman, with your ideas of the faith?" "Assent to the supernatural part of it," he said, "is merely technical. Of the moral doctrines of Christianity I am a more decided disciple than many of its more ostentatious professors. And consider for a moment how much good a good clergyman may do. In his teaching as a scholar and a moralist; in his example as a gentleman and a man of regular life; in the consolation of his personal intercourse and of his charity among the poor, to whom he may often prove a most beneficent friend when they have no other to comfort them. It is an admirable institution that admits the possibility of diffusing such men over the surface of the land. And am I to deprive myself of the advantages of this admirable institution because there are certain technicalities to which I cannot give my adhesion, but which I need not bring prominently forward?" I told him I thought he would find more restraint in the office than would suit his aspirations. He walked on some time thought-

fully, then started another subject, and never returned to that of entering the church.

He was especially fond of the novels of Brown—Charles Brockden Brown, the American, who died at the age of thirty-nine.

The first of these novels was *Wieland*. Wieland's father passed much of his time alone in a summer-house, where he died of spontaneous combustion. This summer house made a great impression on Shelley, and in looking for a country house he always examined if he could find such a summer-house, or a place to erect one.

The second was *Ormond*. The heroine of this novel, Constantia Dudley, held one of the highest places, if not the very highest place, in Shelley's idealities of female character.

The third was *Edgar Huntley; or, the Sleep-walker*. In this his imagination was strangely captivated by the picture of Clitheroe in his sleep digging a grave under a tree.

The fourth was *Arthur Mervyn:* chiefly remarkable for the powerful description of the yellow fever in Philadelphia and the adjacent country, a subject previously treated in *Ormond*. No descriptions of pestilence surpass these of Brown. The transfer of the hero's affections from a simple peasant-girl to a rich Jewess, displeased Shelley extremely, and he could only account for it on the ground that it was the only way in which Brown could bring his story to an uncomfortable conclusion. The three preceding tales had ended tragically.

These four tales were unquestionably works of great genius, and were remarkable for the way in which natural causes were made to produce the semblance of supernatural effects. The superstitious terror of romance could scarcely be more strongly excited than by the perusal of *Wieland*.

Brown wrote two other novels, *Jane Talbot* and *Philip Stanley*, in which he abandoned this system, and confined himself to the common business of life. They had little comparative success.

Brown's four novels, Schiller's *Robbers*, and Goethe's *Faust*, were, of all the works with which he was familiar, those which took the deepest root in his mind, and had the strongest influence in the formation of his character. He was an assiduous student of the great classical poets, and among these his favourite heroines were Nausicaa and Antigone. I do not remember that he greatly admired any of our old

English poets, excepting Shakspeare and Milton. He devotedly admired Wordsworth and Coleridge, and in a minor degree Southey: these had great influence on his style, and Coleridge especially on his imagination; but admiration is one thing and assimilation is another; and nothing so blended itself with the structure of his interior mind as the creations of Brown. Nothing stood so clearly before his thoughts as a perfect combination of the purely ideal and possibly real, as Constantia Dudley.

He was particularly pleased with Wordsworth's Stanzas written in a pocket copy of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*. He said the fifth of these stanzas always reminded him of me. I told him the four first stanzas were in many respects applicable to him. He said: "It was a remarkable instance of Wordsworth's insight into nature, that he should have made intimate friends of two imaginary characters so essentially dissimilar, and yet severally so true to the actual characters of two friends, in a poem written long before they were known to each other, and while they were both boys, and totally unknown to him."

The delight of Wordsworth's first personage in the gardens of the happy castle, the restless spirit that drove him to wander, the exhaustion with which he returned and abandoned himself to repose, might all in these stanzas have been sketched to the life from Shelley. The end of the fourth stanza is especially apposite:—

> Great wonder to our gentle tribe it was
> Whenever from our valley he withdrew;
> For happier soul no living creature has
> Than he had, being here the long day through.
> Some thought he was a lover, and did woo:
> *Some thought far worse of him, and judged him wrong:*
> *But verse was what he had been wedded to;*
> *And his own mind did like a tempest strong*
> *Come to him thus, and drive the weary wight along.*

He often repeated to me, as applicable to himself, a somewhat similar passage from *Childe Harold*:—

> —— On the sea
> The boldest steer but where their ports invite:
> But there are wanderers o'er Eternity,
> Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall be.

His vegetable diet entered for something into his restless-

ness. When he was fixed in a place he adhered to this diet consistently and conscientiously, but it certainly did not agree with him; it made him weak and nervous, and exaggerated the sensitiveness of his imagination. Then arose those thick-coming fancies which almost invariably preceded his change of place. While he was living from inn to inn he was obliged to live, as he said, "on what he could get;" that is to say, like other people. When he got well under this process he gave all the credit to locomotion, and held himself to have thus benefited, not in consequence of his change of regimen, but in spite of it. Once, when I was living in the country, I received a note from him wishing me to call on him in London. I did so, and found him ill in bed. He said, "You are looking well. I suppose you go on in your old way, living on animal food and fermented liquor?" I answered in the affirmative. "And here," he said, "you see a vegetable feeder overcome by disease." I said, "Perhaps the diet is the cause." This he would by no means allow; but it was not long before he was again posting through some yet unvisited wilds, and recovering his health as usual, by living "on what he could get."

He had a prejudice against theatres which I took some pains to overcome. I induced him one evening to accompany me to a representation of the *School for Scandal*. When, after the scenes which exhibited Charles Surface in his jollity, the scene returned, in the fourth act, to Joseph's library, Shelley said to me—"I see the purpose of this comedy. It is to associate virtue with bottles and glasses, and villany with books." I had great difficulty to make him stay to the end. He often talked of "the withering and perverting spirit of comedy." I do not think he ever went to another. But I remember his absorbed attention to Miss O'Neill's performance of Bianca in *Fazio*, and it is evident to me that she was always in his thoughts when he drew the character of Beatrice in the *Cenci*.

In the season of 1817, I persuaded him to accompany me to the opera. The performance was *Don Giovanni*. Before it commenced he asked me if the opera was comic or tragic. I said it was composite—more comedy than tragedy. After the killing of the Commendatore, he said, "Do you call this comedy?" By degrees he became absorbed in the music and action. I asked him what he thought of Ambrogetti? He

said, "He seems to be the very wretch he personates.' The opera was followed by a ballet, in which Mdlle. Milanie was the principal *danseuse*. He was enchanted with this lady; said he had never imagined such grace of motion; and the impression was permanent, for in a letter he afterwards wrote to me from Milan he said, "They have no Mdlle. Milanie here."

From this time till he finally left England he was an assiduous frequenter of the Italian Opera. He delighted in the music of Mozart, and especially in the *Nozze di Figaro*, which was performed several times in the early part of 1818.

With the exception of *Fazio*, I do not remember his having been pleased with any performance at an English theatre. Indeed I do not remember his having been present at any but the two above mentioned. I tried in vain to reconcile him to comedy. I repeated to him one day, as an admirable specimen of diction and imagery, Michael Perez's soliloquy in his miserable lodgings, from *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*. When I came to the passage:

> There's an old woman that's now grown to marble,
> Dried in this brick-kiln: and she sits i' the chimney
> (Which is but three tiles, raised like a house of cards),
> The true proportion of an old smoked Sibyl.
> There is a young thing, too, that Nature meant
> For a maid-servant, but 'tis now a monster:
> She has a husk about her like a chestnut,
> With laziness, and living under the line here:
> And these two make a hollow sound together,
> Like frogs, or winds between two doors that murmur—

he said, "There is comedy in its perfection. Society grinds down poor wretches into the dust of abject poverty, till they are scarcely recognizable as human beings; and then, instead of being treated as what they really are, subjects of the deepest pity, they are brought forward as grotesque monstrosities to be laughed at." I said, "You must admit the fineness of the expression." "It is true," he answered; "but the finer it is the worse it is, with such a perversion of sentiment."

I postpone, as I have intimated, till after the appearance of Mr. Hogg's third and fourth volumes, the details of the circumstances which preceded Shelley's separation from his first wife, and those of the separation itself.

There never was a case which more strongly illustrated the

truth of Payne Knight's observation, that "the same kind of marriage, which usually ends a comedy, as usually begins a tragedy."*

MEMOIRS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.—PART 2.†

[Reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine* for January, 1860.]

Y Gwir yn erbyn y Byd.
The Truth against the World.
Bardic Mazim.

MR. HOGG'S third and fourth volumes not having appeared, and the materials with which Sir Percy and Lady Shelley had supplied him having been resumed by them, and so much of them as it was thought desirable to publish having been edited by Lady Shelley,‡ with a connecting-thread of narrative, I shall assume that I am now in possession of all the external information likely to be available towards the completion of my memoir; and I shall proceed to complete it accordingly, subject to the contingent addition of a postscript, if any subsequent publication should render it necessary.

Lady Shelley says in her preface:

We saw the book (Mr. Hogg's) for the first time when it was given to the world. It was impossible to imagine beforehand that from such materials a book could have been produced which has astonished and shocked those who have the greatest right to form an opinion on the character of Shelley; and it was with the most painful feelings of dismay that we perused what we could only look upon as a fan-

* No person in his senses was ever led into enterprises of dangerous importance by the romantic desire of imitating the fictions of a drama. If the conduct of any persons is influenced by the examples exhibited in such fictions, it is that of young ladies in the affairs of love and marriage: but I believe that such influence is much more rare than severe moralists are inclined to suppose; since there were plenty of elopements and stolen matches before comedies or plays of any kind were known. If, however, there are any romantic minds which feel this influence, they may draw an awful lesson concerning its consequences from the same source, namely, that the same kind of marriage, which usually ends a comedy, as usually begins a tragedy.—*Principles of Taste*, Book III. c. 2, sec. 17.

† Part 1 appeared in "Fraser's Magazine" for June, 1858.

‡ *Shelley Memorials.* From Authentic Sources. Edited by Lady Shelley. London: Smith and Elder. 1859.

tastic caricature, going forth to the public with my apparent sanction —for it was dedicated to myself.

Our feelings of duty to the memory of Shelley left us no other alternative than to withdraw the materials which we had originally entrusted to his early friend, and which we could not but consider had been strangely misused; and to take upon ourselves the task of laying them before the public, connected only by as slight a thread of narrative as would suffice to make them intelligible to the reader.

I am very sorry, in the outset of this notice, to be under the necessity of dissenting from Lady Shelley respecting the facts of the separation of Shelley and Harriet.

Captain Medwin represented this separation to have taken place by mutual consent. Mr. Leigh Hunt and Mr. Middleton adopted this statement; and in every notice I have seen of it in print it has been received as an established truth.

Lady Shelley says:—

Towards the close of 1813, estrangements, which for some time had been slowly growing between Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, came to a crisis. Separation ensued, and Mrs. Shelley returned to her father's house. Here she gave birth to her second child—a son, who died in 1826.

The occurrences of this painful epoch in Shelley's life, and of the causes which led to them, I am spared from relating. In Mary Shelley's own words—"This is not the time to relate the truth; and I should reject any colouring of the truth. No account of these events has ever been given at all approaching reality in their details, either as regards himself or others; nor shall I further allude to them than to remark that the errors of action committed by a man as noble and generous as Shelley, may, as far as he only is concerned, be fearlessly avowed by those who loved him, in the firm conviction that, were they judged impartially, his character would stand in fairer and brighter light than that of any contemporary."

Of those remaining who were intimate with Shelley at this time, each has given us a different version of this sad event, coloured by his own views or personal feelings. Evidently Shelley confided to none of these friends. We, who bear his name, and are of his family, have in our possession papers written by his own hand, which in after-years may make the story of his life complete; and which few now living, except Shelley's own children, have ever perused.

One mistake, which has gone forth to the world, we feel ourselves called upon positively to contradict.

Harriet's death has sometimes been ascribed to Shelley. This is entirely false. There was no immediate connection whatever between her tragic end and any conduct on the part of her husband. It is true, however, that it was a permanent source of the deepest sorrow to him; for never during all his after-life did the dark shade depart which had fallen on his gentle and sensitive nature from the self-sought grave of the companion of his early youth.

This passage ends the sixth chapter. The seventh begins thus—

To the family of Godwin, Shelley had, from the period of his self-introduction at Keswick, been an object of interest; and the acquaintanceship which had sprung up between them during the poet's occasional visits to London had grown into a cordial friendship. It was in the society and sympathy of the Godwins that Shelley sought and found some relief in his present sorrow. He was still extremely young. His anguish, his isolation, his difference from other men, his gifts of genius and eloquent enthusiasm, made a deep impression on Godwin's daughter Mary, now a girl of sixteen, who had been accustomed to hear Shelley spoken of as something rare and strange. To her, as they met one eventful day in St. Pancras' churchyard, by her mother's grave, Bysshe, in burning words, poured forth the tale of his wild past—how he had suffered, how he had been misled; and how, if supported by her love, he hoped in future years to enrol his name with the wise and good who had done battle for their fellow-men, and been true through all adverse storms to the cause of humanity.

Unhesitatingly she placed her hand in his, and linked her fortune with his own; and most truthfully, as the remaining portion of these *Memorials* will prove, was the pledge of both redeemed.

I ascribe it to inexperience of authorship, that the sequence of words does not, in these passages, coincide with the sequence of facts: for in the order of words the present sorrow would appear to be the death of Harriet. This however occurred two years and a half after the separation, and the union of his fate with Mary Godwin was simultaneous with it. Respecting this separation, whatever degree of confidence Shelley may have placed in his several friends, there are some facts which speak for themselves, and admit of no misunderstanding.

The Scotch marriage had taken place in August, 1811. In a letter which he wrote to a female friend sixteen months later (Dec. 10, 1812), he had said:—

How is Harriet a fine lady? You indirectly accuse her in your letter of this offence—to me the most unpardonable of all. The ease and simplicity of her habits, the unassuming plainness of her address, the uncalculated connexion of her thought and speech, have ever formed in my eyes her greatest charms: and none of these are compatible with fashionable life, or the attempted assumption of its vulgar and noisy *éclat*. You have a prejudice to contend with in making me a convert to this last opinion of yours, which, so long as I have a living and daily witness to its futility before me, I fear will be insurmountable.—*Memorials*, p. 44.

Thus there had been no estrangement to the end of 1812.

My own memory sufficiently attests that there was none in 1813.

From Bracknell, in the autumn of 1813, Shelley went to the Cumberland lakes; then to Edinburgh. In Edinburgh he became acquainted with a young Brazilian named Baptista, who had gone there to study medicine by his father's desire, and not from any vocation to the science, which he cordially abominated, as being all hypothesis, without the fraction of a basis of certainty to rest on. They corresponded after Shelley left Edinburgh, and subsequently renewed their intimacy in London. He was a frank, warm-hearted, very gentlemanly young man. He was a great enthusiast, and sympathized earnestly in all Shelley's views, even to the adoption of vegetable diet. He made some progress in a translation of *Queen Mab* into Portuguese. He showed me a sonnet, which he intended to prefix to his translation. It began—

Sublime Shelley, cantor di verdade!

and ended—

Surja *Queen Mab* a restaurar o mundo.

I have forgotten the intermediate lines. But he died early, of a disease of the lungs. The climate did not suit him, and he exposed himself to it incautiously.

Shelley returned to London shortly before Christmas, then took a furnished house for two or three months at Windsor, visiting London occasionally. In March, 1814, he married Harriet a second time, according to the following certificate:—

MARRIAGES IN MARCH 1814.

164. Percy Bysshe Shelley and Harriet Shelley (formerly Harriet Westbrook, Spinster, a Minor), both of this Parish, were re-married in this Church by Licence (the parties having been already married to each other according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of Scotland), in order to obviate all doubts that have arisen, or shall or may arise, touching or concerning the validity of the aforesaid Marriage (by and with the consent of John Westbrook, the natural and lawful father of the said Minor), this Twenty-fourth day of March, in the Year 1814. By me,

EDWARD WILLIAMS, *Curate.*

This Marriage was solemnized between us { PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, HARRIET SHELLEY, formerly Harriet Westbrook.

In the presence of { JOHN WESTBROOK, JOHN STANLEY.

The above is a true extract from the Register Book of Marriages belonging to the Parish of Saint George, Hanover-square; extracted thence this eleventh day of April, 1859.—By me,

H. WEIGHTMAN, *Curate.*

It is therefore, not correct to say that "estrangements which had been slowly growing came to a crisis towards the close of 1813." The date of the above certificate is conclusive on the point. The second marriage could not have taken place under such circumstances. Divorce would have been better for both parties, and the dissolution of the first marriage could have been easily obtained in Scotland.

There was no estrangement, no shadow of a thought of separation, till Shelley became acquainted, not long after the second marriage, with the lady who was subsequently his second wife.

The separation did not take place by mutual consent. I cannot think that Shelley ever so represented it. He never did so to me: and the account which Harriet herself gave me of the entire proceeding was decidedly contradictory of any such supposition.

He might well have said, after first seeing Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, "*Ut vidi! ut perii!*" Nothing that I ever read in tale or history could present a more striking image of a sudden, violent, irresistible, uncontrollable passion, than that under which I found him labouring when, at his request, I went up from the country to call on him in London. Between his old feelings towards Harriet, *from whom he was not then separated*, and his new passion for Mary, he showed in his looks, in his gestures, in his speech, the state of a mind "suffering, like a little kingdom, the nature of an insurrection." His eyes were bloodshot, his hair and dress disordered. He caught up a bottle of laudanum, and said: "I never part from this."* He added: "I am always repeating to myself your lines from Sophocles:

* In a letter to Mr. Trelawny, dated June 18th, 1822, Shelley says:—"You of course enter into society at Leghorn. Should you meet with any scientific person capable of preparing the *Prussic Acid, or Essential Oil of Bitter Almonds*, I should regard it as a great kindness if you could procure me a small quantity. It requires the greatest caution in preparation, and ought to be highly concentrated. I would give any price for this medicine. You remember we talked of it the other night, and we both expressed a wish to possess it. My wish was serious, and sprung from the desire of avoiding needless

Man's happiest lot is not to be:
And when we tread life's thorny steep,
Most blest are they, who earliest free
Descend to death's eternal sleep."

Again, he said more calmly: "Every one who knows me must know that the partner of my life should be one who can feel poetry and understand philosophy. Harriet is a noble animal, but she can do neither." I said, "It always appeared to me that you were very fond of Harriet." Without affirming or denying this, he answered: "But you did not know how I hated her sister."

The term "noble animal" he applied to his wife, in conversation with another friend now living, intimating that the nobleness which he thus ascribed to her would induce her to acquiesce in the inevitable transfer of his affections to their new shrine. She did not so acquiesce, and he cut the Gordian knot of the difficulty by leaving England with Miss Godwin on the 28th of July, 1814.

Shorty after this I received a letter from Harriet, wishing to see me. I called on her at her father's house in Chapel-street, Grosvenor-square. She then gave me her own account of the transaction, which, as I have said, decidedly contradicted the supposition of anything like separation by mutual consent.

She at the same time gave me a description, by no means flattering, of Shelley's new love, whom I had not then seen. I said, "If you have described her correctly, what could he see in her?" "Nothing," she said, "but that her name was Mary, and not only Mary, but Mary Wollstonecraft."

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suffering. I need not tell you I have no intention of suicide at present; but I confess it would be a comfort to me to hold in my possession that golden key to the chamber of perpetual rest. The *Prussic Acid* is used in medicine in infinitely minute doses; but that preparation is weak, and has not the concentration necessary to medicine all ills infallibly. A single drop, even less, is a dose, and it acts by paralysis."—*Trelawny*, pp. 100, 101.

I believe that up to this time he had never travelled without pistols for defence, nor without laudanum as a refuge from intolerable pain. His physical suffering was often very severe; and this last letter must have been written under the anticipation that it might become incurable, and unéndurable to a degree from which he wished to be permanently provided with the means of escape.

The lady had nevertheless great personal and intellectual attractions, though it is not to be wondered at that Harriet could not see them.

I feel it due to the memory of Harriet to state my most decided conviction that her conduct as a wife was as pure, as true, as absolutely faultless, as that of any who for such conduct are held most in honour.

Mr. Hogg says: "Shelley told me his friend Robert Southey once said to him, 'A man ought to be able to live with any woman. You see that I can, and so ought you. It comes to pretty much the same thing, I apprehend. There is no great choice or difference.'"—*Hogg:* vol. i. p. 423. *Any woman*, I suspect, must have been said with some qualification. But such an one as either of them had first chosen, Southey saw no reason to change.

Shelley gave me some account of an interview he had had with Southey. It was after his return from his first visit to Switzerland, in the autumn of 1814. I forget whether it was in town or country; but it was in Southey's study, in which was suspended a portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft. Whether Southey had been in love with this lady, is more than I know. That he had devotedly admired her is clear from his *Epistle to Amos Cottle*, prefixed to the latter's *Icelandic Poetry* (1797); in which, after describing the scenery of Norway, he says:—

> Scenes like these
> Have almost lived before me, when I gazed
> Upon their fair resemblance traced by him,
> Who sung the banished man of Ardebeil;
> Or to the eye of Fancy held by her,
> Who among women left no equal mind
> When from this world she passed; and I could weep
> To think that she is to the grave gone down!

Where a note names Mary Wollstonecraft, the allusion being to her *Letters from Norway*.

Shelley had previously known Southey, and wished to renew or continue friendly relations; but Southey was repulsive. He pointed to the picture, and expressed his bitter regret that the daughter of that angelic woman should have been so misled. It was most probably on this occasion that he made the remark cited by Mr. Hogg: his admiration of Mary Wollstonecraft may have given force to the observation: and

as he had known Harriet, he might have thought that, in his view of the matter, she was all that a husband could wish for.

Few are now living who remember Harriet Shelley. I remember her well, and will describe her to the best of my recollection. She had a good figure, light, active, and graceful. Her features were regular and well proportioned. Her hair was light brown, and dressed with taste and simplicity. In her dress she was truly *simpler munditiis*. Her complexion was beautifully transparent; the tint of the blush rose shining through the lily. The tone of her voice was pleasant; her speech the essence of frankness and cordiality; her spirits always cheerful; her laugh spontaneous, hearty, and joyous. She was well educated. She read agreeably and intelligently. She wrote only letters, but she wrote them well. Her manners were good; and her whole aspect and demeanour such manifest emanations of pure and truthful nature, that to be once in her company was to know her thoroughly. She was fond of her husband, and accommodated herself in every way to his tastes. If they mixed in society, she adorned it; if they lived in retirement, she was satisfied; if they travelled, she enjoyed the change of scene.

That Shelley's second wife was intellectually better suited to him than his first, no one who knew them both will deny; and that a man, who lived so totally out of the ordinary world and in a world of ideas, needed such an ever-present sympathy more than the general run of men, must also be admitted; but Southey, who did not want an intellectual wife, and was contented with his own, may well have thought that Shelley had equal reason to seek no change.

After leaving England, in 1814, the newly-affianced lovers took a tour on the Continent. He wrote to me several letters from Switzerland, which were subsequently published, together with a *Six Weeks' Tour*, written in the form of a journal by the lady with whom his fate was thenceforward indissolubly bound. I was introduced to her on their return.

The rest of 1814 they passed chiefly in London. Perhaps this winter in London was the most solitary period of Shelley's life. I often passed an evening with him at his lodgings, and I do not recollect ever meeting any one there, excepting Mr.

Hogg. Some of his few friends of the preceding year had certainly at that time fallen off from him. At the same time he was short of money, and was trying to raise some on his expectations, from "Jews and their fellow-Christians," as Lord Byron says. One day, as we were walking together on the banks of the Surrey Canal, and discoursing of Wordsworth, and quoting some of his verses, Shelley suddenly said to me: "Do you think Wordsworth could have written such poetry, if he had ever had dealings with money-lenders?" His own example, however, proved that the association had not injured his poetical faculties.

The canal in question was a favourite walk with us. The Croydon Canal branched off from it, and passed very soon into wooded scenery. The Croydon Canal is extinct, and has given place to the, I hope, more useful, but certainly less picturesque, railway. Whether the Surrey exists, I do not know. He had a passion for sailing paper boats, which he indulged on this canal, and on the Serpentine river. The best spot he had ever found for it, was a large pool of transparent water, on a heath above Bracknell, with determined borders free from weeds, which admitted of launching the miniature craft on the windward, and running round to receive it on the leeward side. On the Serpentine, he would sometimes launch a boat constructed with more than usual care, and freighted with halfpence. He delighted to do this in the presence of boys, who would run round to meet it, and when it landed in safety, and the boys scrambled for their prize, he had difficulty in restraining himself from shouting as loudly as they did. The river was not suitable to this amusement, nor even Virginia Water, on which he sometimes practised it; but the lake was too large to allow of meeting the landing. I sympathized with him in this taste: I had it before I knew him: I am not sure that I did not originate it with him; for which I should scarcely receive the thanks of my friend, Mr. Hogg, who never took any pleasure in it, and cordially abominated it, when, as frequently happened, on a cold winter day, in a walk from Bishopgate over Bagshot Heath, we came on a pool of water, which Shelley would not part from till he had rigged out a flotilla from any unfortunate letters he happened to have in his pocket. Whatever may be thought of this amusement for grown gentlemen, it was at

least innocent amusement, and not mixed up with any "sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."*

In the summer of 1815, Shelley took a furnished house at Bishopgate, the eastern entrance of Windsor Park, where he resided till the summer of 1816. At this time he had, by the sacrifice of a portion of his expectations, purchased an annuity of £1000 a-year from his father, who had previously allowed him £200.

I was then living at Marlow, and frequently walked over to pass a few days with him. At the end of August, 1815, we made an excursion on the Thames to Lechlade, in Gloucestershire, and as much higher as there was water to float our skiff. It was a dry season, and we did not get much beyond Inglesham Weir, which was not then, as now, an immovable structure, but the wreck of a movable weir, which had been subservient to the navigation, when the river had been, as it had long ceased to be, navigable to Cricklade. A solitary sluice was hanging by a chain, swinging in the wind, and creaking dismally. Our voyage terminated at a spot where the cattle stood entirely across the stream, with the water scarcely covering their hoofs. We started from, and returned to, Old Windsor, and our excursion occupied about ten days. This was, I think, the origin of Shelley's taste for boating, which he retained to the end of his life. On our way up, at Oxford, he was so much out of order that he feared being obliged to return. He had been living chiefly on tea and bread and butter, drinking occasionally a sort of spurious lemonade, made of some powder in a box, which, as he was reading at the time the "Tale of a Tub," he called *the powder of pimperlimpimp*. He consulted a doctor, who may have done him some good, but it was not apparent. I told him, "If he would allow me to prescribe for him, I would set him to rights." He asked, "What would be your prescription?" I said, "Three mutton chops, well peppered." He said, "Do you really think so?" I said, "I am sure of it." He took the prescription; the success was obvious and immediate.

* This lesson, shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she[1] shows and what conceals,
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.
WORDSWORTH, *Hartleap Well*.

[1] Nature.

He lived in my way for the rest of our expedition, rowed vigorously, was cheerful, merry, overflowing with animal spirits, and had certainly one week of thorough enjoyment of life. We passed two nights in a comfortable inn at Lechlade, and his lines, "A Summer Evening on the Thames at Lechlade," were written then and there. Mrs. Shelley (the second, who always bore his name), who was with us, made a diary of the little trip, which I suppose is lost.

The whole of the winter, 1815—16, was passed quietly at Bishopgate. Mr. Hogg often walked down from London; and I, as before, walked over from Marlow. This winter was, as Mr. Hogg expressed it, a mere Atticism. Our studies were exclusively Greek. To the best of my recollection, we were, throughout the whole period, his only visitors. One or two persons called on him; but they were not to his mind, and were not encouraged to reappear. The only exception was a physician whom he had called in; the Quaker, Dr. Pope, of Staines. This worthy old gentleman came more than once, not as a doctor, but a friend. He liked to discuss theology with Shelley. Shelley at first avoided the discussion, saying his opinions would not be to the doctor's taste; but the doctor answered, "I like to hear thee talk, friend Shelley; I see thee art very deep."

At this time Shelley wrote his "Alastor." He was at a loss for a title, and I proposed that which he adopted: "Alastor; or, the Spirit of Solitude." The Greek word, Ἀλάστωρ is an evil genius, κακοδαίμων, though the sense of the two words is somewhat different, as in the Φαυσὶς Ἀλάστωρ ἢ κακὸς δαίμων τοδίν, of Æschylus. The poem treated the spirit of solitude as a spirit of evil. I mention the true meaning of the word because many have supposed "Alastor" to be the name of the hero of the poem.

He published this, with some minor poems, in the course of the winter.

In the early summer of 1816, the spirit of restlessness again came over him, and resulted in a second visit to the Continent. The change of scene was preceded, as more than once before, by a mysterious communication from a person seen only by himself, warning him of immediate personal perils to be incurred by him if he did not instantly depart.

I was alone at Bishopgate, with him and Mrs. Shelley, when the visitation alluded to occurred. About the middle

of the day, intending to take a walk, I went into the hall for my hat. His was there, and mine was not. I could not imagine what had become of it; but, as I could not walk without it, I returned to the library. After some time had elapsed, Mrs. Shelley came in, and gave me an account which she had just received from himself, of the visitor and his communication. I expressed some scepticism on the subject, on which she left me, and Shelley came in, with my hat in his hand. He said, "Mary tells me, you do not believe that I have had a visit from Williams." I said, "I told her there were some improbabilities in the narration." He said, "You know Williams of Tremadoc?" I said, "I do." He said, "It was he who was here to-day. He came to tell me of a plot laid by my father and uncle, to entrap me and lock me up. He was in great haste, and could not stop a minute, and I walked with him to Egham." I said, "What hat did you wear?" He said, "This, to be sure." I said, "I wish you would put it on." He put it on, and it went over his face. I said, "You could not have walked to Egham in that hat." He said, "I snatched it up hastily, and perhaps I kept it in my hand. I certainly walked with Williams to Egham, and he told me what I have said. You are very sceptical." I said, "If you are certain of what you say, my scepticism cannot affect your certainty." He said, "It is very hard on a man who has devoted his life to the pursuit of truth, who has made great sacrifices, and incurred great sufferings for it, to be treated as a visionary. If I do not know that I saw Williams, how do I know that I see you?" I said, "An idea may have the force of a sensation; but the oftener a sensation is repeated, the greater is the probability of its origin in reality. You saw me yesterday, and will see me to-morrow." He said, "I can see Williams to-morrow, if I please. He told me he was stopping at the Turk's Head Coffee-house, in the Strand, and should be there two days. I want to convince you that I am not under a delusion. Will you walk with me to London to-morrow, to see him?" I said, "I would most willingly do so." The next morning, after an early breakfast, we set off on our walk to London. We had got half way down Egham-hill, when he suddenly turned round, and said to me, "I do not think we shall find Williams at the Turk's Head." I said, "Neither do I." He said, "You say that because you do not think he has been

there; but he mentioned a contingency under which he might leave town yesterday, and he has probably done so." I said, "At any rate we should know that he has been there." He said, "I will take other means of convincing you. I will write to him. Suppose we take a walk through the forest." We turned about in our new direction, and were out all day. Some days passed, and I heard no more of the matter. One morning he said to me, "I have some news of Williams; a letter and an enclosure." I said, "I shall be glad to see the letter." He said, "I cannot show you the letter; I will show you the enclosure. It is a diamond necklace. I think you know me well enough to be sure I would not throw away my own money on such a thing, and that if I have it, it must have been sent me by somebody else. It has been sent me by Williams." "For what purpose," I asked. He said, "To prove his identity and his sincerity." "Surely," I said, "your showing me a diamond necklace will prove nothing but that you have one to show." "Then," he said, "I will not show it you. If you will not believe me, I must submit to your incredulity." There the matter ended. I never heard another word of Williams, nor of any other mysterious visitor. I had, on one or two previous occasions, argued with him against similar semi-delusions, and I believe if they had always been received with similar scepticism, they would not have been often repeated; but they were encouraged by the ready credulity with which they were received by many who ought to have known better. I call them semi-delusions, because, for the most part, they had their basis in his firm belief that his father and uncle had designs on his liberty. On this basis, his imagination built a fabric of romance, and when he presented it as substantive fact, and it was found to contain more or less of inconsistency, he felt his self-esteem interested in maintaining it by accumulated circumstances, which severally vanished under the touch of investigation, like Williams's location at the Turk's Head Coffee-house.

I must add, that in the expression of these differences, there was not a shadow of anger. They were discussed with freedom and calmness; with the good temper and good feeling which never forsook him in conversations with his friends. There was an evident anxiety for acquiescence, but a quiet and gentle toleration of dissent. A personal discussion, however interesting to himself, was carried on with the

same calmness as if it related to the most abstract question in metaphysics.

Indeed, one of the great charms of intercourse with him was the perfect good humour and openness to conviction with which he responded to opinions opposed to his own. I have known eminent men, who were no doubt very instructive as lecturers to people who like being lectured; which I never did; but with whom conversation was impossible. To oppose their dogmas, even to question them, was to throw their temper off its balance. When once this infirmity showed itself in any of my friends, I was always careful not to provoke a second ebullition. I submitted to the preachment, and was glad when it was over.

The result was a second trip to Switzerland. During his absence he wrote me several letters, some of which were subsequently published by Mrs. Shelley; others are still in my possession. Copies of two of these were obtained by Mr. Middleton, who has printed a portion of them. Mrs. Shelley was at that time in the habit of copying Shelley's letters, and these were among some papers accidentally left at Marlow, where they fell into unscrupulous hands. Mr. Middleton must have been aware that he had no right to print them without my consent. I might have stopped his publication by an injunction, but I did not think it worth while, more especially as the book, though abounding with errors adopted from Captain Medwin and others, is written with good feeling towards the memory of Shelley.

During his stay in Switzerland he became acquainted with Lord Byron. They made together an excursion round the Lake of Geneva, of which he sent me the detail in a diary. This diary was published by Mrs. Shelley, but without introducing the name of Lord Byron, who is throughout called "my companion." The diary was first published during Lord Byron's life; but why his name was concealed I do not know. Though the changes are not many, yet the association of the two names gives it great additional interest.

At the end of August, 1816, they returned to England, and Shelley passed the first fortnight of September with me at Marlow. July and August, 1816, had been months of perpetual rain. The first fortnight of September was a period of unbroken sunshine. The neighbourhood of Marlow abounds with beautiful walks; the river scenery is also fine.

We took every day a long excursion, either on foot or on the water. He took a house there, partly, perhaps principally, for the sake of being near me. While it was being fitted and furnished, he resided at Bath.

In December, 1816, Harriet drowned herself in the Serpentine river, not, as Captain Medwin says, in a pond at the bottom of her father's garden at Bath. Her father had not then left his house in Chapel-street, and to that house his daughter's body was carried.

On the 30th of December, 1816, Shelley married his second wife; and early in the ensuing year they took possession of their house at Marlow. It was a house with many large rooms and extensive gardens. He took it on a lease for twenty-one years, furnished it handsomely, fitted up a library in a room large enough for a ball-room, and settled himself down, as he supposed, for life. This was an agreeable year to all of us. Mr. Hogg was a frequent visitor. We had a good deal of rowing and sailing, and we took long walks in all directions. He had other visitors from time to time. Amongst them were Mr. Godwin, and Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Hunt. He led a much more social life than he had done at Bishopgate; but he had no intercourse with his immediate neighbours. He said to me more than once, "I am not wretch enough to tolerate an acquaintance."

In the summer of 1817 he wrote the *Revolt of Islam*, chiefly on a seat on a high prominence in Bisham Wood, where he passed whole mornings with a blank book and a pencil. This work, when completed, was printed under the title of *Laon and Cythna*. In this poem he had carried the expression of his opinions, moral, political, and theological, beyond the bounds of discretion. The terror which, in those days of persecution of the press, the perusal of the book inspired in Mr. Ollier, the publisher, induced him to solicit the alteration of many passages which he had marked. Shelley was for some time inflexible; but Mr. Ollier's refusal to publish the poem as it was, backed by the advice of all his friends, induced him to submit to the required changes. Many leaves were cancelled, and it was finally published as *The Revolt of Islam*. Of *Laon and Cythna* only three copies had gone forth. One of these had found its way to the *Quarterly Review*, and the opportunity was readily seized of pouring out

on it one of the most malignant effusions of the *odium theologicum* that ever appeared in those days, and in that periodical.

During his residence at Marlow we often walked to London, frequently in company with Mr. Hogg. It was our usual way of going there, when not pressed by time. We went by a very pleasant route over fields, lanes, woods, and heaths to Uxbridge, and by the main road from Uxbridge to London. The total distance was thirty-two miles to Tyburn turnpike. We usually stayed two nights, and walked back on the third day. I never saw Shelley tired with these walks. Delicate and fragile as he appeared, he had great muscular strength. We took many walks in all directions from Marlow, and saw everything worth seeing within a radius of sixteen miles. This comprehended, among other notable places, Windsor Castle and Forest, Virginia Water, and the spots which were consecrated by the memories of Cromwell, Hampden, and Milton, in the Chiltern district of Buckinghamshire. We had also many pleasant excursions, rowing and sailing on the river, between Henley and Maidenhead.

Shelley, it has been seen, had two children by his first wife. These children he claimed after Harriet's death, but her family refused to give them up. They resisted the claim in Chancery, and the decree of Lord Eldon was given against him.

The grounds of Lord Eldon's decision have been misrepresented. The petition had adduced *Queen Mab*, and other instances of Shelley's opinions on religion, as one of the elements of the charges against him; but the judgment ignores this element, and rests entirely on moral conduct. It was distinctly laid down that the principles which Shelley had professed in regard to some of the most important relations of life, had been carried by him into practice; and that the practical development of those principles, not the principles themselves, had determined the judgment of the Court.

Lord Eldon intimated that his judgment was not final; but nothing would have been gained by an appeal to the House of Peers. Liberal law lords were then unknown; neither could Shelley have hoped to enlist public opinion in his favour. A Scotch marriage, contracted so early in life, might not have been esteemed a very binding tie: but the

separation which so closely followed on a marriage in the Church of England, contracted two years and a half later, presented itself as the breach of a much more solemn and deliberate obligation.

It is not surprising that so many persons at the time should have supposed that the judgment had been founded, at least partly, on religious grounds. Shelley himself told me, that Lord Eldon had expressly stated that such grounds were excluded, and the judgment itself showed it. But few read the judgment. It did not appear in the newspapers, and all report of the proceedings was interdicted. Mr. Leigh Hunt accompanied Shelley to the Court of Chancery. Lord Eldon was extremely courteous; but he said blandly, and at the same time determinedly, that a report of the proceedings would be punished as a contempt of Court. The only explanation I have ever been able to give to myself of his motive for this prohibition was, that he was willing to leave the large body of fanatics among his political supporters under delusion as to the grounds of his judgment; and that it was more for his political interest to be stigmatized by Liberals as an inquisitor, than to incur in any degree the imputation of theological liberality from his own persecuting party.

Since writing the above passages I have seen, in the *Morning Post* of November 22nd, the report of a meeting of the Juridical Society, under the presidency of the present Lord Chancellor, in which a learned brother read a paper, proposing to revive the system of persecution against "blasphemous libel;" and in the course of his lecture he said—"The Court of Chancery, on the doctrine *Parens patriæ*, deprived the parent of the guardianship of his children when his principles were in antagonism to religion, as in the case of the poet Shelley." The Attorney-General observed on this: "With respect to the interference of the Court of Chancery in the case of Shelley's children, there was a great deal of misunderstanding. It was not because their father was an unbeliever in Christianity, but because he violated and refused to acknowledge the ordinary usages of morality." The last words are rather vague and twaddling, and I suppose are not the *ipsissima verba* of the Attorney-General. The essence and quintessence of Lord Eldon's judgment was this: "Mr. Shelley long ago published and maintained the doctrine that marriage is a contract binding only during mutual pleasure.

He has carried out that doctrine in his own practice; he has done nothing to show that he does not still maintain it; and I consider such practice injurious to the best interests of society." I am not apologizing for Lord Eldon, nor vindicating his judgment. I am merely explaining it, simply under the wish that those who talk about it should know what it really was.

Some of Shelley's friends have spoken and written of Harriet as if to vindicate him it were necessary to disparage her. They might, I think, be content to rest the explanation of his conduct on the ground on which he rested it himself—that he had found in another the intellectual qualities which constituted his ideality of the partner of his life. But Harriet's untimely fate occasioned him deep agony of mind, which he felt the more because for a long time he kept the feeling to himself. I became acquained with it in a somewhat singular manner.

I was walking with him one evening in Bisham Wood, and we had been talking, in the usual way, of our ordinary subjects, when he suddenly fell into a gloomy reverie. I tried to rouse him out of it, and made some remarks which I thought might make him laugh at his own abstraction. Suddenly he said to me, still with the same gloomy expression: "There is one thing to which I have decidedly made up my mind. I will take a great glass of ale every night." I said, laughingly, "A very good resolution, as the result of a melancholy musing." "Yes," he said; "but you do not know why I take it. I shall do it to deaden my feelings: for I see that those who drink ale have none." The next day he said to me: "You must have thought me very unreasonable yesterday evening?" I said, "I did, certainly." "Then," he said, "I will tell you what I would not tell any one else. I was thinking of Harriet." I told him, "I had no idea of such a thing: it was so long since he had named her. I had thought he was under the influence of some baseless morbid feeling; but if ever I should see him again in such a state of mind, I would not attempt to disturb it."

There was not much comedy in Shelley's life; but his antipathy to "acquaintance" led to incidents of some drollery. Amongst the persons who called on him at Bishopgate, was one whom he tried hard to get rid of, but who forced himself

on him in every possible manner. He saw him at a distance one day, as he was walking down Egham-hill, and instantly jumped through a hedge, ran across a field, and laid himself down in a dry ditch. Some men and women, who were hay-making in the field, ran up to see what was the matter, when he said to them, "Go away, go away: don't you see it's a bailiff?" On which they left him, and he escaped discovery.

After he had settled himself at Marlow, he was in want of a music-master to attend a lady staying in his house, and I inquired for one at Maidenhead. Having found one I requested that he would call on Mr. Shelley. One morning Shelley rushed into my house in great trepidation, saying: "Barricade the doors; give orders that you are not at home. Here is —— in the town." He passed the whole day with me, and we sat in expectation that the knocker or the bell would announce the unwelcome visitor; but the evening fell on the unfulfilled fear. He then ventured home. It turned out that the name of the music-master very nearly resembled in sound the name of the obnoxious gentleman; and when Shelley's man opened the library door and said, "Mr. ——, sir," Shelley, who caught the name as that of his *Monsieur Tonson*, exclaimed, "I would just as soon see the devil!" sprang up from his chair, jumped out of the window, ran across the lawn, climbed over the garden-fence, and came round to me by a back-path: when we entrenched ourselves for a day's siege. We often laughed afterwards at the thought of what must have been his man's astonishment at seeing his master, on the announcement of the musician, disappear so instantaneously through the window, with the exclamation, "I would just as soon see the devil!" and in what way he could explain to the musician that his master was so suddenly "not at home."

Shelley, when he did laugh, laughed heartily, the more so as what he considered the perversions of comedy excited not his laughter but his indignation, although such disgusting outrages on taste and feeling as the burlesques by which the stage is now disgraced had not then been perpetrated. The ludicrous, when it neither offended good feeling, nor perverted moral judgment, necessarily presented itself to him with greater force.

Though his published writings are all serious, yet his letters are not without occasional touches of humour. In one which

he wrote to me from Italy, he gave an account of a new acquaintance who had a prodigious nose. "His nose is something quite Slawkenbergian. It weighs on the imagination to look at it. It is that sort of nose that transforms all the g's its wearer utters into k's. It is a nose once seen never to be forgotten, and which requires the utmost stretch of Christian charity to forgive. I, you know, have a little turn-up nose, H—— has a large hook one; but add them together, square them, cube them, you would have but a faint notion of the nose to which I refer."

I may observe incidentally, that his account of his own nose corroborates the opinion I have previously expressed of the inadequate likeness of the published portraits of him, in which the nose has no turn-up. It had, in fact, very little; just as much as may be seen in the portrait to which I have referred, in the Florentine Gallery.

The principal employment of the female population in Marlow was lace-making, miserably remunerated. He went continually amongst this unfortunate population, and to the extent of his ability relieved the most pressing cases of distress. He had a list of pensioners, to whom he made a weekly allowance.

Early in 1818 the spirit of restlessness again came over him. He left Marlow, and, after a short stay in London, left England in March of that year, never to return.

I saw him for the last time on Tuesday, the 10th of March. The evening was a remarkable one, as being that of the first performance of an opera of Rossini in England, and of the first appearance here of Malibran's father, Garcia. He performed Count Almaviva in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*. Fodor was Rosina; Naldi, Figaro; Ambrogetti, Bartolo; and Angrisani, Basilio. I supped with Shelley and his travelling companions after the opera. They departed early the next morning.

Thus two very dissimilar events form one epoch in my memory. In looking back to that long-past time, I call to mind how many friends, Shelley himself included, I saw around me in the old Italian Theatre, who have now all disappeared from the scene. I hope I am not unduly given to be *laudator temporis acti*, yet I cannot but think that the whole arrangement of the opera in England has changed for the worse. Two acts of an opera, a divertissement, and a

ballet, seem very ill replaced by four or five acts of opera, with little or no dancing. These, to me, verify the old saying, that "Too much of one thing is good for nothing;" and the quiet and decorous audiences, of whom Shelley used to say, "It is delightful to see human beings so civilized," are not agreeably succeeded by the vociferous assemblies, calling and recalling performers to the footlights, and showering down bouquets to the accompaniment of their noisy approbation.

At the time of his going abroad, he had two children by his second wife—William and Clara; and it has been said that the fear of having these taken from him by a decree of the Chancellor had some influence on his determination to leave England; but there was no ground for such a fear. No one could be interested in taking them from him; no reason could be alleged for taking them from their mother; the Chancellor would not have entertained the question, unless a provision had been secured for the children; and who was to do this? Restlessness and embarrassment were the causes of his determination; and according to the Newtonian doctrine, it is needless to look for more causes than are necessary to explain the phenomena.

These children both died in Italy; Clara, the youngest, in 1818, William, in the following year. The last event he communicated to me in a few lines, dated Rome, June 8th, 1819:—

"Yesterday, after an illness of only a few days, my little William died. There was no hope from the moment of the attack. You will be kind enough to tell all my friends, so that I need not write to them. It is a great exertion to me to write this, and it seems to me as if, hunted by calamity as I have been, that I should never recover any cheerfulness again."

A little later in the same month he wrote to me again from Livorno:—

"Our melancholy journey finishes at this town; but we retrace our steps to Florence, where, as I imagine, we shall remain some months. O that I could return to England! How heavy a weight when misfortune is added to exile; and solitude, as if the measure were not full, heaped high on both. O that I could return to England! I hear you say, 'Desire never fails to generate capacity.' Ah! but that ever-present

Malthus, necessity, has convinced desire, that even though it generated capacity its offspring must starve."

Again from Livorno; August, 1819 (they had changed their design of going to Florence):—

"I most devoutly wish that I were living near London. I don't think that I shall settle so far off as Richmond, and to inhabit any intermediate spot on the Thames, would be to expose myself to the river damps. Not to mention that it is not much to my taste. My inclinations point to Hampstead; but I don't know whether I should not make up my mind to something more completely suburban. What are mountains, trees, heaths, or even the glorious and ever-beautiful sky, with such sunsets as I have seen at Hampstead, to friends? Social enjoyment in some form or other is the Alpha and Omega of existence. All that I see in Italy, and from my tower window I now see the magnificent peaks of the Apennine, half enclosing the plain, is nothing—it dwindles to smoke in the mind, when I think of some familiar forms of scenery, little perhaps in themselves, over which old remembrances have thrown a delightful colour. How we prize what we despised when present! So the ghosts of our dead associations rise and haunt us, in revenge for our having let them starve and abandoned them to perish."

This seems to contrast strangely with a passage in Mrs. Shelley's journal, written after her return to England:—

"Mine own Shelley! What a horror you had of returning to this miserable country! To be here without you is to be doubly exiled; to be away from Italy is to lose you twice."—*Shelley Memorials*, p. 224.

It is probable, however, that as Mrs. Shelley was fond of Italy, he did not wish to disturb her enjoyment of it, by letting her see fully the deep-seated wish to return to his own country, which lay at the bottom of all his feelings.

It is probable also that, after the birth of his last child, he became more reconciled to residing abroad.

In the same year, the parents received the best consolation which nature could bestow on them, in the birth of another son, the present Sir Percy, who was born at Florence, on the 12th of November, 1819.

Shelley's life in Italy is best traced by his letters. He delighted in the grand aspects of nature; mountains, torrents, forests, and the sea; and in the ruins, which still reflected

the greatness of antiquity. He described these scenes with extraordinary power of language, in his letters as well as in his poetry; but in the latter he peopled them with phantoms of virtue and beauty, such as never existed on earth. One of his most striking works in this kind is the *Prometheus Unbound*. He only once descended into the arena of reality, and that was in the tragedy of the Cenci.* This is unquestionably a work of great dramatic power, but it is as unquestionably not a work for the modern English stage. It would have been a great work in the days of Massinger. He sent it to me to introduce it to Covent Garden Theatre. I did so; but the result was as I expected. It could not be received; though great admiration was expressed of the author's powers, and great hopes of his success with a less repulsive subject. But he could not clip his wings to the littleness of the acting drama; and though he adhered to his purpose of writing for the stage, and chose Charles I. for his subject, he did not make much progress in the task. If his life had been prolonged, I still think he would have accomplished something worthy of the best days of theatrical literature. If the gorgeous scenery of his poetry could have been peopled from actual life, if the deep thoughts and strong feelings which he was so capable of expressing, had been accommodated to characters such as have been and may be, however exceptional in the greatness of passion, he would have added his own name to those of the masters of the art. He studied it with unwearied devotion in its higher forms; the Greek tragedians, Shakspeare, and Calderon. Of Calderon, he says, in a letter to me from Leghorn, September 21st, 1819:—

"C. C. is now with us on his way to Vienna. He has spent a year or more in Spain, where he has learnt Spanish; and I make him read Spanish all day long. It is a most power-

* Horace Smith's estimate of these two works appears to me just: "I got from Ollier last week a copy of the *Prometheus Unbound*, which is certainly a most original, grand, and occasionally sublime work, evincing in my opinion a higher order of talent than any of your previous productions; and yet, contrary to your own estimation, I must say I prefer the *Cenci*, because it contains a deep and sustained human interest, of which we feel a want in the other. Prometheus himself certainly touches us nearly; but we see very little of him after his liberation; and, though I have no doubt it will be more admired than anything you have written, I question whether it will be so much read as the *Cenci*."—*Shelley Memorials*, p. 145.

ful and expressive language, and I have already learnt sufficient to read with great ease their poet Calderon. I have read about twelve of his plays. Some of them certainly deserve to be ranked among the grandest and most perfect productions of the human mind. He excels all modern dramatists, with the exception or Shakspeare, whom he resembles, however, in the depth of thought and subtlety of imagination of his writings, and in the one rare power of interweaving delicate and powerful comic traits with the most tragic situations, without diminishing their interest. I rank him far above Beaumont and Fletcher."

In a letter to Mr. Gisborne dated November, 1820, he says: "I am bathing myself in the light and odour of the flowery and starry *Autos*. I have read them all more than once." These were Calderon's religious dramas, being of the same class as those which were called *Mysteries* in France and England, but of a far higher order of poetry than the latter ever attained.

The first time Mr. Trelawny saw him, he had a volume of Calderon in his hand. He was translating some passages of the *Magico Prodigioso*.

I arrived late, and hastened to the Tre Palazzi, on the Lung' Arno, where the Shelleys and Williamses lived on different flats under the same roof, as is the custom on the Continent. The Williamses received me in their earnest, cordial manner; we had a great deal to communicate to each other, and were in loud and animated conversation, when I was rather put out by observing in the passage near the open door, opposite to where I sat, a pair of glittering eyes steadily fixed on mine; it was too dark to make out whom they belonged to. With the acuteness of a woman, Mrs. Williams's eyes followed the direction of mine, and going to the doorway, she laughingly said—

"Come in, Shelley; it's only our friend Tre just arrived."

Swiftly gliding in, blushing like a girl, a tall, thin stripling held out both his hands; and although I could hardly believe, as I looked at his flushed, feminine, and artless face, that it could be the poet, I returned his warm pressure. After the ordinary greetings and courtesies he sat down and listened. I was silent from astonishment; was it possible this wild-looking, beardless boy, could be the veritable monster at war with all the world?—excommunicated by the Fathers of the Church, deprived of his civil rights by the fiat of a grim Lord Chancellor, discarded by every member of his family, and denounced by the rival sages of our literature as a founder of a Satanic school? I would not believe it; it must be a hoax. He was habited like a boy, in a black jacket and trowsers, which he seemed to have outgrown, or his tailor, as is the custom, had most shame-

fully stinted him in his "sizings." Mrs. Williams saw my embarrassment, and to relieve me asked Shelley what book he had in his hand? His face brightened, and he answered briskly—

"Calderon's *Magico Prodigioso*; I am translating some passages in it."

"Oh, read it to us!"

Shoved off from the shore of commonplace incidents that could not interest him, and fairly launched on a theme that did, he instantly become oblivious of everything but the book in his hand. The masterly manner in which he analyzed the genius of the author, his lucid interpretations of the story, and the ease with which he translated into our language the most subtle and imaginative passages of the Spanish poet, were marvellous, as was his command of the two languages. After this touch of his quality I no longer doubted his identity. A dead silence ensued; looking up, I asked—

"Where is he?"

Mrs. Williams said, "Who? Shelley? Oh, he comes and goes like a spirit, no one knows when or where."—*Trelawny*, pp. 19-22.

From this time Mr. Trelawny was a frequent visitor to the Shelleys, and, as will be seen, a true and indefatigable friend.

In the year 1818, Shelley renewed his acquaintance with Lord Byron, and continued in friendly intercourse with him till the time of his death. Till that time his life, from the birth of his son Percy, was passed chiefly in or near Pisa, or on the sea-shore between Genoa and Leghorn. It was unmarked by any remarkable events, except one or two, one of which appears to me to have been a mere disturbance of imagination. This was a story of his having been knocked down at the post-office in Florence, by a man in a military cloak, who had suddenly walked up to him, saying, "Are you the damned atheist Shelley?" This man was not seen by any one else, nor ever afterwards seen or heard of; though a man answering the description had on the same day left Florence for Genoa, and was followed up without success.

I cannot help classing this incident with the Tan-yr-allt assassination, and other semi-delusions, of which I have already spoken.

Captain Medwin thinks this "cowardly attack" was prompted by some article in the *Quarterly Review*. The Quarterly Reviewers of that day had many sins to answer for in the way of persecution of genius, whenever it appeared in opposition to their political and theological intolerance; but they were, I am satisfied, as innocent of this "attack" on Shelley, as they were of the death of Keats. Keats was con-

sumptive, and fore-doomed by nature to early death. His was not the spirit "to let itself be snuffed out by an article."*

With the cessation of his wanderings, his beautiful descriptive letters ceased also. The fear of losing their only surviving son predominated over the love of travelling by which both parents were characterized. The last of this kind which was addressed to me was dated Rome, March 23rd, 1819. This was amongst the letters published by Mrs. Shelley. It is preceded by two from Naples—December 22nd, 1818, and January 26th, 1819. There was a third, which is alluded to in the beginning of his letter from Rome. "I wrote to you the day before our departure from Naples." When I gave Mrs. Shelley the other letters, I sought in vain for this. I found it, only a few months since, in some other papers, among which it had gone astray.

His serenity was temporarily disturbed by a calumny, which Lord Byron communicated to him. There is no clue to what it was; and I do not understand why it was spoken of at all. A mystery is a riddle, and the charity of the world will always give such a riddle the worst possible solution.

An affray in the streets of Pisa was a more serious and perilous reality. Shelley was riding outside the gates of Pisa with Lord Byron, Mr. Trelawny, and some other Englishmen, when a dragoon dashed through their party in an insolent manner. Lord Byron called him to account. A scuffle ensued, in which the dragoon knocked Shelley off his horse, wounded Captain Hay in the hand, and was dangerously wounded himself by one of Lord Byron's servants. The dragoon recovered; Lord Byron left Pisa; and so ended an affair which might have had very disastrous results.

Under present circumstances the following passage in a letter which he wrote to me from Pisa, dated March, 1820, will be read with interest:—

'I have a motto on a ring in Italian: '*Il buon tempo verrà.*' There is a tide both in public and in private affairs which awaits both men and nations.

"I have no news from Italy. We live here under a nominal tyranny, administered according to the philosophic laws of Leopold, and the mild opinions which are the fashion

* *Don Juan*, c. xi. st. 29.

here. Tuscany is unlike all the other Italian States in this respect."

Shelley's last residence was a villa on the Bay of Spezzia. Of this villa Mr. Trelawny has given a view.

Amongst the new friends whom he had made to himself in Italy were Captain and Mrs. Williams. To these, both himself and Mrs. Shelley were extremely attached. Captain Williams was fond of boating, and furnished a model for a small sailing vessel, which he persisted in adopting against the protest of the Genoese builder and of their friend Captain Roberts, who superintended her construction. She was called the *Don Juan*. It took two tons of iron ballast to bring her down to her bearings, and even then she was very crank in a breeze. Mr. Trelawny despatched her from Genoa under the charge of two steady seamen and a boy named Charles Vivian. Shelley retained the boy and sent back the two sailors. They told Mr. Trelawny that she was a ticklish boat to manage, but had sailed and worked well, and that they had cautioned the gentlemen accordingly.

It is clear from Mr. Trelawny's account of a trip he had with them, that the only good sailor on board was the boy. They contrived to jam the mainsheet and to put the tiller starboard instead of port. "If there had been a squall," he said, "we should have had to swim for it."

"Not I," said Shelley; "I should have gone down with the rest of the pigs at the bottom of the boat," meaning the iron pig-ballast.

In the meantime, at the instance of Shelley, Lord Byron had concurred in inviting Mr. Leigh Hunt and his family to Italy. They were to co-operate in a new quarterly journal, to which it was expected that the name of Byron would ensure an immediate and extensive circulation. This was the unfortunate *Liberal*, a title furnished by Lord Byron, of which four numbers were subsequently published. It proved a signal failure, for which there were many causes; but I do not think that any name or names could have buoyed it up against the dead weight of its title alone. A literary periodical should have a neutral name, and leave its character to be developed in its progress. A journal might be pre-eminently, on one side or the other, either aristocratical or democratical in it" tone; but to call it the "Aristocrat" or the "Democrats would be fatal to it.

Leigh Hunt arrived in Italy with his family on the 14th of June, 1822, in time to see his friend once and no more.

Shelley was at that time writing a poem called the *Triumph of Life*. The composition of this poem, the perpetual presence of the sea, and other causes (among which I do not concur with Lady Shelley in placing the solitude of his seaside residence, for his life there was less solitary than it had almost ever been),

contributed to plunge the mind of Shelley into a state of morbid excitement, the result of which was a tendency to see visions. One night loud cries were heard issuing from the saloon. The Williamses rushed out of their room in alarm; Mrs. Shelley also endeavoured to reach the spot, but fainted at the door. Entering the saloon, the Williamses found Shelley staring horribly into the air, and evidently in a trance. They waked him, and he related that a figure wrapped in a mantle came to his bedside and beckoned him. He must then have risen in his sleep, for he followed the imaginary figure into the saloon, when it lifted the hood of its mantle, ejaculated "Siete sodisfatto?"* and vanished. The dream is said to have been suggested by an incident occurring in a drama attributed to Calderon.

Another vision appeared to Shelley on the evening of May 6th, when he and Williams were walking together on the terrace. The story is thus recorded by the latter in his diary:—

Fine. Some heavy drops of rain fell without a cloud being visible After tea, while walking with Shelley on the terrace, and observing the effect of moonshine on the waters, he complained of being unusually nervous, and, stopping short, he grasped me violently by the arm, and stared steadfastly on the white surf that broke upon the beach under our feet. Observing him sensibly affected, I demanded of him if he was in pain; but he only answered by saying, "There it is again! there!" He recovered after some time, and declared that he saw, as plainly as he then saw me, a naked child (Allegra, who had recently died) rise from the sea, and clasp its hands as if in joy, smiling at him. This was a trance that it required some reasoning and philosophy entirely to wake him from, so forcibly had the vision operated on his mind. Our conversation, which had been at first rather melancholy, led to this, and my confirming his sensations by confessing that I had felt the same, gave greater activity to his ever-wandering and lively imagination.—*Shelley Memorials*, pp. 191-193.

On the afternoon of the 8th of July, 1822, after an absence of some days from home, Shelley and Williams set sail from Leghorn for their home on the Gulf of Spezzia. Trelawny

* Are you satisfied?

watched them from Lord Byron's vessel, the *Bolivar*. The day was hot and calm. Trelawny said to his Genoese mate, "They will soon have the land breeze." "May be," said the mate, "they will soon have too much breeze. That gaff-topsail is foolish, in a boat with no deck and no sailor on board. Look at those black lines, and the dirty rags hanging under them out of the sky. Look at the smoke on the water. The devil is brewing mischief." Shelley's boat disappeared in a fog.

Although the sun was obscured by mists, it was oppressively sultry. There was not a breath of air in the harbour. The heaviness of the atmosphere, and an unwonted stillness benumbed my senses. I went down into the cabin and sank into a slumber. I was roused up by a noise over-head and went on deck. The men were getting up a chain cable to let go another anchor. There was a general stir amongst the shipping; shifting berths, getting down yards and masts, veering out cables, hauling in of hawsers, letting go anchors, hailing from the ships and quays, boats scudding rapidly to and fro. It was almost dark, although only half-past six o'clock. The sea was of the colour, and looked as solid and smooth as a sheet of lead, and covered with an oily scum. Gusts of wind swept over without ruffling it, and big drops of rain fell on its surface, rebounding, as if they could not penetrate it. There was a commotion in the air, made up of many threatening sounds, coming upon us from the sea. Fishing-craft and coasting-vessels under bare poles rushed by us in shoals, running foul of the ships in the harbour. As yet the din and hubbub was that made by men, but their shrill pipings were suddenly silenced by the crashing voice of a thunder-squall that burst right over our heads. For some time no other sounds were to be heard than the thunder, wind, and rain. When the fury of the storm, which did not last for more than twenty minutes, had abated, and the horizon was in some degree cleared, I looked to seaward anxiously, in the hope of descrying Shelley's boat amongst the many small craft scattered about. I watched every speck that loomed on the horizon, thinking that they would have borne up on their return to the port, as all the other boats that had gone out in the same direction had done.—*Trelawny*, pp. 116-118.

Mrs. Shelley and Mrs. Williams passed some days in dreadful suspense. Mrs. Shelley, unable to endure it longer, proceeded to Pisa, and rushing into Lord Byron's room with a face of marble, asked passionately, "Where is my husband?" Lord Byron afterwards said he had never seen anything in dramatic tragedy to equal the terror of Mrs. Shelley's appearance on that day.

At length the worst was known. The bodies of the two friends and the boy were washed on shore. That of the boy

was buried in the sand. That of Captain Williams was burned on the 15th of August. The ashes were collected and sent to England for interment. The next day the same ceremony was performed for Shelley; and his remains were collected to be interred, as they subsequently were, in the Protestant cemetery at Rome. Lord Byron and Mr. Leigh Hunt were present on both occasions. Mr. Trelawny conducted all the proceedings, as he had conducted all the previous search. Herein, and in the whole of his subsequent conduct towards Mrs. Shelley, he proved himself, as I have already observed, a true and indefatigable friend. In a letter which she wrote to me, dated Genoa, September 29th, 1822, she said:—"Trelawny is the only quite disinterested friend I have here; the only one who clings to the memory of my loved ones as I do myself; but he, alas! is not one of them, though he is really kind and good."

The boat was subsequently recovered; the state in which everything was found in her, showed that she had not capsized. Captain Roberts first thought that she had been swamped by a heavy sea; but on closer examination, finding many of the timbers on the starboard quarter broken, he thought it certain that she must have been run down by a felucca in the squall.

I think the first conjecture the most probable. Her masts were gone, and her bowsprit broken. Mr. Trelawny had previously despatched two large feluccas with ground-tackling to drag for her. This was done for five or six days. They succeeded in finding her, but failed in getting her up. The task was accomplished by Captain Roberts. The specified damage to such a fragile craft was more likely to have been done by the dredging apparatus than by collision with a felucca.

So perished Percy Bysshe Shelley, in the flower of his age, and not perhaps even yet in the full flower of his genius; a genius unsurpassed in the description and imagination of scenes of beauty and grandeur; in the expression of impassioned love of ideal beauty; in the illustration of deep feeling by congenial imagery; and in the infinite variety of harmonious versification. What was, in my opinion, deficient in his poetry, was, as I have already said, the want of reality in the characters with which he peopled his splendid scenes, and to which he addressed or imparted the utterance of his

impassioned feelings. He was advancing, I think, to the attainment of this reality. It would have given to his poetry the only element of truth which it wanted; though at the same time, the more clear development of what men were would have lowered his estimate of what they might be, and dimmed his enthusiastic prospect of the future destiny of the world. I can conceive him, if he had lived to the present time, passing his days like Volney, looking on the world from his windows without taking part in its turmoils; and perhaps like the same, or some other great apostle of liberty (for I cannot at this moment verify the quotation), desiring that nothing should be inscribed on his tomb, but his name, the dates of his birth and death, and the single word,

"DÉSILLUSIONNÉ."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

[Reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine* of March, 1862.]

IN *Macmillan's Magazine* for June, 1860, there is an article entitled "Shelley in Pall-Mall; by Richard Garnett," which contains the following passage:—

Much has been written about Shelley during the last three or four years, and the store of materials for his biography has been augmented by many particulars, some authentic and valuable, others trivial or mythical, or founded on mistakes or misrepresentations. It does not strictly fall within the scope of this paper to notice any of these, but some of the latter class are calculated to modify so injuriously what has hitherto been the prevalent estimate of Shelley's character, and, while entirely unfounded, are yet open to correction from the better knowledge of so few, that it would be inexcusable to omit an opportunity of comment which only chance has presented, and which may not speedily recur. It will be readily perceived that the allusion is to the statements respecting Shelley's separation from his first wife, published by Mr. T. L. Peacock, in *Fraser's Magazine* for January last. According to these, the transaction was not preceded by long-continued unhappiness, neither was it an amicable agreement effected in virtue of a mutual understanding. The time cannot be distant when these assertions must be refuted by the publication of documents hitherto withheld, and Shelley's family have doubted whether it be worth while to anticipate it. Pending their decision, I may be allowed to state most explicitly that the evidence to which they would in such a case appeal, and to the nature of which I feel fully competent to speak, most decidedly contradicts the allegations of Mr. Peacock.

A few facts in the order of time will show, I will not say the extreme improbability, but the absolute impossibility, of Shelley's family being in possession of any such documents as are here alleged to exist.

In August, 1811, Shelley married Harriet Westbrook in Scotland.

On the 24th of March, 1814, he married her a second time in the Church of England, according to the marriage certificate printed in my article of January, 1860. This second marriage could scarcely have formed an incident in a series of "long-continued unhappiness."

In the beginning of April, 1814, Shelley and Harriet were together on a visit to Mrs. B., at Bracknell. This lady and her family were of the few who constituted Shelley's most intimate friends. On the 18th of April, she wrote to Mr. Hogg:—"Shelley is again a widower. His beauteous half went to town on Thursday with Miss Westbrook, who is gone to live, I believe, at Southampton."*

Up to this time, therefore, at least, Shelley and Harriet were together; and Mrs. B.'s letter shows that she had no idea of estrangement between them, still less of permanent separation.

I said in my article of January, 1860: "There was no estrangement, no shadow of a thought of separation, till Shelley became acquainted, not long after the second marriage, with the lady who was subsequently his second wife."

When Shelley first saw this lady, she had just returned from a visit to some friends in Scotland; and when Mr. Hogg first saw her, she wore "a frock of tartan, an unusual dress in London at that time."* She could not have been long returned.

Mr. Hogg saw Mary Godwin for the first time on the first day of Lord Cochrane's trial. This was the 8th of June, 1814. He went with Shelley to Mr. Godwin's. "We entered a room on the first floor. . . . William Godwin was not at home. . . . The door was partially and softly opened. A thrilling voice called 'Shelley!' A thrilling voice answered 'Mary!' And he darted out of the room like an arrow from the bow of the far-shooting king."†

* Hogg's *Life of Shelley*, vol. ii. p. 533.
† Ibid. vol. ii. pp. 537-8.

Shelley's acquaintance with Miss Godwin must, therefore, have begun between the 18th of April and the 8th of June; much nearer, I apprehend, to the latter than the former, but I cannot verify the precise date.

On the 7th of July, 1814, Harriet wrote to a mutual friend, still living, a letter in which "she expressed a confident belief that he must know where Shelley was, and entreating his assistance to induce him to return home." She was not even then aware that Shelley had finally left her.

On the 28th of the same month, Shelley and Miss Godwin left England for Switzerland.

The interval between the Scotch and English marriages was two years and seven months. The interval between the second marriage and the departure for Switzerland, was four months and four days. In the estimate of probabilities, the space for voluntary separation is reduced by Mrs. B.'s letter of April 18, to three months and thirteen days; and by Harriet's letter of July 7, to twenty-one days. If, therefore, Shelley's family have any document which demonstrates Harriet's consent to the separation, it must prove the consent to have been given on one of these twenty-one days. I know, by my subsequent conversation with Harriet, of which the substance was given in my article of January, 1860, that she was not a consenting party; but as I have only my own evidence to that conversation, Mr. Garnett may choose not to believe me. Still, on other evidence than mine, there remain no more than three weeks within which, if at all, the "amicable agreement" must have been concluded.

But again, if Shelley's family had any conclusive evidence on the subject, they must have had some clear idea of the date of the separation, and of the circumstances preceding it. That they had not, is manifest from Lady Shelley's statement, that "towards the close of 1813, estrangements, which for some time had been slowly growing between Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, came to a crisis: separation ensued, and she returned to her father's house.'* Lady Shelley could not have written thus if she had known the date of the second marriage, or had even adverted to the letter of the 18th of April, 1814, which had been published by Mr. Hogg long before the production of her own volume.

* *Shelley Memorials*, pp. 64-65.

I wrote the preceding note immediately after the appearance of Mr. Garnett's article; but I postponed its publication, in the hope of obtaining copies of the letters which were laid before Lord Eldon in 1817. These were nine letters from Shelley to Harriet, and one from Shelley to Miss Westbrook after Harriet's death. These letters were not filed; but they are thus alluded to in Miss Westbrook's affidavit, dated 10th January, 1817, of which I have procured a copy from the Record Office:—

Elizabeth Westbrook, of Chapel-street, Grosvenor-square, in the parish of Saint George, Hanover-square, in the county of Middlesex, spinster, maketh oath and saith, that she knows and is well acquainted with the handwriting of Percy Bysshe Shelley, Esquire, one of the defendants in this cause, having frequently seen him write; and this deponent saith that she hath looked upon certain paper writings now produced, and shown to her at the time of swearing this her affidavit, and marked respectively 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9; and this deponent saith that the female mentioned or referred to in the said letters, marked respectively 2, 4, 6, 9, under the name or designation of "Mary," and in the said other letters by the character or description of the person with whom the said defendant had connected or associated himself, is Mary Godwin, in the pleadings of this cause named, whom the said defendant, Percy Bysshe Shelley, in the lifetime of his said wife, and in or about the middle of the year 1814, took to cohabit with him, and hath ever since continued to cohabit, and still doth cohabit with; and this deponent saith that she hath looked upon a certain other paper writing, produced and shown to this deponent now at the time of swearing this her affidavit, and marked 10; and this deponent saith that the same paper writing is of the handwriting of the said defendant, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and was addressed by him to this deponent, since the decease of her said sister, the late wife of the said Percy Bysshe Shelley. And this deponent saith that the person referred to in the said last mentioned letter as "*the Lady whose union with the said defendant this deponent might excusably regard as the cause of her Sister's Ruin*," is also the said Mary Godwin.

The rest of the affidavit relates to "Queen Mab."

The words marked in italics could not possibly have been written by Shelley, if his connection with Miss Godwin had not been formed till after a separation from Harriet by mutual consent.

In a second affidavit, dated 13th January, 1817, Miss Westbrook stated in substance the circumstances of the marriage, and that two children were the issue of it: that after the birth of the first child, Eliza Ianthe, and while her sister was pregnant with the second, Charles Bysshe, Percy Bysshe

Shelley deserted his said wife, and cohabited with Mary Godwin; and thereupon Harriet returned to the house of her father, with her eldest child, and soon afterwards the youngest child was born there; that the children had always remained under the protection of Harriet's father, and that Harriet herself had resided under the same protection until a short time previous to her death in December, 1816. It must be obvious that this statement could not have been made if the letters previously referred to had not borne it out; if, in short, they had not demonstrated, first, that the separation was not by mutual consent; and secondly, that it followed, not preceded, Shelley's first acquaintance with Mary Godwin. The rest of the affidavit related to the provision which Mr. Westbrook had made for the children.

Harriet suffered enough in her life to deserve that her memory should be respected. I have always said to all whom it might concern, that I would defend her, to the best of my ability, against all misrepresentations. Such are not necessary to Shelley's vindication. That is best permitted to rest, as I have already observed, on the grounds on which it was placed by himself.*

The *Quarterly Review* for October, 1861, has an article on Shelley's life and character, written in a tone of great fairness and impartiality, with an evident painstaking to weigh evidence and ascertain truth. There are two passages in the article, on which I wish to offer remarks, with reference solely to matters of fact.

> Shelley's hallucinations, though not to be confounded with what is usually called insanity, are certainly not compatible with perfect soundness of mind. They were the result of an excessive sensibility, which, only a little more severely strained, would have overturned reason altogether. It has been said that the horror of his wife's death produced some such effect, and that for a time at least he was actually insane. Lady Shelley says nothing about this, and we have no explicit statement of the fact by any authoritative biographer. But it is not in itself improbable.—P. 323.

It was not so, however. He had at that time taken his house at Marlow, where I was then living. He was residing in Bath, and I was looking after the fitting-up of the house

* *Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1860, p. 102. [See p. 430 of this volume.]

and the laying out of the grounds. I had almost daily letters from him or Mary. He was the first to tell me of Harriet's death, asking whether I thought it would become him to interpose any delay before marrying Mary. I gave him my opinion that, as they were living together, the sooner they legalized their connection the better. He acted on this opinion, and shortly after his marriage he came to me at Marlow. We went together to see the progress of his house and grounds. I recollect a little scene which took place on this occasion. There was on the lawn a very fine old wide-spreading holly. The gardener had cut it up into a bare pole, selling the lop for Christmas decorations. As soon as Shelley saw it, he asked the gardener, "What had possessed him to ruin that beautiful tree?" The gardener said, he thought he had improved its appearance. Shelley said: "It is impossible that you can be such a fool." The culprit stood twiddling his thumbs along the seams of his trousers, receiving a fulminating denunciation, which ended in his peremptory dismissal. A better man was engaged with several assistants, to make an extensive plantation of shrubs. Shelley stayed with me two or three days. I never saw him more calm and self possessed. Nothing disturbed his serenity but the unfortunate holly. Subsequently, the feeling for Harriet's death grew into a deep and abiding sorrow: but it was not in the beginning that it was felt most strongly.

It is not merely as a work of art that the *Revolt of Islam* must be considered. It had made its first appearance under the title of *Laon and Cythna*, but *Laon and Cythna* was still more outspoken as to certain matters than the *Revolt of Islam*, and was almost immediately withdrawn from circulation, to appear with alterations under its present name. There is something not quite worthy of Shelley in this transaction. On the one hand, merely prudential reasons, mere dread of public indignation, ought not to have induced him to conceal opinions which for the interest of humanity he thought it his duty to promulgate. But those who knew most of Shelley will be least inclined to attribute to him such a motive as this. On the other hand, if good feeling induced him to abstain from printing what he knew must be painful to the great majority of his countrymen, the second version should have been suppressed as well as the first."—Pp. 314, 315.

Shelley was not influenced by either of the motives supposed. Mr. Ollier positively refused to publish the poem as it was, and Shelley had no hope of another publisher. He for a long time refused to alter a line: but his friends finally

prevailed on him to submit. Still he could not, or would not, sit down by himself to alter it, and the whole of the alterations were actually made in successive sittings of what I may call a literary committee. He contested the proposed alterations step by step: in the end, sometimes adopting, more frequently modifying, never originating, and always insisting that his poem was spoiled.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

[Reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*, for March, 1860.]

FROM ITALY—1818 TO 1822.

SHELLEY wrote to me many letters from Italy—scarcely less than fifty. Of these, thirteen were published by Mrs. Shelley, and I now publish seventeen more. These are all I can find, and are perhaps all that contain anything of general interest.

I have from time to time thought of printing these letters, but I have always hesitated between two opposite disinclinations—on the one hand to omit the passages which show my friend's kind feelings towards me, and on the other, to bring myself personally before the public. But as these passages, especially those relating to *Nightmare Abbey* (in which he took to himself the character of Scythrop), are really illustrative of his affectionate, candid, and ingenuous character, I have finally determined not to suppress them.

We were for some time in the habit of numbering our letters. The two first in the following series were numbered 6 and 7, and the third 16. Of the letters preceding No. 6, Mrs. Shelley published four; and of those between Nos. 7 and 16 she published six, leaving a deficiency of three, of which I can give no account. No. 16 was the last numbered letter, so that I have no clue to my subsequent losses.

In his letter to me from Naples, dated January 26th, 1819, (published by Mrs. Shelley), he said:—"In my accounts of pictures and things, I am more pleased to interest you than the many; and this is fortunate, because in the first place I have no idea of attempting the latter, and if I did attempt it, I should assuredly fail. A perception of the beautiful

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characterizes those who differ from ordinary men, and those who can perceive it would not buy enough to pay the printer. Besides, I keep no journal, and the only records of my voyage will be the letters I send you."

The letter from Naples, dated February 25th, 1819, is the last I can find unpublished; and that from Rome, June 5th, 1819, published by Mrs. Shelley, was probably the last of his beautiful descriptive letters to me.

Of the cessation of his wanderings, and consequently of his descriptions, I have spoken in my last paper. There is something to the point in one of the following letters: "Livorno, June, 1819.—I do not as usual send you an account of my journey, for I had neither the health nor the spirit to take notes."

Bagni di Lucca, July 25th, 1818.

My dear Peacock,—I received on the same day your letters marked 5 and 6, the one directed to Pisa, and the other to Livorno, and I can assure you they are most welcome visitors.

Our life here is as unvaried by any external events as if we were at Marlow, where a sail up the river or a journey to London makes an epoch. Since I last wrote to you, I have ridden over to Lucca, once with C., and once alone; and we have been over to the Cassino, where I cannot say there is anything remarkable, the women being far removed from anything which the most liberal annotator would interpret into beauty or grace, and apparently possessing no intellectual excellences to compensate the deficiency. I assure you it is well that it is so, for the dances, especially the waltz, are so exquisitely beautiful that it would be a little dangerous to the newly unfrozen senses and imaginations of us migrators from the neighbourhood of the pole. As it is—except in the dark—there can be no peril. The atmosphere here, unlike that of the rest of Italy, is diversified with clouds, which grow in the middle of the day, and sometimes bring thunder and lightning, and hail about the size of a pigeon's egg, and decrease towards the evening, leaving only those finely woven webs of vapour which we see in English skies, and flocks of fleecy and slowly moving clouds, which all vanish before sunset; and the nights are for ever serene, and we see a star in the east at sunset—I think it is Jupiter—almost as fine as Venus was last summer; but it wants a certain silver and

aërial radiance, and soft yet piercing splendour, which belongs, I suppose, to the latter planet by virtue of its at once divine and female nature. I have forgotten to ask the ladies if Jupiter produces on them the same effect. I take great delight in watching the changes of the atmosphere. In the evening, Mary and I often take a ride, for horses are cheap in this country. In the middle of the day, I bathe in a pool or fountain, formed in the middle of the forests by a torrent. It is surrounded on all sides by precipitous rocks, and the waterfall of the stream which forms it falls into it on one side with perpetual dashing. Close to it, on the top of the rocks, are alders, and above the great chestnut-trees, whose long and pointed leaves pierce the deep blue sky in strong relief. The water of this pool, which, to venture an unrythmical paraphrase, is "sixteen feet long and ten feet wide," is as transparent as the air, so that the stones and sand at the bottom seem, as it were, trembling in the light of noonday. It is exceedingly cold also. My custom is to undress and sit on the rocks, reading Herodotus, until the perspiration has subsided, and then to leap from the edge of the rock into this fountain —a practice in the hot weather excessively refreshing. This torrent is composed, as it were, of a succession of pools and waterfalls, up which I sometimes amuse myself by climbing when I bathe, and receiving the spray over all my body, whilst I clamber up the moist crags with difficulty.

I have lately found myself totally incapable of original composition. I employed my mornings, therefore, in translating the *Symposium*, which I accomplished in ten days. Mary is now transcribing it, and I am writing a prefatory essay. I have been reading scarcely anything but Greek, and a little Italian poetry with Mary. We have finished *Ariosto* together —a thing I could not have done again alone.

Frankenstein seems to have been well received; for although the unfriendly criticism of the *Quarterly* is an evil for it, yet it proves that it is read in some considerable degree, and it would be difficult for them, with any appearance of fairness, to deny it merit altogether. Their notice of me, and their exposure of their true motives for not noticing my book, shows how well understood an hostility must subsist between me and them.

The news of the result of the elections, especially that of the metropolis, is highly inspiriting. I received a letter, of

two days' later date, with yours, which announced the unfortunate termination of that of Westmoreland. I wish you had sent me some of the overflowing villany of those apostates. What a pitiful wretch that Wordsworth! That such a man should be such a poet! I can compare him with no one but Simonides, that flatterer of the Sicilian tyrants, and at the same time the most natural and tender of lyric poets.

What pleasure would it have given me if the wings of imagination could have divided the space which divides us, and I could have been of your party. I have seen nothing so beautiful as Virginia Water in its kind. And my thoughts for ever cling to Windsor Forest, and the copses of Marlow, like the clouds which hang upon the woods of the mountains, low trailing, and though they pass away, leave their best dew when they themselves have faded. You tell me that you have finished *Nightmare Abbey*. I hope that you have given the enemy no quarter. Remember, it is a sacred war. We have found an excellent quotation in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*. I will transcribe it, as I do not think you have these plays at Marlow.

"*Matthew*. Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir. Your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself divers times, sir; and then do I no more but take pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

"*Ed. Knowell*. Sure he utters them by the gross.

"*Stephen*. Truly, sir; and I love such things out of measure.

"*Ed. Knowell*. I' faith, better than in measure, I'll undertake.

"*Matthew*. Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study; it's at your service.

"*Stephen*. I thank you, sir; I shall be bold, I warrant you. *Have you a stool there to be melancholy upon?*"—*Every Man in his Humour*, Act 3, scene i.

The last expression would not make a bad motto.*

Bagni di Lucca, Aug. 16th, 1818.

My dear Peacock,—No new event has been added to my life since I wrote last: at least none which might not

* I adopted this passage as a second motto, omitting E. Knowell's interlocutions.

have taken place as well on the banks of the Thames as on those of the Serchio. I project soon a short excursion, of a week or so, to some of the neighbouring cities; and on the 10th of September we leave this place for Florence, when I shall at least be able to tell you of some things which you cannot see from your windows.

I have finished, by taking advantage of a few days of inspiration—which the *Camœnæ* have been lately very backward in conceding—the little poem I began sending to the press in London. Ollier will send you the proofs. Its structure is light and aëry; its subject ideal. The metre corresponds with the spirit of the poem, and varies with the flow of the feeling. I have translated, and Mary has transcribed, the *Symposium*, as well as my poem; and I am proceeding to employ myself on a discourse, upon the subject of which the *Symposium* treats, considering the subject with reference to the difference of sentiments repecting it, existing between the Greeks and modern nations: a subject to be handled with that delicate caution which either I cannot or I will not practise in other matters, but which here I acknowledge to be necessary. Not that I have any serious thought of publishing either this discourse or the *Symposium*, at least till I return to England, when we may discuss the propriety of it.

Nightmare Abbey finished. Well, what is in it? What is it? You are as secret as if the priest of Ceres had dictated its sacred pages. However, I suppose I shall see in time, when my second parcel arrives. My first is yet absent. By what conveyance did you send it?

Pray, are you yet cured of your Nympholepsy? 'Tis a sweet disease: but one as obstinate and dangerous as any—even when the Nymph is a Poliad.* Whether such be the case or not, I hope your nympholeptic tale is not abandoned.† The subject, if treated with a due spice of Bacchic fury, and interwoven with the manners and feelings of those divine people, who, in their very errors, are the mirrors, as it were, in which all that is delicate and graceful contemplates itself, is perhaps equal to any. What a wonderful passage there is

* I suppose I understood this at the time; but I have now not the most distant recollection of what it alludes to.

† I abandoned this design on seeing the announcement of Horace Smith's *Amarynthus the Nympholept.*

A few facts in the order of time will show, I will not say the extreme improbability, but the absolute impossibility, of Shelley's family being in possession of any such documents as are here alleged to exist.

In August, 1811, Shelley married Harriet Westbrook in Scotland.

On the 24th of March, 1814, he married her a second time in the Church of England, according to the marriage certificate printed in my article of January, 1860. This second marriage could scarcely have formed an incident in a series of "long-continued unhappiness."

In the beginning of April, 1814, Shelley and Harriet were together on a visit to Mrs. B., at Bracknell. This lady and her family were of the few who constituted Shelley's most intimate friends. On the 18th of April, she wrote to Mr. Hogg:—"Shelley is again a widower. His beauteous half went to town on Thursday with Miss Westbrook, who is gone to live, I believe, at Southampton."*

Up to this time, therefore, at least, Shelley and Harriet were together; and Mrs. B.'s letter shows that she had no idea of estrangement between them, still less of permanent separation.

I said in my article of January, 1860: "There was no estrangement, no shadow of a thought of separation, till Shelley became acquainted, not long after the second marriage, with the lady who was subsequently his second wife."

When Shelley first saw this lady, she had just returned from a visit to some friends in Scotland; and when Mr. Hogg first saw her, she wore "a frock of tartan, an unusual dress in London at that time."* She could not have been long returned.

Mr. Hogg saw Mary Godwin for the first time on the first day of Lord Cochrane's trial. This was the 8th of June, 1814. He went with Shelley to Mr. Godwin's. "We entered a room on the first floor. . . . William Godwin was not at home. . . . The door was partially and softly opened. A thrilling voice called 'Shelley!' A thrilling voice answered 'Mary!' And he darted out of the room like an arrow from the bow of the far-shooting king."†

* Hogg's *Life of Shelley*, vol. ii. p. 533.
† Ibid. vol. ii. pp. 537-8.

Shelley's acquaintance with Miss Godwin must, therefore, have begun between the 18th of April and the 8th of June; much nearer, I apprehend, to the latter than the former, but I cannot verify the precise date.

On the 7th of July, 1814, Harriet wrote to a mutual friend, still living, a letter in which "she expressed a confident belief that he must know where Shelley was, and entreating his assistance to induce him to return home." She was not even then aware that Shelley had finally left her.

On the 28th of the same month, Shelley and Miss Godwin left England for Switzerland.

The interval between the Scotch and English marriages was two years and seven months. The interval between the second marriage and the departure for Switzerland, was four months and four days. In the estimate of probabilities, the space for voluntary separation is reduced by Mrs. B.'s letter of April 18, to three months and thirteen days; and by Harriet's letter of July 7, to twenty-one days. If, therefore, Shelley's family have any document which demonstrates Harriet's consent to the separation, it must prove the consent to have been given on one of these twenty-one days. I know, by my subsequent conversation with Harriet, of which the substance was given in my article of January, 1860, that she was not a consenting party; but as I have only my own evidence to that conversation, Mr. Garnett may choose not to believe me. Still, on other evidence than mine, there remain no more than three weeks within which, if at all, the "amicable agreement" must have been concluded.

But again, if Shelley's family had any conclusive evidence on the subject, they must have had some clear idea of the date of the separation, and of the circumstances preceding it. That they had not, is manifest from Lady Shelley's statement, that "towards the close of 1813, estrangements, which for some time had been slowly growing between Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, came to a crisis: separation ensued, and she returned to her father's house.'* Lady Shelley could not have written thus if she had known the date of the second marriage, or had even adverted to the letter of the 18th of April, 1814, which had been published by Mr. Hogg long before the production of her own volume.

* *Shelley Memorials*, pp. 64-65.

and dismal manner, as if perfectly resigned to their condition —a cur-like emblem of voluntary servitude. The effect of the vapour, which extinguishes a torch, is to cause suffocation at last, through a process which makes the lungs feel as if they were torn by sharp points within. So a surgeon told us, who tried the experiment on himself.

There was a Greek city, sixty miles to the south of Naples, called Posidonia, now Pesto, where there still subsist three temples of Etruscan* architecture, still perfect. From this city we have just returned. The weather was most unfavourable for our expedition. After two months of cloudless serenity, it began raining cats and dogs. The first night we slept at Salerno, a large city situate in the recess of a deep bay; surrounded with stupendous mountains of the same name. A few miles from Torre del Greco we entered on the pass of the mountains, which is a line dividing the isthmus of those enormous piles of rock which compose the southern boundary of the Bay of Naples, and the northern one of that of Salerno. On one side is a lofty conical hill, crowned with the turrets of a ruined castle, and cut into platforms for cultivation; at least every ravine and glen, whose precipitous sides admitted of other vegetation but that of the rock-rooted ilex; on the other the aethereal snow crags of an immense mountain, whose terrible lineaments were at intervals concealed or disclosed by volumes of dense clouds rolling under the tempest. Half a mile from this spot, between orange and lemon groves of a lovely village, suspended as it were on an amphitheatral precipice, whose golden globes contrasted with the white walls and dark green leaves which they almost outnumbered, shone the sea. A burst of the declining sunlight illumined it. The road led along the brink of the precipice, towards Salerno. Nothing could be more glorious than the scene. The immense mountains covered with the rare and divine vegetation of this climate, with many-folding vales, and deep dark recesses, which the fancy scarcely could penetrate, descended from their snowy summits precipitously to the sea. Before us was Salerno, built into a declining plain, between the mountains and the sea. Beyond, the other shore of sky-cleaving mountains, then dim with the mist of tempest. Underneath, from the base of the precipice where the

* The architecture is Doric.

road conducted, rocky promontories jutted into the sea, covered with olive and ilex woods, or with the ruined battlements of some Norman or Saracen fortress. We slept at Salerno, and the next morning, before daybreak, proceeded to Posidonia. The night had been tempestuous, and our way lay by the sea sand. It was utterly dark, except when the long line of wave burst, with a sound like thunder, beneath the starless sky, and cast up a kind of mist of cold white lustre. When morning came, we found ourselves travelling in a wide desert plain, perpetually interrupted by wild irregular glens, and bounded on all sides by the Apennines and the sea. Sometimes it was covered with forest, sometimes dotted with underwood, or mere tufts of fern and furze, and the wintry dry tendrils of creeping plants. I have never, but in the Alps, seen an amphitheatre of mountains so magnificent. After travelling fifteen miles, we came to a river, the bridge of which had been broken, and which was so swollen that the ferry would not take the carriage across. We had, therefore, to walk seven miles of a muddy road, which led to the ancient city across the desolate Maremma. The air was scented with the sweet smell of violets of an extraordinary size and beauty. At length we saw the sublime and massy colonnades, skirting the horizon of the wilderness. We entered by the ancient gate, which is now no more than a chasm in the rock-like wall. Deeply sunk in the ground beside it were the ruins of a sepulchre, which the ancients were in the custom of building beside the public way. The first temple, which is the smallest, consists of an outer range of columns, quite perfect, and supporting a perfect architrave and two shattered frontispieces.* The proportions are extremely massy, and the architecture entirely unornamented and simple. These columns do not seem more than forty feet high,† but the perfect proportions diminish the apprehension of their magnitude; it seems as if inequality and irregularity of form were requisite to force on us the

* The three temples are amphiprostyle; that is, they have two prospects or fronts, each of six columns in the two first, and of nine in the Basilica. See Major's "Ruins of Paestum." 1768.

† The height of the columns is respectively 18 feet 6 inches, and 28 feet 5 inches and 6½ lines, in the two first temples; and 21 feet 6 inches in the Basilica. This shows the justice of the remarks on the difference of real and apparent magnitude.

relative idea of greatness. The scene from between the columns of the temple, consists on one side of the sea, to which the gentle hill on which it is built slopes, and on the other, of the grand amphitheatre of the loftiest Apennines, dark purple mountains, crowned with snow, and intercepted there by long bars of iron and leaden-coloured cloud. The effect of the jagged outline of mountains, through groups of enormous columns on one side, and on the other the level horizon of the sea, is inexpressibly grand. The second temple is much larger, and also more perfect. Beside the outer range of columns, it contains an interior range of column above column, and the ruins of a wall which was the screen of the penetralia. With little diversity of ornament, the order of architecture is similar to that of the first temple. The columns in all are fluted, and built of a porous volcanic stone, which time has dyed with a rich and yellow colour. The columns are one-third larger, and like that of the first, diminish from the base to the capital, so that, but for the chastening effect of their admirable proportions, their magnitude would, from the delusion of perspective, seem greater, not less, than it is; though perhaps we ought to say, not that this symmetry diminishes your apprehension of their magnitude, but that it overpowers the idea of relative greatness, by establishing within itself a system of relations destructive of your idea of its relation with other objects, on which our ideas of size depend. The third temple is what they call a Basilica; three columns alone remain of the interior range; the exterior is perfect, but that the cornice and frieze in many places have fallen. This temple covers more ground than either of the others, but its columns are of an intermediate magnitude between those of the second and the first.

We only contemplated these sublime monuments for two hours, and of course could only bring away so imperfect a conception of them as is the shadow of some half-remembered dream.

The royal collection of paintings in this city is sufficiently miserable. Perhaps the most remarkable is the original studio by Michael Angelo, of the "Day of Judgment," which is painted in fresco on the Sixtine chapel of the Vatican. It is there so defaced as to be wholly indistinguishable. I cannot but think the genius of this artist highly overrated. He has not only no temperance, no modesty, no feeling for the just

boundaries of art (and in these respects an admirable genius may err), but he has no sense of beauty, and to want this is to want the sense of the creative power of mind. What is terror without a contrast with, and a connection with, loveliness? How well Dante understood this secret—Dante, with whom this artist has been so presumptuously compared! What a thing his "Moses" is; how distorted from all that is natural and majestic. . . . In the picture to which I allude, God is leaning out of heaven. The Holy Ghost, in the shape of a dove, is under Him. Under the Holy Ghost stands Jesus Christ, in an attitude of haranguing the assembly. This figure, which his subject, or rather the view which it became him to take of it, ought to have modelled of a calm, severe, awe-inspiring majesty, is in the attitude of commonplace resentment. On one side of this figure are the elect; on the other, the host of heaven; they ought to have been what the Christians call *glorified bodies*, floating onward, and radiant with that everlasting light (I speak in the spirit of their faith), which had consumed their mortal veil. They are in fact very ordinary people. Below is the ideal purgatory, I imagine, in mid-air, in the shapes of spirits, some of whom demons are dragging down, others falling as it were by their own weight, others half suspended in that Mahomet-coffin-kind of attitude which most moderate Christians, I believe, expect to assume. Every step towards hell approximates to the region of the artist's exclusive power. There is great imagination in many of the situations of these unfortunate spirits. But hell and death are his real sphere. The bottom of the picture is divided by a lofty rock, in which there is a cavern whose entrance is thronged by devils, some coming in with spirits, some going out for prey. The blood-red light of the fiery abyss glows through their dark forms. On one side are the devils in all hideous forms, struggling with the damned, who have received their sentence, and are chained in all forms of agony by knotted serpents, and writhing on the crags in every variety of torture. On the other, are the dead coming out of their graves—horrible forms. Such is the famous "Day of Judgment' of Michael Angelo; a kind of *Titus Andronicus* in painting, but the author surely no Shakspeare. The other paintings are one or two of Raphael or his pupils, very sweet and lovely. A "Danaë," of Titian, a picture, the softest and most voluptuous form,

with languid and uplifted eyes, and warm yet passive limbs. A "Maddelena," by Guido, with dark brown hair, and dark brown eyes, and an earnest, soft, melancholy look. And some excellent pictures, in point of execution, by Annibal Caracci. None others worth a second look. Of the gallery of statues I cannot speak. They require a volume, not a letter. Still less what can I do at Rome?

I have just seen the *Quarterly* for September, not from my own box. I suppose there is no chance now of the organization of a review. This is a great pity. The *Quarterly* is undoubtedly conducted with talent, great talent, and affords a dreadful preponderance against the cause of improvement. If a band of staunch reformers, resolute and skilful, were united in so close and constant a league* as that in which interest and fanaticism have bound the members of that literary coalition!

Adieu. Address your next letter to Rome, whence you shall hear from me soon again. M. and C. unite with me in the very kindest remembrances.—Most faithfully yours,

P. B. S.

A doctor here has been messing me, and I believe has done me an important benefit. One of his pretty schemes has been putting caustic on my side. You may guess how much quiet I have had since it was laid on.

Rome, June 8th, 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Yesterday, after an illness of only a few days, my little William died. There was no hope from the moment of the attack. You will be kind enough to tell all my friends, so that I need not write to them. It is a great exertion to me to write this, and it seems to me as if, hunted by calamity as I have been, that I should never recover any cheerfulness again.

If the things Mary desired to be sent to Naples have not been shipped, send them to Livorno.

We leave this city for Livorno to-morrow morning, where we have written to take lodgings for a month. I will then write again.—Yours ever affectionately,

P. B. SHELLEY.

* This was the idea which was subsequently intended to be carried out in the *Liberal*.

Livorno, June ——*, 1819.

MY DEAR PEACOCK,—Our melancholy journey finishes at this town, but we retrace our steps to Florence, where, as I imagine, we shall remain some months. O that I could return to England! How heavy a weight when misfortune is added to exile, and solitude, as if the measure were not full, heaped high on both. O that I could return to England! I hear you say, "Desire never fails to generate capacity." Ah, but that ever-present Malthus, Necessity, has convinced Desire that even though it generated capacity, its offspring must starve. Enough of melancholy! *Nightmare Abbey*, though no cure, is a palliative. I have just received the parcel which contained it, and at the same time the *Examiners*, by the way of Malta. I am delighted with *Nightmare Abbey*. I think Scythrop a character admirably conceived and executed; and I know not how to praise sufficiently the lightness, chastity, and strength of the language of the whole. It perhaps exceeds all your works in this. The catastrophe is excellent. I suppose the moral is contained in what Falstaff says—"For God's sake, talk like a man of this world;" and yet, looking deeper into it, is not the misdirected enthusiasm of Scythrop what J. C. calls the "salt of the earth?" My friends the Gisbornes here admire and delight in it exceedingly. I think I told you that they (especially the lady) are people of high cultivation. She is a woman of profound accomplishments and the most refined taste.†

Cobbett still more and more delights me, with all my horror of the sanguinary commonplaces of his creed. His design to overthrow bank notes by forgery is very comic. One of the volumes of Birkbeck interested me exceedingly. The letters I think stupid, but suppose that they are useful.

I do not, as usual, give you an account of my journey, for I had neither the health nor the spirit to take notes. My health was greatly improving, when watching and anxiety cast me into a relapse. The doctors (I put little faith in the

* 20th or 21st; the London postmark being July 6th.

† The first mention of this lady to me is in a letter dated Livorno, June 5th, 1818, published by Mrs. Shelley.

"We have made some acquaintance with a very amiable and accomplished lady, Mrs. Gisborne, who is the sole attraction in this most unattractive of cities. We had no idea of spending a month here, but she has made it even agreeable."

best) tell me I must spend the winter in Africa or Spain. I shall of course prefer the latter, if I choose either.

Are you married, or why do I not hear from you? *That* were a good reason.

M. and C. unite with me in kindest remembrances to you, and in congratulations, if she exist, to the new married lady.

When shall I see you again?—Ever yours, most faithfully,

P. B. S.

Pray do not forget Mary's things.

I have not heard from you since the middle of April.

Livorno, July 6th, 1819.

My dear Peacock,—I have lost some letters, and, in all probability, at least one from you, as I can account in no other manner for not having heard from you since March 26th. We have changed our design of going to Florence immediately, and are now established for three months in a little country house in a pretty verdant scene near Livorno.

I have a study here in a tower, something like Scythrop's, where I am just beginning to recover the faculties of reading and writing. My health, whenever no Libecchio blows, improves. From my tower I see the sea, with its islands, Gorgona, Capraja, Elba, and Corsica, on one side, and the Apennines on the other. Milly surprised us the other day by first discovering a comet, on which we have been speculating. She may "make a stir, like a great astronomer."*

* Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star:
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that make a mighty rout:
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little flower! I'll make a stir,
Like a great astronomer.

Wordsworth: *To the Little Celandine.*

This little flower has a very starry aspect. It is not properly a *Chelidonium*, and will not be found with that name in modern botanical works.

The *Chelidonium majus*—Celandine: Swallowwort—blossoms from April to October. It is supposed to begin and end blooming with the arrival and departure of the swallow. It belongs to the class Polyandria monogynia, and to the natural order of Papaveraceæ.

The direct purpose of this letter, however, is to ask you about the box which I requested you to send to me to Naples. If it has been sent, let me entreat you (for really it is of the most serious consequence to us) to write to me by return of post, stating the name of the ship, the bill of lading, &c., so that I may get it without difficulty. If it has not been sent, do me the favour to send it instantly, direct to Livorno. If you have not the time, you can ask Hogg. If you cannot get the things from Mrs. Hunt (a possible case), send those you were to buy, and the things from Furnival,* alone. You can add what books you think fit. The last parcel I have received from you is that of last September.

All good wishes, and many hopes that you have already that success on which there will be no congratulations more cordial than those you will receive from me.—Ever most sincerely yours,

P. B. SHELLEY.

I shall receive your letter, if written by return of post, in thirty days: a distance less formidable than Rome or Naples.

Livorno, August (probably 22nd), 1819.

MY DEAR PEACOCK,—I ought first to say, that I have not yet received one of your letters from Naples; but your present letter tells me all that I could desire to hear.

My employments are these: I awaken usually at seven; read half-an-hour; then get up; breakfast; after breakfast ascend *my tower*, and read or write until two. Then we dine. After dinner I read Dante with Mary, gossip a little, eat grapes and figs, sometimes walk, though seldom, and at half-

Chelidonium minus—Little Celandine—is an obsolete name for the Ficaria ranunculoeides: Pilewort. It blossoms from the end of February to the end of April. It is so far connected with the arrival of the swallow, that it ceases to blossom when the swallow-wort begins. This probably was the reason for its being called celandine, though the plants have nothing in common. But I think, in honour of Wordsworth, its old name should not have been entirely banished from botanical nomenclature. It might have been left, in Homeric phraseology, as the flower which men call Pilewort and Gods call Celandine. Its French name is *La Petite Chélidoine*. It belongs to the class Polyandria, polygynia, and the natural order of Ranunculaceæ.

* A surgeon at Egham, in whom Shelley had great confidence.

past five pay a visit to Mrs. Gisborne, who reads Spanish with me until near seven. We then come for Mary, and stroll about till supper time. Mrs. Gisborne is a sufficiently amiable and very accomplished woman; but she is the antipodes of enthusiasm.

I most devoutly wish I were living near London. I do not think I shall settle so far off as Richmond; and to inhabit any intermediate spot on the Thames would be to expose myself to the river damps; not to mention that it is not much to my taste. My inclinations point to Hampstead; but I do not know whether I should not make up my mind to something more completely suburban. What are mountains, trees, heaths, or even the glorious and ever-beautiful sky, with such sunsets as I have seen at Hampstead, to friends? Social enjoyment, in some form or other, is the alpha and the omega of existence. All that I see in Italy—and from my tower window I now see the magnificent peaks of the Apennine half enclosing the plain—is nothing; it dwindles into smoke in the mind, when I think of some familiar forms of scenery little perhaps in themselves, over which old remembrances have thrown a delightful colour. How we prize what we despised when present! The ghosts of our dead associations rise and haunt us, in revenge for our having let them starve, and abandoned them to perish.

You don't tell me if you see the B——'s; nor are they included in the list of the *conviti* at the monthly symposium. I will attend it in imagination.

One thing, I own, I am curious about; and in the chance of the letters not coming from Naples, pray tell me. What is it you do at the India House? Hunt writes, and says you have got a *situation* in the India House: Hogg that you have an *honourable employment:* Godwin writes to Mary that you have got *so much or so much:* but nothing of what you do. The devil take these general terms. Not content with having driven all poetry out of the world, at length they make war on their own allies; nay, on their very parents, dry facts. If it had not been the age of generalities, any one of these people would have told me what you did.*

* I did my best to satisfy his curiosity on this subject; but it was in letters to Naples, which he had left before they arrived, and he never received them. I observed that this was the case with the greater portion of the letters which arrived at any town in Italy after he had left it.

I have been much better these last three weeks. My work on the Cenci, which was done in two months, was a fine antidote to nervous medicines, and kept up, I think, the pain in my side, as sticks do a fire. Since then, I have materially improved. I do not walk enough. C., who is sometimes my companion, does not dress in exactly the right time. I have no stimulus to walk. Now, I go sometimes to Livorno on business; and that does me good.

England seems to be in a very disturbed state, if we may judge from some Paris papers. I suspect it is rather exaggerated. But the change should commence among the higher orders, or anarchy will only be the last flash before despotism.

I have been reading Calderon in Spanish. A kind of Shakspeare is this Calderon; and I have some thoughts, if I find that I cannot do anything better, of translating some of his plays.

The *Examiners* I receive. Hunt, as a political writer, pleases me more and more. Adieu. M. and C. send their best remembrances.

Your most faithful friend,

P. B. SHELLEY.

Pray send me some books.

Livorno, September 9th, 1819.

MY DEAR PEACOCK,—I send you the tragedy.* You will see that the subject has not been treated as you suggested, and why it was not susceptible of such treatment. In fact, it was then already printing when I received your letter, and it has been treated in such a manner that I do not see how the subject forms an objection. You know *Œdipus* is performed on the fastidious French stage,† a play much more broad than this. I confess I have some hopes, and some friends here persuade me that they are not unfounded.

Many thanks for your attention in sending the papers

* The *Cenci*.

† The *Œdipus* of Dryden and Lee was often performed in the last century; but never in my time. There is no subject of this class treated with such infinite skill and delicacy as in Alfieri's beautiful tragedy, *Mirra*. It was the character in which Madame Ristori achieved her great success in Paris; but she was prohibited from performing it in London. If the Covent Garden managers had accepted the *Cenci*, I doubt if the licenser would have permitted the performance.

which contain the terrible and important news of Manchester. These are, as it were, the distant thunders of the terrible storm which is approaching. The tyrants here, as in the French Revolution, have first shed blood. May their execrable lessons not be learnt with equal facility! Pray let me have the earliest political news which you consider of importance at this crisis.—Yours ever most faithfully,

P. B. S.

Leghorn, September 21st, 1819.

My dear Peacock,—You will have received a short letter sent with the tragedy, and the tragedy itself by this time. I am, you may believe, anxious to hear what you think of it, and how the manager talks about it. I have printed in Italy 250 copies, because it costs, with all duties and freightage, about half what it would cost in London, and these copies will be sent by sea. My other reason was a belief that the seeing it in print would enable the people at the theatre to judge more easily. Since I last wrote to you, Mr. Gisborne is gone to England for the purpose of obtaining a situation for Henry Revely.* I have given him a letter to you, and you would oblige me by showing him what civilities you can, and by forwarding his views, either by advice or recommendation, as you may find opportunity. Henry is a most amiable person, and has great talents as a mechanic and engineer. Mr. Gisborne is a man who knows I cannot tell how many languages, and has read almost all the books you can think of; but all that they contain seems to be to his mind what water is to a sieve. His liberal opinions are all the reflections of Mrs. G.'s, a very amiable, accomplished, and completely unprejudiced woman.

Charles Clairmont is now with us on his way to Vienna. He has spent a year or more in Spain, where he has learnt Spanish, and I make him read Spanish all day long. It is a most powerful and expressive language, and I have already learnt sufficient to read with great ease their poet Calderon. I have read about twelve of his plays. Some of them certainly deserve to be ranked amongst the grandest and most perfect productions of the human mind. He excels all modern dramatists, with the exception of Shakspeare, whom he re-

* A son of Mrs. Gisborne by a former marriage.

sembles, however, in the depth of thought and subtlety of imagination of his writings, and in the rare power of interweaving delicate and powerful comic traits with the most tragical situations, without diminishing their interest. I rate him far above Beaumont and Fletcher.

I have received all the papers you sent me, and the *Examiners* regularly, perfumed with muriatic acid. What an infernal business this of Manchester! What is to be done?

I have sent you my *Prometheus*, which I do not wish to be sent to Ollier for publication until I write to that effect. Mr. Gisborne will bring it, as also some volumes of Spenser, and the two last of Herodotus and *Paradise Lost*, which may be put up with the others.

If my play should be accepted, don't you think it would excite some interest, and take off the unexpected horror of the story, by showing that the events are real, if it could be made to appear in some paper in some form?

You will hear from me again shortly, as I send you by sea the *Cenci's* printed, which you will be good enough to keep. Adieu.

Yours most faithfully,
P. B. SHELLEY.

A letter from Pisa, dated in March, 1820, is very short, and contains only an unimportant commission, and the extract given in the article in this magazine for January.

Pisa, May, 1820.

MY DEAR PEACOCK,—I congratulate you most sincerely on your choice and on your marriage. . . . . I was very much amused by your laconic account of the affair. It is altogether extremely like the *dénouement* of one of your own novels, and as such serves to a theory I once imagined, that in everything any man ever wrote, spoke, acted, or imagined, is contained, as it were, an allegorical idea of his own future life, as the acorn contains the oak.

But not to ascend in my balloon. I have written to Hogg to ask him to pay me a visit, and though I had no hope of success, I commissioned him to endeavour to bring *you*. This becomes still more improbable from your news; but I need not say that your amiable mountaineer would make you still more welcome. My friends, the Gisbornes, are now really on

their way to London, where they propose to stay only six weeks. I think you will like Mrs. Gisborne. Henry is an excellent fellow, but not very communicative. If you find anything in the shape of dulness or otherwise to endure in Mr. Gisborne, endure it for the lady's sake and mine; but for Heaven's sake! do not let him know that I think him stupid. Indeed, perhaps I do him an injustice.* Hogg will find it very agreeable (if he postpones his visit so long, or if he visits me at all) to join them on their return. I wish you, and Hogg, and Hunt, and—I know not who besides—would come and spend some months with me together in this wonderful land.

We know little of England here. I take in Galignani's paper, which is filled with extracts from the *Courier*, and from those accounts it appears probable that there is but little unanimity in the mass of the people; with on the one side the success of ministers, and on the other the exasperation of the poor.

I see my tragedy has been republished in Paris; if that is the case, it ought to sell in London; but I hear nothing from Ollier.

I have suffered extremely this winter; but I feel myself most materially better at the return of spring. I am on the whole greatly benefited by my residence in Italy, and but for certain moral causes should probably have been enabled to re-establish my system completely. Believe me, my dear Peacock, yours very sincerely,

P. B. S.

Pray make my best regards acceptable to your new companion.

Leghorn, July 12th, 1820.

My dear Peacock,—I remember you said that when —— married you were afraid you would see or hear but little of him. "There are two voices," says Wordsworth, "one of the mountains and one of the sea, each a mighty voice." So you have two wives—one of the mountains, all of whose claims I perfectly admit, whose displeasure I deprecate, and

* I think he did. I found Mr. Gisborne an agreeable and well-informed man. He and his amiable and accomplished wife have long been dead. I should not have printed what Shelley says of him if any person were living whom the remembrance could annoy.

from whom I feel assured that I have nothing to fear: the other of the sea, perhaps, makes you write so much, that you have not a scrawl to spare. I make bold to write to you on the news that you are correcting my *Prometheus*, for which I return thanks. I hear of you from Mr. Gisborne, but from you I do not hear.

Nothing, I think, shows the generous gullibility of the English nation more than their having adopted her Sacred Majesty as the heroine of the day, in spite of all their prejudices and bigotry. I, for my part, of course, wish no harm to happen to her, even if she has, as I firmly believe, amused herself in a manner rather indecorous with any courier or baron. But I cannot help adverting to it as one of the absurdities of royalty, that a vulgar woman, with all those low tastes which prejudice considers as vices, and a person whose habits and manners every one would shun in private life, without any redeeming virtues, should be turned into a heroine because she is a queen, or, as a collateral reason, because her husband is a king; and he, no less than his ministers, are so odious that everything, however disgusting, which is opposed to them, is admirable. The Paris paper, which I take in, copied some excellent remarks from the *Examiner* about it.

We are just now occupying the Gisbornes' house at Leghorn, and I have turned Mr. Revely's workshop into my study. The Libecchio here howls like a chorus of fiends all day, and the weather is just pleasant,—not at all hot, the days being very misty, and the nights divinely serene. I have been reading with much pleasure the Greek romances. The best of them is the pastoral of Longus: but they are all very entertaining, and would be delightful if they were less rhetorical and ornate. I am translating in *ottava rima* the *Hymn to Mercury*, of Homer. Of course, my stanza precludes a literal translation. My next effort will be, that it should be legible—a quality much to be desired in translations.

I am told that the magazines, &c., blaspheme me at a great rate. I wonder why I write verses, for nobody reads them. It is a kind of disorder, for which the regular practitioners prescribe what is called a torrent of abuse; but I fear that can hardly be considered as a specific.

I enclose two additional poems, to be added to those printed at the end of *Prometheus:* and I send them to you,

for fear Ollier might not know what to do in case he objected to some expressions in the fifteenth and sixteenth stanzas;* and that you would do me the favour to insert an asterisk, or asterisks, with as little expense to the sense as may be. The other poem I send to you, not to make two letters. I want Jones's *Greek Grammar* very much for Mary, who is deep in Greek. I thought of sending for it in sheets by the post; but as I find it would cost as much as a parcel, I would rather have a parcel, including it and some other books, which you would do me a great favour by sending by the first ship. Never send us more reviews than two back on any of Lord Byron's works, as we get them here.—Believe me, my dear Peacock,

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

P. B. S.

Jones's *Greek Grammar;* Schrevelii *Lexicon;* the *Greek Exercises; Melincourt,* and *Headlong Hall;* papers, *Indicators,* and whatever else you may think interesting. Godwin's *Answer to Malthus,* if out.

Pisa, November (probably 15th), 1820.

My dear Peacock,—I delayed to answer your last letter, because I was waiting for something to say: at least, something that should be likely to be interesting to you. The box containing my books, and consequently your essay against the cultivation of poetry, has not arrived; my wonder, meanwhile, in what manner you support such a heresy in this matter-of-fact and money-loving age, holds me in suspense. Thank you for your kindness in correcting *Prometheus,* which I am afraid gave you a great deal of trouble. Among the modern things which have reached me is a volume of poems by Keats: in other respects insignificant enough, but containing the fragment of a poem called *Hyperion.* I dare say you have not time to read it; but it is certainly an astonishing piece of writing, and gives me a conception of Keats which I confess I had not before.

I hear from Mr. Gisborne that you are surrounded with papers—a chaos of which you are the god; a sepulchre which

* These were the fifteenth and sixteenth stanzas of the *Ode to Liberty.*

encloses in a dormant state the Chrysalis of the Pavonian Psyche. May you start into life some day, and give us another *Melincourt*. Your *Melincourt* is exceedingly admired, and I think much more so than any of your other writings. In this respect the world judges rightly. There is more of the true spirit, and an object less indefinite, than in either *Headlong Hall* or *Scythrop*.

I am, speaking literally, infirm of purpose. I have great designs, and feeble hopes of accomplishing them. I read books, and, though I am ignorant enough, they seem to teach me nothing. To be sure, the reception the public have given me might go far enough to damp any man's enthusiasm. They teach you, it may be said, only what is true. Very true, I doubt not, and the more true the less agreeable. I can compare my experience in this respect to nothing but a series of wet blankets. I have been reading nothing but Greek and Spanish. Plato and Calderon have been my gods. A schoolfellow of mine from India is staying with me, and we are beginning Arabic together. Mary is writing a novel, illustrative of the manners of the Middle Ages in Italy, which she has raked out of fifty old books. I promise myself success from it; and certainly, if what is wholly original will succeed, I shall not be disappointed.

Adieu. *In publica commoda peccem, si longo sermone.*

Ever faithfully yours,

P. B. SHELLEY.

Pisa, February 15th, 1821.

MY DEAR PEACOCK,—The last letter I received from you, nearly four months from the date thereof, reached me by the boxes which the Gisbornes sent by sea. I am happy to learn that you continue in good external and internal preservation. I received at the same time your printed denunciations against general, and your written ones against particular, poetry; and I agree with you as decidedly in the latter as I differ in the former. The man whose critical gall is not stirred up by such rhymes as ——'s, may safely be conjectured to possess no gall at all. The world is pale with the sickness of such stuff. At the same time, your anathemas against poetry itself excited me to a sacred rage, or *cacoëthes scribendi* of vindicating the insulted Muses. I had the greatest pos-

sible desire to break a lance with you, within the lists of a magazine, in honour of my mistress Urania; but God willed that I should be too lazy, and wrested the victory from your hope: since first having unhorsed poetry, and the universal sense of the wisest in all ages, an easy conquest would have remained to you in me, the knight of the shield of shadow and the lance of gossamere. Besides, I was at that moment reading Plato's *Ion*, which I recommend you to reconsider. Perhaps in the comparison of Platonic and Malthusian doctrines, the *mavis errare* of Cicero is a justifiable argument; but I have a whole quiver of arguments on such a subject.

Have you seen Godwin's answer to the apostle of the rich? And what do you think of it? It has not yet reached me, nor has your box, of which I am in daily expectation.

We are now in the crisis and point of expectation in Italy. The Neapolitan and Austrian armies are rapidly approaching each other, and every day the news of a battle may be expected. The former have advanced into the ecclesiastical States, and taken hostages from Rome to assure themselves of the neutrality of that power, and appear determined to try their strength in open battle. I need not tell you how little chance there is that the new and undisciplined levies of Naples should stand against a superior force of veteran troops. But the birth of liberty in nations abounds in reversals of the ordinary laws of calculation: the defeat of the Austrians would be the signal of insurrection throughout all Italy.

I am devising literary plans of some magnitude. But nothing is more difficult and unwelcome than to write without a confidence of finding readers; and if my play of the "Cenci" found none or few, I despair of ever producing anything that shall merit them.

Among your anathemas of the modern attempts in poetry, do you include Keats's "Hyperion?" I think it very fine. His other poems are worth little; but if the "Hyperion" be not grand poetry, none has been produced by our contemporaries.

I suppose *you* are writing nothing but Indian laws, etc. I have but a faint idea of your occupation; but I suppose it has something to do with pen and ink.

Mary desires to be kindly remembered to you; and I remain, my dear Peacock, yours very faithfully,

P. B. SHELLEY.

Pisa, March 21st, 1821.

MY DEAR PEACOCK,—I dispatch by this post the first part of an essay intended to consist of three parts, which I design as an antidote to your "Four Ages of Poetry."* You will see that I have taken a more general view of what is poetry than you have, and will perhaps agree with several of my positions, without considering your own touched. But read and judge; and do not let us imitate the great founders of the picturesque, Price and Payne Knight, who, like two ill-trained beagles, began snarling at each other when they could not catch the hare.

I hear the welcome news of a box from England announced by Mr. Gisborne. How much new poetry does it contain? The Bavii and Mævii of the day are very fertile; and I wish those who honour me with boxes would read and inwardly digest your "Four Ages of Poetry;" for I had much rather, for my own private reading, receive political, geological, and moral treatises than this stuff in *terza, ottava,* and *tremillesima rima,* whose earthly baseness has attracted the lightning of your undiscriminating censure upon the temple of immortal song. These verses enrage me far more than those of Codrus did Juvenal, and with better reason. Juvenal need not have been stunned unless he had liked it; but my boxes are packed with this trash, to the exclusion of better matter. But your box will make amends.

We are surrounded here in Pisa by revolutionary volcanoes, which, as yet, give more light than heat: the lava has not yet reached Tuscany. But the news in the papers will tell you far more than it is prudent for me to say; and for this

* The "Four Ages of Poetry" here alluded to was published in Ollier's *Literary Miscellany.* Shelley wrote the "Defence of Poetry" as an answer to it; and as he wrote it, it contained many allusions to the article and its author, such as, "If I know the knight by the device of his shield, I have only to inscribe Cassandra, Antigone, or Alcestis on mine to blunt the point of his spear;" taking one instance of a favourite character from each of the three Greek tragedians. All these allusions were struck out by Mr. John Hunt when he prepared the paper for publication in the *Liberal.* The demise of that periodical prevented the publication, and Mrs. Shelley subsequently printed it from Mr. Hunt's *rifacciamento,* as she received it. The paper, as it now stands, is a defence without an attack. Shelley intended this paper to be in three parts, but the other two were not written.

once I will observe your rule of political silence. The Austrians wish that the Neapolitans and Piedmontese would do the same.

We have seen a few more people than usual this winter, and have made a very interesting acquaintance with a Greek Prince, perfectly acquainted with ancient literature, and full of enthusiasm for the liberties and improvement of his country. Mary has been a Greek student for several months, and is reading "Antigone" with our turbaned friend, who, in return, is taught English. C. has passed the carnival at Florence, and has been præternaturally gay. I have had a severe ophthalmia, and have read or written little this winter; and have made acquaintance in an obscure convent with the only Italian for whom I ever felt any interest.*

I want you to do something for me: that is, to get me two pounds' worth of Tassi's gems, in Leicester Square, the prettiest, according to your taste; among them, the head of Alexander; and to get me two seals engraved and set, one smaller, and the other handsomer: the device a dove with outspread wings, and this motto round it:

Μάντις εἰμ' ἰοθλῶν ἀγώνων.

Mary desires her best regards; and I remain, my dear Peacock, ever most sincerely yours, P. B. S.

* Lady Emilia V——, the subject of his "Epipsychidion." She was the daughter of an Italian Count, who shut her up in a convent till he could find for her a husband to his own taste. It was there Shelley became acquainted with her. He was struck by the beauty of her person, the graces of her mind, the misery of her imprisonment in dismal society. He took for the motto of his poem her own words, *L'anima amante si slancia fuori dell creato, e si crea nell' infinito un mondo tutto per essa, diverso assai da questo oscuro e pauroso baratro.* "She was subsequently married to a gentleman chosen for her by her father, and after pining in his society, and in the marshy solitudes of the Maremma, for six years, she left him, with the consent of her parent, and died of consumption, in a dilapidated old mansion at Florence." ("Shelley Memorials," p. 149.) Though she was not killed by her husband, her fate always recalls to me the verses of Dante:

Ricordati di me, che son la Pia:
Siena mi fe', disfecemi Maremma:
Salsi colui che innanellata pria
Disposando m'avea con la sua gemma.
Purgatorio, v. 133—136.

There is a postscript from Mrs. Shelley, asking me to execute one or two small commissions, and adding:—

Am I not lucky to have got so good a master? I have finished the two plays of *Œdipus*, and am now reading the *Antigone*. The name of the Prince is Αλίξανδρος Μαυροκόρδατος. He can read English perfectly well.

Ravenna, August (probably 10th), 1821.

My dear Peacock,—I received your last letter just as I was setting off from the Bagni on a visit to Lord Byron at this place. Many thanks for all your kind attention to my accursed affairs. . .

I have sent you by the Gisbornes a copy of the *Elegy on Keats*. The subject, I know, will not please you; but the composition of poetry, and the taste in which it is written, I do not think bad. You and the enlightened public will judge. Lord Byron is in excellent cue both of health and spirits. He has got rid of all those melancholy and degrading habits which he indulged at Venice. He lives with one woman, a lady of rank here, to whom he is attached, and who is attached to him, and is in every respect an altered man. He has written three more cantos of *Don Juan*. I have yet only heard the fifth, and I think that every word of it is pregnant with immortality. I have not seen his late plays, except *Marino Faliero*, which is very well, but not so transcendently fine as *Don Juan*. Lord Byron gets up at two. I get up, quite contrary to my usual custom, but one must sleep or die, like Southey's sea-snake in Kehama, at twelve. After breakfast, we sit talking till six. From six till eight we gallop through the pine forests which divide Ravenna from the sea; then come home and dine, and sit up gossiping till six in the morning. I do not think this will kill me in a week or fortnight, but I shall not try it longer. Lord B.'s establishment consists, besides servants, of ten horses, eight enormous dogs, three monkeys, five cats, an eagle, a crow, and a falcon; and all these, except the horses, walk about the house, which every now and then resounds with their unarbitrated quarrels, as if they were the masters of it. Lord B. thinks you wrote a pamphlet signed *John Bull*; he says he knew it by the style resembling *Melincourt*, of which he is a great admirer. I read it,

and assured him that it could not possibly be yours.* I write nothing, and probably shall write no more. It offends me to see my name classed among those who have no name. If I cannot be something better, I had rather be nothing. My motive was never the infirm desire of fame; and if I should continue an author, I feel that I should desire it. This cup is justly given to one only of an age; indeed, participation would make it worthless: and unfortunate they who seek it and find it not.

I congratulate you—I hope I ought to do so—on your expected stranger. He is introduced into a rough world.

Ever most faithfully yours,

P. B. S.

Pisa, January (probably 11th), 1822.

My dear Peacock,—I am still at Pisa, where I have at length fitted up some rooms at the top of a lofty palace that overlooks the city and the surrounding region, and have collected books and plants about me, and established myself for some indefinite time, which, if I read the future, will not be short. I wish you to send my books by the very first opportunity, and I expect in them a great augmentation of comfort. Lord Byron is established here, and we are constant companions. No small relief this, after the dreary solitude of the understanding and the imagination, yoked to all sorts of miseries and discomforts.

Of course you have seen his last volume, and if you before thought him a great poet, what is your opinion now that you have read *Cain!* The *Foscari* and *Sardanapalus* I have not seen; but as they are in the style of his later writings, I doubt not they are very fine. We expect Hunt here every day, and remain in great anxiety on account of the heavy gales which

* Most probably Shelley's partiality for me and my book put too favourable a construction on what Lord Byron may have said. Lord Byron told Captain Medwin that a friend of Shelley's had written a novel, of which he had forgotten the name, founded on his bear. He described it sufficiently to identify it, and Captain Medwin supplied the title in a note: but assuredly, when I condensed Lord Monboddo's views of the humanity of the Oran Outang into the character of *Sir Oran Haut-ton*, I thought neither of Lord Byron's bear nor of Caligula's horse. But Lord Byron was much in the habit of fancying that all the world was spinning on his pivot. As to the pamphlet signed John Bull, I certainly did not write it. I never even saw it, and do not know what it was about.

he must have encountered at Christmas.* Lord Byron had fitted up the lower apartments of his palace for him, and Hunt will be agreeably surprised to find a commodious lodging prepared for him after the fatigues and dangers of his passage. I have been long idle, and, as far as writing goes, despondent; but I am now engaged on *Charles the First*, and a devil of a nut it is to crack.

M. and C., who is not with us just at present, are well, and so is our little boy, the image of poor William. We live as usual, tranquilly. I get up, or at least wake early; read and write till two; dine; go to Lord B.'s, and ride, or play billiards, as the weather permits; and sacrifice the evening either to light books or whoever happens to drop in. Our furniture, which is very neat, cost fewer shillings than that at Marlow did pounds sterling; and our windows are full of plants, which turn the sunny winter into spring. My health is better—my cares are lighter; and although nothing will cure the consumption of my purse, yet it drags on a sort of life in death, very like its master, and seems, like Fortunatus's, always empty yet never quite exhausted. You will have seen my *Adonais* and perhaps my *Hellas*, and I think, whatever you may think of the subject, the composition of the first poem will not wholly displease you. I wish I had something better to do than furnish this jingling food for the hunger of oblivion, called verse, but I have not; and since you give me no encouragement about India† I cannot hope to have.

How is your little star, and the heaven which contains the milky way in which it glimmers? Adieu.—Yours ever most truly,

S.

* Mr. Hunt and his family were to have embarked for Italy in September, 1821; but the vessel was delayed till the 16th of November. They were detained three weeks by bad weather at Ramsgate, and were beaten up and down channel till the 22nd of December, when they put in at Dartmouth. Mrs. Hunt being too ill to proceed, they went to Plymouth, resumed their voyage in another vessel on the 13th of May, 1822, and arrived at Leghorn about the end of June, having been nine months from the time of their engagement with the first vessel in finding their way to Italy. In the present days of railways and steam navigation, this reads like a modern version of the return of Ulysses.

† He had expressed a desire to be employed politically at the court of a native prince, and I had told him that such employment was restricted to the regular service of the East India Company.

To these letters I subjoin the conclusion of one from Mrs. Shelley, written after the death of Shelley, and dated,

Genoa, Sept 29th, 1822.

I have written you a letter entirely about business. When I hold my pen in my hand, my natural impulse is to express the feelings that overwhelm me; but resisting that impulse, I dare not for a moment stray from my subject, or I should never find it again. . . . . Alas, find in the whole world so transcendent a being as mine own Shelley, and then tell me to be consoled! And it is not he alone I have lost, though that misery, swallowing up all others, has hitherto made me forgetful of all others. My best friend, my dear Edward,* whom next to S. I loved, and whose virtues were worthy of the warmest affection, he too is gone! Jane (*i.e.* Mrs. Williams), driven by her cruel fate to England, has also deserted me. What have I left? Not one that can console me: not one that does not show by comparison how deep and irremediable my losses are. Trelawny is the only quite disinterested friend I have here—the only one who clings to the memory of my loved ones as I do myself; but he, alas, is not as one of them, though he is really good and kind. Adieu, my dear Peacock; be happy with your wife and child. I hear that the first is deserving of every happiness, and the second a most interesting little creature. I am glad to hear this. Desolate as I am, I cling to the idea that some of my friends at least are not like me. Again, adieu.

Your attached friend,
MARY W. SHELLEY.

I will add one remark on a passage in one of Shelley's previously published letters to me.

Naples, Jan. 26th, 1819.

. . . . I consider poetry very subordinate to moral and political science, and if I were well, certainly I would aspire to the latter, for I can conceive a great work embodying the discoveries of all ages and harmonizing the contending creeds by which mankind have been ruled. Far from me is such an attempt; and I shall be content, by exercising my fancy to amuse myself and perhaps some others, and cast what weight I can into the scale which the giant of Artegall holds.

The allusion is to the *Fairy Queen*, book v. canto 3. The Giant has scales, in which he professes to weigh right and

* Captain Williams, who was drowned with Shelley.

wrong and rectify the physical and moral evils which result from inequality of condition. Shelley once pointed out this passage to me, observing, "Artegall argues with the Giant; the Giant has the best of the argument; Artegall's iron man knocks him over into the sea and drowns him. This is the usual way in which power deals with opinion." I said, "That was not the lesson which Spenser intended to convey." "Perhaps not," he said; "it is the lesson which he conveys to me. I am of the Giant's faction."

In the same feeling, with respect to Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, he held that the Enchanter in the first canto was a true philanthropist, and the Knight of Arts and Industry in the second an oligarchical impostor overthrowing truth by power.

THE END.

BILLING, PRINTER, GUILDFORD, SURREY.

ERRATA.

Vol. I., p. xxxv., *for* "Bishamgate, somewhere about one mile from Marlow," *read* "Bishopsgate, near Windsor;"

,, p. xliii., *for* "Maderia," *read* "Madeira;"

,, p. xlvii., *for* "Deffond," *read* "Deffand."

OCT 8- 1928